

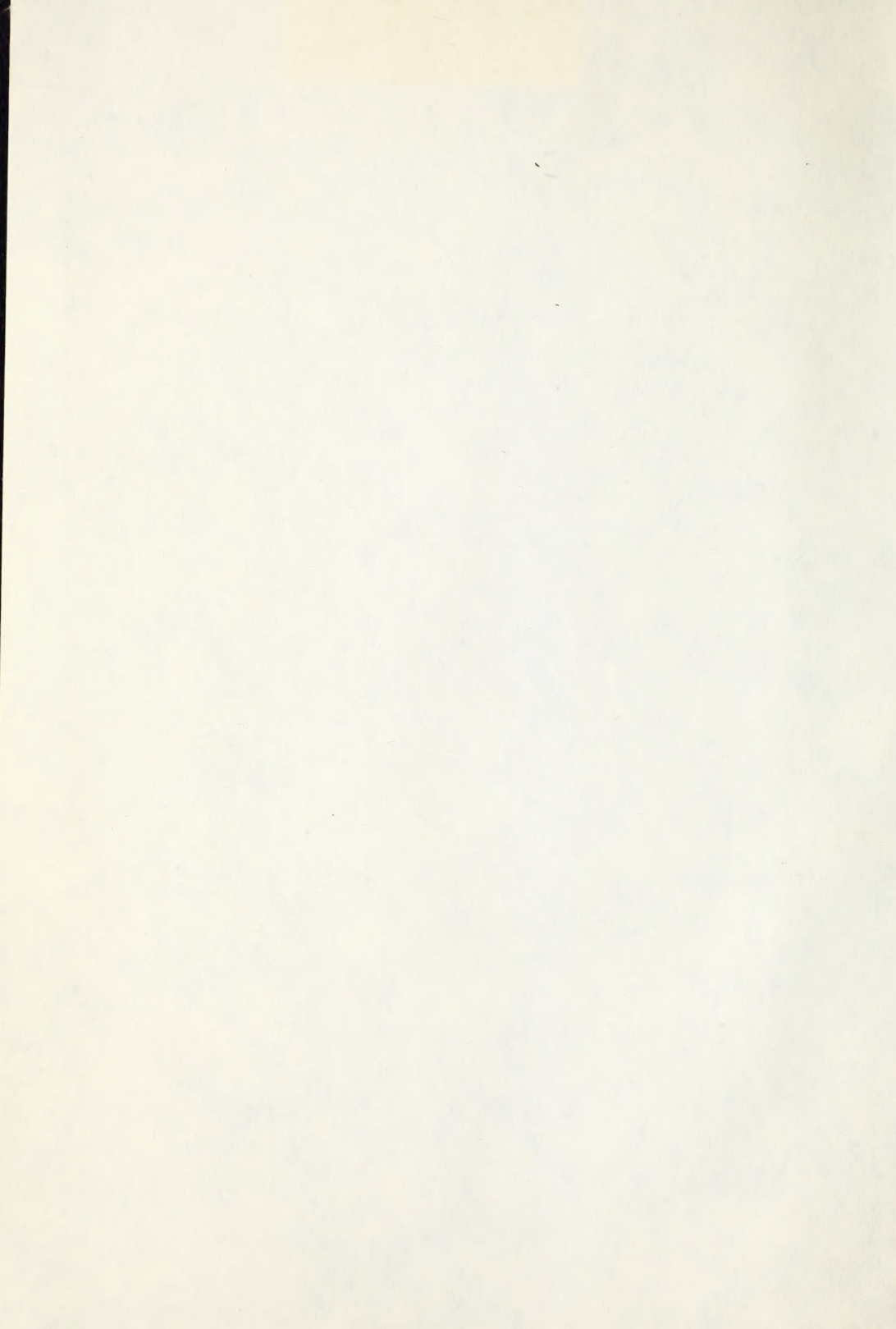
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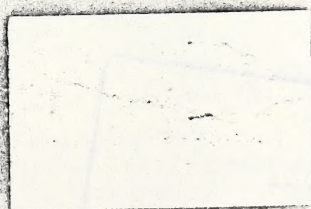
PUBLICATIONS

I



PROCEEDINGS

JUNE 19, 1905 — APRIL 24, 1906



The Cambridge Historical Society

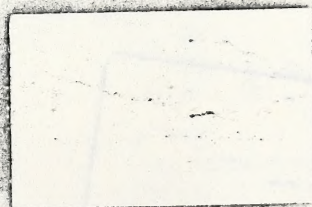
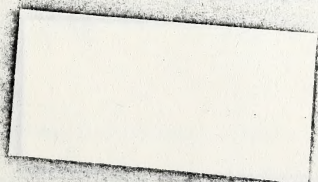
PUBLICATIONS

I



PROCEEDINGS

JUNE 19, 1905—APRIL 24, 1906



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The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

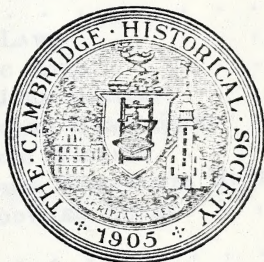
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Vol. 1-2

PROCEEDINGS

JUNE 19, 1905 — APRIL 24, 1906

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1905-1907



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

1906

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The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

PROCEEDINGS

June 12, 1902 - April 24, 1903

ALL MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY
ARE REQUESTED TO
SEND IN THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS
TO THE EDITOR OF THE
PROCEEDINGS



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
Published by the Society

1903

Gift of Cambridge Historical Society, Cambridge, Mass.
Feb. 14, 1907

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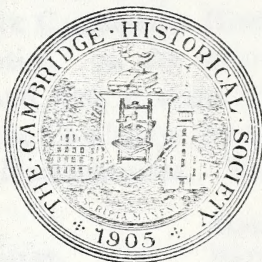
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The Cambridge Historical Society

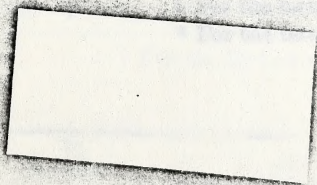
PUBLICATIONS

I



PROCEEDINGS

JUNE 19, 1905 — APRIL 24, 1906



THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIRST MEETING

A MEETING of the subscribers to an Agreement of Association,¹ made for the purpose of forming a corporation to be known as THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held, upon due notice,² on the seventeenth day of June, nineteen hundred and five, at eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Social Union at 42 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. There were present:

EDWARD ABBOTT,
HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
ELIZABETH E. DANA,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
JOHN W. FREESE,
ARTHUR GILMAN,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
LEGH R. PEARSON,
FRANKLIN PERRIN,
LOUISA C. PERRIN,
GEORGE S. SAUNDERS,
STEPHEN P. SHARPLES,
SUSANNA WILLARD.

RICHARD HENRY DANA was elected Temporary Chairman, and FRANK GAYLORD COOK was elected and duly sworn as Temporary Clerk.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report By-Laws, appointed, as such Committee, EDWARD ABBOTT, EDWARD J. BRANDON, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY. The report of this

¹ For the terms of the Agreement, see p. 94.

² For the terms of the Notice, see p. 95.

PROCEEDINGS

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIRST MEETING

A Meeting of the subscribers to an Agreement of Association, made for the purpose of forming a corporation to be known as The Cambridge Historical Society, was held, upon due notice, on the seventeenth day of June, nineteen hundred and five, at eight o'clock in the evening in the building of the Cambridge Social Union at 12 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Those were present:

Augustus Brewster, Har-
vey C. Hilditch, Jr.,
Alfredson McGowan,
Lionel H. Pearson,
Franklin Pearson,
Lionel C. Pearson,
George S. Pearson,
Stanley T. Pearson,
Stanley Whitman.

Howard Amory,
Thomas Brewster, Har-
vey C. Hilditch, Jr.,
Alfredson McGowan,
Lionel H. Pearson,
Franklin Pearson,
Lionel C. Pearson,
George S. Pearson,
Stanley T. Pearson,
Stanley Whitman.

Richard Henry Davis was elected Temporary Chairman and Frank Elwood Cook was elected and duly sworn as Temporary Clerk.
The Temporary Chairman before empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report by-laws, appointed as such Committee, Howard Amory, Howard J. Brewster, and Thomas H. Hilditch. The report of this

* For the terms of the Agreement, see p. 10.
* For the terms of the Association, see p. 11.

Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following By-Laws were adopted:—

BY-LAWS¹

I. CORPORATE NAME.

The name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President,

¹ For the By-Laws at present in force see p. 99.

Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.
The following By-Laws were adopted:—

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME

The name of the Corporation shall be "The Cambridge Historical Society."

II. OBJECT

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts and other documents of historical interest and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research in relation to the history of Cambridge and Commonwealth.

III. RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the person so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LAUREL RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP

The regular membership of the Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

Any person nominated by the Council may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no right in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. OFFICERS

The officers of this Corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of direction vested by the Society, and a President.

¹ For the By-Laws as printed in 1895 see p. 25.

three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

VII. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

VIII. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

IX. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties, satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

X. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present

Three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Charter Clerk, and one or more of the Council. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

VII. Duty of President and Vice-Presidents.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

VIII. Duty of Secretary.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give notice of all meetings of the Society, and shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

IX. Duty of Treasurer.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the account of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of the funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society's bond, to amount and with interest, satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited and the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

X. Duty of Charter Clerk.

The Charter Clerk shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all books, manuscripts, and other documents of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XI. Duty of Council.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall manage the meetings, and shall present

for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XII. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the last Monday of October in each year. Other meetings shall be held on the last Mondays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XIII. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XIV. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XV. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVI. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Temporary Chairman, being empowered to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices prescribed by the By-Laws, appointed as such Committee STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, SUSANNA WILLARD, and HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XII. MEETINGS

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the last Monday of October in each year. Other meetings shall be held on the last Mondays of June and July at such times and places as the Council shall determine. Special meetings may be called by the Council at any time.

XIII. COUNCIL

At meetings of the Society no members and at meetings of the Council no members shall constitute a quorum.

XIV. FEES

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XV. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVI. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting provided the substantial basis of the proposed amendment shall have been tested in the call for such meeting.

The Executive Committee shall have authority to appoint a Committee of three persons to consider and report on all nominations for the officers provided by the By-Laws. Such Committee shall be appointed by the Executive Committee. William and Horatio R. Barker.

The report of this Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were then elected by ballot, as the Council of thirteen members having the powers of directors, namely: —

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
WILLIAM C. LANE,
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM R. THAYER.

Out of the Council were elected by ballot the following: —

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	{ THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
	{ ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
	{ ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
<i>Curator</i>	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn; and the meeting was dissolved.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

1891

The report of this Committee was received and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.
The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were then elected by ballot, as the Council of thirteen members having the powers of directors, namely:—

Thomas Westworth Harrison	George F. Allen
Frederick M. Jones	James J. McLaughlin
William D. Lusk	Frank S. Johnson
Alfred H. Johnson	Richard H. Lusk
Alexander H. Johnson	Henry H. Lusk
William H. Taylor	Major H. Lusk
	Alfred S. Johnson

Out of the Council were elected by ballot the following:—

Richard H. Lusk	President
Thomas Westworth Harrison	Vice-President
Frederick M. Jones	Secretary
William D. Lusk	Treasurer
Alfred H. Johnson	Committee
George F. Allen	Committee
William H. Taylor	Committee

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn; and the meeting was dissolved.

THE SECOND MEETING

BEING THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

THE SECOND MEETING, being the First Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the thirtieth day of October, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

President RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Vice-Presidents { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.

Secretary FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

Treasurer OSCAR F. ALLEN.

Curator WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn.

Brief reports of progress were made from Special Committees, appointed by the Council, upon the following subjects, and by the following persons:—

On the Early Roads and Topography of Cambridge.

STEPHEN P. SHARPLES.

On the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

On the Collection of Oral Traditions and of Early Letters and other Documents of Citizens of Cambridge.

CAROLINE L. PARSONS.

On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge.

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI.

On Making a Roll of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and Early Years of Cambridge.

ANDREW MCFARLAND DAVIS.

On a Seal for the Society.

THE SECRETARY.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

BEING IN PART THE REPORT OF AN INFORMAL ADDRESS TO THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 30, 1905.

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

WHEN the pleasant invitation to speak this evening came to me, I hesitated to accept it, but on reflection, I put doubt aside and welcomed the opportunity to express my piety for my native town, and to say how dear a privilege I count it to have been born in Cambridge and to have spent here much the greater part of my life, and how deeply I reverence the ancestors who have bequeathed to us the blessing of their virtues and the fruits of their labors. Few

The Secretary-elect was duly sworn.
Brief reports of progress were made from Special Com-
mittees appointed by the Council upon the following sub-
jects, and by the following persons:—

- On the Early Books and Topography of Cambridge.
SAMUEL P. SMITH.
- On the Manuscripts and Printing of Harvard since its foundation.
HOLMES R. BURNETT.
- On the Collection of Book Bindings and of Early Letters and other
Documents of Cambridge.
CAROLINE L. FARRIS.
- On the Books of John Cotton of Cambridge.
MARY ISABELL COLEMAN.
- On Making a List of Historical Documents concerning the Founding and
Early Years of Cambridge.
FRANCIS MORTIMER DAVIS.
- On a Seal for the Society.
THE SECRETARY.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD CAMBRIDGE

Being a part of the history of an important address to the Cambridge
Literary Society on the evening of October 20, 1893.

By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

When the invitation to speak this evening came to me,
I hesitated to accept it, but on reflection I felt that as I had
witnessed the movement to organize my party for my native town,
and to give it a name, I could do so here, and to have been born in
Cambridge and to have witnessed the greater part of my life,
and how deeply I treasure the memories who have been dear to
me in the history of their virtues and the fruits of their labors.

towns have had a more notable succession of worthies than Cambridge, and, as a result in large part of the character of these men and women, the story of the town contains the record of many events not merely of local interest, but such as connect it with the history of the country and with the progress of civilization during the last two hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Paige, in his trustworthy "History of Cambridge," says that "for nearly two hundred years after its foundation Cambridge increased very slowly in population and wealth." It was just about two hundred years after the foundation that my recollections of Cambridge begin. I was three years old in 1830, and the town and the townspeople then were in many respects more widely different from what they are to-day than they then were from what they had been during any part of the preceding one hundred and fifty years.

Old Cambridge was still a country village, distinguished from other similar villages mainly by the existence of the College, concerning which Dr. Paige says with dry humor: "The College gave employment to several professors, mechanics, and boarding-house keepers;" and one may add that it separated Old Cambridge, in its social characteristics, from the other sections of the town further than its mere local distance from them would justify. Wide spaces of wood and swamp and pasture divided Lechmere Point, as East Cambridge was then termed, from Cambridgeport, and parted both of them from Old Cambridge,—and this physical separation was a type of the wider division of interests and associations.

So great are the changes in the town since my childhood that the aspects and conditions of those days seem more than a lifetime away. I have the happiness of passing my old age in the house in which I was born. It has always been my home; but when I was a boy, it was in the country — now it is suburban and in the heart of a city. Kirkland Street was a country road with not a single house on its southern side, but with a wide stretch quite over to Harvard Street of marsh land and huckleberry pasture, with channels running through the thick growth of shrubs, often frozen in the winter, and on which we boys used to skate over the very site of the building in which we have met to-night. Down as far as to Inman Square the region was solitary, while beyond Inman Square,

toward Boston, was an extensive wood of pines with a dense underbrush, the haunt, as we boys used to believe, of gamblers and other bad characters from the neighboring city, and to be swiftly hurried by if nightfall caught us near it. The whole region round my father's house was, indeed, so thinly settled that it preserved its original rural character. It was rich in wild growth, and well known to botanists as the habitat of many rare wild-flowers; the marshes were fragrant in spring with the azalia and the clethra; and through spring, summer, and autumn there was a profuse procession of the familiar flowers of New England. It was a favorite resort of birds, but there is now little left of it fit for their homes, though many of them still revisit in their migrations the noisy locality where their predecessors enjoyed a peaceful and retired abode.

But even a greater change than that from country village to suburban town has taken place here in Old Cambridge in the last seventy years. The people have changed. In my boyhood the population was practically all of New England origin, and in large proportion Cambridge-born, and inheritors of Old Cambridge traditions. The fruitful invasion of barbarians had not begun. The foreign-born people could be counted up on the fingers. There was Rule, the excellent Scotch gardener, who was not without points of resemblance to Andrew Fairservice; there was Sweetman, the one Irish day-laborer, faithful and intelligent, trained as a boy in one of the "hedge-schools" of his native Ireland, and ready to lean on his spade and put the troublesome schoolboy to a test on the Odes of Horace, or even on the *Arma virumque cano*; and at the heart of the village was the hair-cutter Marcus Reamie, from some unknown foreign land, with his shop full, in a boy's eyes, of treasures, some of his own collecting, some of them brought from distant romantic parts of the world by his sailor son. There were doubtless other foreigners, but I do not recall them, except a few teachers of languages in the College, of whom three filled in these and later years an important place in the life of the town, — Dr. Beck, Dr. Follen, and Mr. Sales. But the intermixture of foreign elements was so small as not to affect the character of the town; in fact, everybody knew not only everybody else in person, but also much of everybody's tradition, connections, and mode of life. It has been a pathetic experience for me to live all my life in one community and to find myself gradually becoming a stranger to it, and

know Boston was an extensive word of place with a long and varied history. The name we have used to believe of gentleness and other bad character from the neighborhood, and to be widely known as it might be caught in the air. The whole region round the harbor was, indeed, so largely settled that it presented the original rural character. It was that the wild growth, and well known to botanists as the harbor of many new wild flowers; the common was largely in spring from the fields, and the station, and through spring, summer, and autumn there was a profuse growth of the familiar flowers of New England. It was a favorite resort of birds, but there is now little left of it for their haunts though many of them still roost in some nooks among the rocks, looking where their predecessors enjoyed a peaceful and retired life.

But even a greater change than that from country village to suburban town has taken place here in Old Cambridge in the last seventy years. The people have changed. In the past the population was practically all of New England origin, and in large proportion Cambridge-born, and inhabitants of Old Cambridge conditions. The frontier invasion of barbarians had not begun. The foreign-born people could be counted up on the fingers. There was little to excite the curiosity of the natives, who was not without points of resemblance to American immigrants; there was, however, the one Irish day-school (which the intelligent treated as a joke) in one of the "badger-schools" of his native Ireland, and ready to learn on his grade and put the troublesome schoolboy to a test on the Old of Holmes, or even on the other extreme, some, and at the heart of the village was the half-century old stone house, from some unknown foreign land, with his shop full to a boy's eyes, of a few true souls of his own collecting some of them brought from the East, and some from the world by his father's hand. There were doubtless other immigrants, but I do not recall them, except a few leaders of language in the College of whom there were three in those days, and later, when the immigrants in the life of the town were few, Dr. Johnson and his sons, and the immigrants in the town; students were so small as not to affect the character of the town; in fact everybody knew not only everybody else in person, but also much of everybody's family connections, and made it plain that has been a resident's experience for me as I walk up it, and I can usually find to find myself generally becoming a stranger in it.

with good but new neighbors, some of whom do not know that I am not as recent a comer to the town as themselves.

I have the pleasure of seeing before me an old friend, one of the most honored sons of Cambridge. He and I are now two of the oldest of the native-born inhabitants of the town. We were born, respectively, at the opposite ends of what is now Kirkland Street, and was then known by the more characteristic name of Professors' Row. The pleasant house in which Colonel Higginson was born still stands, — the last in the row toward Harvard Square, facing the Delta and the Yard. Between the house of Colonel Higginson's father and that of my father, when the Colonel and I were little boys, there were but four houses on Professors' Row, each of them occupied by a professor, the last toward my father's house being that on the corner of Divinity Avenue, lately occupied by Mr. Houghton, then by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., a venerable man, whose numerous descendants give evidence that among them the doctrine of original sin finds no support. Professors' Row, or Kirkland Street, was a part of what was known as the Old Charlestown Road, — the oldest and most interesting road in the Commonwealth. When Winthrop's company of immigrants arrived in 1630, and part of it settled at Charlestown, and part went up the river, to make their new home at a place on its bank which they called Watertown, in order to establish communication between the two settlements a path was cut through the five or six miles of woods which lay between them. By degrees, as the country became peopled, this path became an open road, and to distinguish it from other thoroughfares it was called "the Old Charlestown Road." If the names of the people who have travelled over it were written out, the record would be a list of the chief worthies of the Commonwealth from its beginning to the present day, at first on foot or on horseback, or with ox-teams, later in one-horse chaises, and later still in the chariots of governors or notables who had established their homes along that part of the line which we know as Brattle Street. Few feet have travelled the Kirkland Street part of the road oftener than mine, and many an otherwise dull and commonplace walk has had its dulness relieved by the silent and invisible companionship of some one of these old travellers.

Professors' Row would deserve fame even if the record of emi-

with good but new neighbors, some of whom do not know that I am not as recent a comer to the town as themselves.

I have the pleasure of seeing before me an old friend, one of the most honored sons of Cambridge. He and I are now two of the oldest of the native-born inhabitants of the town. We were born, respectively, at the opposite ends of what is now Highland Street, and were then known by the more characteristic name of Pleasant Street. The houses were at what is called High Street, and were well situated, — the last in the row toward Harvard Square, facing the River and the Park. Between the house of Colonel Higginson's father and that of my father, when the Colonel and I were little boys, there were but two houses on Highland Street, each of them occupied by a prominent family. The last toward my father's house being that on the corner of Irving Avenue, lately occupied by Mr. Houghton, then by the Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Sr., a venerable man, whose name is remembered by the students that among them the doctrine of original sin finds no support.

Professor Row, of Highland Street, was a part of what was then known as the Old Chestnut Street Road, — the oldest and most interesting road in the Commonwealth. When William's company of minutemen arrived in 1775, the part of it is called at Cambridge, and part went up the street to make their new home as a place on its back which they called Watertown, in order to establish communication between the two settlements a path was cut through the five or six miles of woods which lay between them. By degrees, as the country became populated, this path became an open road, and to distinguish it from other thoroughfares it was called "the Old Chestnut Street Road." If the names of the people who had traveled over it were written on the road, it would be a list of the chief warriors of the Commonwealth from its beginning to the present day, at first on foot or on horseback, or with artillery, and in various other ways, and still in the ranks of government, and in the ranks of the militia, their names along that path of the time which we know as Highland Street. Few but have traveled the Highland Street, and the road others than soldiers and many an other have felt and recognized with how good its duties, and how good its companionship, of some two of these old travelers.

Professor Row would have been even if the record of his

nent men and women who have lived for a longer or shorter time upon it extended no farther back than my own memory, for it would include two Henry Wares, three Presidents of the University (Sparks, Felton, and Eliot), many distinguished professors, among them that admirable scholar and delightful man, my class-mate and dear friend, Francis James Child. A little earlier than he was Longfellow, who on his first coming to Cambridge, in 1836, took rooms in the house of Professor Stearns, which has only lately been moved to give place to the New Lecture hall. That large, square, three-story house afforded several suites of pleasant rooms, and has probably been the home for a time of more men whose names are well known in the annals of the College and the Commonwealth than any other in Cambridge. My earliest recollections of Mr. Longfellow are of the time when he was living there, and nothing but my later recollections of him could be pleasanter than those which I have of his kindness, — he a man of thirty to a boy of eight or ten years old. I still preserve among my treasures gifts he made me in those days for the enrichment of my little museum, — precious objects which he had brought home from Europe, the most interesting of all of them, perhaps, being a seventeenth century medal of the three kings of Cologne, whose legend and names are familiar to the readers of his "Golden Legend."

Twenty years later (Oxford Street had been laid out meanwhile) Lowell took up his abode in the next house to the west, then owned and occupied by his brother-in-law, Dr. Estes Howe, now occupied by Professor Peabody; and here he lived for four or five years. Kirkland Street grew to know him well. No one ever loved his native town better than he, or was more familiar with it; and when I recall the innumerable walks we had together for many and many a year, not only when he was resident at Dr. Howe's, but during the longer period when his home was at Elmwood, one of the tenderest stanzas that Cowley wrote comes into my mind as curiously appropriate to them, alike in word and in sentiment:—

"Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?"

ment men and women who have lived for a longer or shorter time upon it extended no farther back than my own memory, but it would include two Henry Wans, three Presidents of the University (Spears, Patton, and Elliot), many distinguished professors among them that admirable scholar and delightful man, my classmate and dear friend, Francis James Child. A little earlier than he was Langdell, who on his first coming to Cambridge in 1850, took rooms in the house at 12 College Street, which has only lately been moved to give place to the New Eastern Hall. That large, agreeable, thoughtful, benevolent, and kind-hearted man whose name is well known in the annals of the College and the Commonwealth, than any other in Cambridge. My earliest recollections of Mr. Langdell are of the time when he was thirty-three, and nothing but my best recollections of him could be pleasant to me now which I have of his likeness — in a man of thirty to a boy of eight or ten years old. I still preserve among my treasures gifts he made me in those days for the purchase of my little museum — precious objects which he had brought home from Europe, the most interesting in all of them, perhaps being a beautiful, century-old, of the finest kind of Chinese, whose legend and names are familiar to the readers of the "Oriental Legend."

Twenty years past (Oxford Street had been laid out meanwhile) Lowell took up his abode in the next house to the west of the house and occupied by his brother-in-law, Dr. James Howe, now occupied by Professor Fowler; and here he lived for four or five years. Richard Street grew to know him well. No one ever loved his native town better than he, or was more familiar with its and other I recall the innumerable walks we had together for many and many a year, not only when he was resident at Dr. Howe's but during the longer period when his home was at Elmwood, one of the best of the town. I have often thought of those walks, and in sentimentally appropriate to them, like in word and in sentiment —

The best of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
 These are not men at walking very fast,
 What time it was about which did not know
 The best of Cambridge, say

The fields, alas, grow scantier and scantier. In my boyhood, the whole space between Elmwood and the old Brattle House, now standing squeezed and rather disconsolate at the corner of Brattle and Hawthorn streets, was open field, mainly pasture-land, while on the other end of the way between Elmwood and Shady Hill, almost the whole space between Divinity Avenue and the Middlesex Turnpike, which ran behind my father's house, was similar open ground, stretching, wood and swamp, sandpit and field, along both sides of the willow-bordered Turnpike, far up, nearly to the then noted Porter's Tavern, which gave its name in later days to Porter's, or North Cambridge, Station.

But I must return to Professors' Row, in order to speak of the occupants of the house next on the east to that of Professor Stearns, — the home of Professor and Mrs. John Farrar. The house has recently come into the possession of the University, and has been this very year transformed and improved by changes made in it. But in the transformation it has lost the historic and quaintly monumental character given to it by its lofty wooden columns, so that the ghosts of its former occupants, should they pass along this way, might gaze with some bewilderment on its changed appearance. Professor Farrar was a noted mathematician in his day, a kindly, good man, but socially a less considerable person than his wife, Mrs. Eliza Farrar, who was a figure of real importance in the Cambridge circle for more than thirty years. Mrs. Farrar was a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Rotch of New Bedford. Soon after his marriage her father had gone to England and established himself there in good business and pleasant social relations, and there her childhood and youth were passed. She was essentially of English breeding and an excellent representative of the cultivated and intelligent women, English or American, of the first half of the last century. I might describe her to one of my own generation as being like what one might imagine the mother of Harry and Lucy to have been; but I fear the actual generation is not so familiarly acquainted with Miss Edgeworth's admirable characters as to know for what their names stand. It is for something very good at its time, but which, at least in America, has almost disappeared. In such a woman as Mrs. Farrar it might perhaps be defined as a mingling of English Utilitarianism and American Unitarianism, with an English tradition of good manners and an

American freedom from purely conventional standards. Having no Harry or Lucy of her own to bring up, she turned her gifts to the service of the children of the community. She wrote a volume which I remember as of absorbing interest for those for whom it was intended called "The Child's Robinson Crusoe;" another of her excellent books was "The Youths' Letter-Writer," and another still, "The Young Ladies' Friend," full of good sense and plain counsel, each of which would be as useful to the present generation of girl-undergraduates as it was to their grandmothers, for whom the doors of the home had not been opened that they might go forth for good or for ill to seek entrance into the Women's College.

Another professor's wife with literary gifts and of motherly warmth of heart was the American wife of the excellent Dr. Follen, who, coming to Harvard from his native Germany, in 1825, not only quickened by his ardent enthusiasm zeal for the study of the German language and literature, but roused interest in gymnastics, and was instrumental in introducing the intelligent practice of them after the German method among the students of the College. The Delta, then an unoccupied field, was the exercise ground, and bars and poles and other gymnastic apparatus were erected upon it, remnants of which existed for many years. Mrs. Follen was a writer of charming verses for the nursery and of pleasant stories for elder children, one of which, called "The Well-Spent Hour," was a great favorite.

Other ladies belonging to the same social circle, as the two I have mentioned, possessed similar cultivation and literary taste, and made part of the group of men and women around the College which formed a society of exceptional pleasantness and of pure New England type. Few artificial distinctions existed in it; but the progress of democracy had not swept away the natural distinctions of good breeding and superior culture. The best traditions of the older days of New England were still maintained, and formed a common background of association and of mutual understanding. Its informing spirit was liberal and cheerful; there was general contentment and satisfaction with things as they were; there was much hopefulness and confidence that in the New World, in New England at least, men had entered not merely upon a land of promise, but one in which the promise was already in considerable measure fulfilled. There were evils, no doubt, but

they were not threatening of disaster. The most perplexing problems of society seemed to be in large measure solved; the future, though not absolutely cloudless, wore, for the most part, a fair aspect.

A broad statement of conditions such as this requires modifications to make it correct in particulars; but it at least indicates the prevailing temper of the time as it was manifest in the little circle of Old Cambridge society. The change was soon to come, but in the days of which I am speaking, there was simplicity of life in its best sense. The households were homes of thrift without parsimony, of hospitality without extravagance, of culture without pretence. The influence of the College gave to the society a bookish turn, and there was much reading, — much more of the reading which nourishes the intelligence than in these days of newspapers, magazines, and cheap novels. Everybody in the Cambridge circle was interested, for instance, in the quarterly numbers of the *North American Review*, each of which was likely to contain more than one article by a friend or neighbor. The standard of literary judgment set up in England was generally respected, and the *Edinburgh Review* was hardly less commonly read than the *North American*, and its verdicts were even more readily accepted.

Pleasant and cultivated as was the little circle of Cambridge society, it did not escape the defects incident to its conditions of comparative isolation. The neighborhood of Boston was, indeed, of advantage to it, for though the animating spirit of the little city was in many respects still characteristically provincial, yet its varied interests and active intelligence exercised a generally liberalizing influence. At the time of which I am speaking, the relations of city and College had become more intimate than ever through the election to the presidency of the College of Josiah Quincy, who had just rounded out by a term of five years as Mayor of Boston a long and distinguished career of public service. He was, in truth, as Mr. Lowell termed him, "a great public character," and he had the aspect of one — he stood erect, a fine, commanding figure of six feet of vigorous manhood. He possessed the bearing which we attribute to the gentlemen of distinction of the early days of the Republic, a bearing of dignity, combined with scrupulous courtesy. He and his admirable wife occupied the first place in the little world of Old Cambridge, and kept it in touch with the

bigger world of Boston, for, in becoming President of Harvard, Mr. Quincy did not give up all business in the city, whose affairs he had administered so well. It was his habit to drive himself to town in his high-hung chaise, and, after attending to business there, to drive out in time for dinner at two or three o'clock. Often he held the reins loose, and closing his eyes, let his steady horse, unguided, bring him out along the comparatively little frequented road. After passing the old West Boston toll-bridge, which Longfellow has eternized in his lovely little poem, "The Bridge," and getting beyond the few brick houses at its hither end, there was a bleak, solitary stretch across the salt marshes before one reached the thickly settled centre of Cambridgeport, with its numerous big taverns and great, square stores mainly filled with country produce and West India goods. On the outskirts toward Old Cambridge stood the fine old Inman house with its long, elm-bordered avenue stretching back as far as to the Middlesex Turnpike at the point which we now know as Inman Square. After passing this house there was a half-mile of road, with hardly a house on either side, till you came to the mansion of Judge Dana, which, set on a terrace, crowned the height, far higher than now, of Dana Hill. Beyond this was a short, solitary strip of road through rough pastures on either hand, as far as the Bishop's house, which stood where it still stands on the left, with the Old Parsonage facing it on the right hand, and then, passing on the same side the famous old Wigglesworth house, you came to the President's house at the very entrance to Harvard Square, or, as it was then called, the Market-place, — plainly, the whole way was a tolerably safe road for a trustworthy horse to travel without much guidance from his master's hand.

The President's house, known now as Wadsworth house, and so named after its first occupant, President Wadsworth (from 1725 to 1736), is little changed in outer aspect, save by the deplorable cutting off in recent years of the lilac-filled front courtyard which separated it from the narrow street. At the back it had a pleasant garden, surrounded by a high board fence, stretching into the present College Yard so far as to include a part, at least, of the site of Gray's Hall. The President's office was in the upper story of the annex to the main house, still standing but moved from its original position.

higher world of Boston, for in becoming President of Harvard, Mr. Quincy did not give up all business in the city, where, as he had estimated so well. It was his habit to drive himself to town in his high-top carriage, and after attending to business there to drive out to town for dinner at two or three o'clock. Often he held the reins loose, and closing his eyes, let his steady hand suggest, before him, the course the comparatively little horse would take. When passing the old West Boston Village, which Longfellow has immortalized in his lovely ballad, "The Bridge," and getting beyond the low brick houses at the corner and there was a black, solitary, spectral house, the self-murderer before me reached the thickly settled centre of Cambridge, with its numerous big houses and great squares more majestically filled with country produce and West India goods. On the opposite corner Old Cambridge stood the one old inn, a house with the long, sloping, pointed roof, a house which, as far as the Middlesex Turnpike at the point which we now know as Inman Square. After passing this house there was a half-mile of road, with hardly a house on either side. If you came to the mansion of Judge Dana, which, set on a terrace, crowned the highest far higher than any of them, and this was a short, solitary ridge of land, through rough terrain on either hand, as far as the Bishop's house, which stood where it still stands on the left, with the Old Faneuil Hall facing it on the right hand, and then, passing on the same side the famous old Westbury house, you came to the President's house as the very entrance to Harvard Square, as it was then called, the Market Place — plainly, the whole way was a tolerably safe road for a lady's carriage to travel without much guidance from the porter's hand.

The President's house, known now as Westbury House, and so named after the first President, President Westbury, from 1780 to 1785, is little changed in outer aspect, save for the double gate that off in recent years, at the filled front courtyard which separated it from the narrow street. At the back it had a garden, surrounded by a high brick fence, stretching into the present College Yard to the rear to include a part at least of the site of Gray's Hall. The President's office was in the upper story of the annex to the main house, still standing, but moved from its original position.

The relations of President Quincy to the students through his whole administration, 1829 to 1845, were excellent. The number of undergraduates was still small enough to admit of his having some personal acquaintance with most of them. The *esprit de corps* was strong in the College, and the President's relations to the students were much like that of a colonel to the men of his regiment who feel that, though he commands them, he is still one with them in interest and in sympathy. President Quincy was wise enough to be patient with the students' faults, and had humor enough to smile at their follies. They regarded him with a respect which his force of character and his distinguished career and personal bearing naturally inspired, together with a certain affectionate pride as the worthy head and representative of the famous institution in whose honor they themselves had share. More still, he interested them as a personage already vested with historic dignity, — he connected the modern time with the heroic past, he had been born four years prior to the Declaration of Independence; in his youth he had known the great men of the great time, and while alike in principles and in manners he maintained the traditions of that period, he kept abreast of the conditions of the later day. He often put the shy student at his ease by saying to him, "I knew your grandfather, sir, and I am happy now to know you." His numerous cares and many avocations did not interfere with his sympathy in small matters, nor with his kindly thoughtfulness for the petty interests of "his boys." I had an experience of this, so characteristic and so pleasant that I am led to tell it, though it relates to myself.

During my freshman year, I was obliged to be absent from College for two or three months, owing to trouble in my eyes. I returned to my class at the beginning of the sophomore year, but the absence had deprived me of the hope of receiving a Detur, — that is, one of the books given out in the autumn to such students as have done well during their first year. It was a disappointment, for the Detur, in its handsome binding, bearing the College seal, is a coveted prize. On the morning after the Deturs had been given out, the freshman who served the President as his messenger came to my room with word that the President wished to see me at his office. Even to the most exemplary of students, such a summons is not altogether welcome, for "use every one after his desert and

The relations of President Quincy to the students through his whole administration, 1829 to 1842, were excellent. The number of undergraduates was still small enough to admit of his having some personal acquaintance with most of them. The spirit of sympathy was strong in the College, and the President's relations to the students were much like that of a colonel to the men of his regiment who feel that though he commands them he is still one with them in interest and sympathy. President Quincy was anxious to cultivate personal acquaintance with his students, and had better success in this than his fellows. They regarded him with a respect which his knowledge of character and his distinguished career and personal bearing naturally inspired together with a certain affectionate pride in the worthy head and representative of the famous institution in which honor they themselves had share. Above all, he interested them as a personage already vested with historic dignity — he connected the modern name with the better past. He had been four years prior to the Revolution of Independence in the South he had known the great men of the great time, and while alive in principle and in manner he represented the traditions of that period, he kept alive the traditions of the later day. It often put the city student at his ease by saying to him, "I know your grandfather sir and I am happy now to know you." His courtesy and ready conversation did not interfere with his sympathy in small matters, nor with his kindly thoughtfulness for the interests of "his boys." I had an experience of this so often, late and so often that I can not tell it though it relates to myself.

During my freshman year I was obliged to be absent from College for two or three months, owing to trouble in my eyes. I returned in my class in the beginning of the sophomore year, but the absence had deprived me of the hope of receiving a letter — that is one of the books given out in the autumn to each student in his class — which was disappointed. It was a disappointment for the reason in its handsome binding, bearing the College seal, a silver plate. On the morning after the letter had been given out the freshman who carried the President's message came to my room with word that the President wished to see me at his office. Even to the most exemplary of students in a common is not altogether welcome, for not every one after his last year

who should 'scape whipping?" I went accordingly with some trembling, knocked, entered, and was received with the President's usual slightly gruff salutation, "Well, Sir, what's your name?" Then, as he looked up and saw who it was, "Ah, yes, Norton. Well, I sent for you, Norton, because I was sorry that under the rules I could not present you yesterday with a Detur. It was not your fault, and so, as a token of my personal approbation, I have got a book for you which may perhaps take the place of the Detur," —and he handed me a prettily bound copy of Campbell's Poems in which he had written his name and my own with a few pleasant words of approval. I have received many gifts in my long life, but hardly one which aroused a stronger sense of personal gratitude to the giver, or which has afforded me more pleasure. It was no wonder that President Quincy established a firm hold upon the affection as well as the respect of the students.

Harvard Square, on the edge of which stands Wadsworth house, had not received its present appellation in President Quincy's day. It was known then as the Market-place. Here was the general market of country produce, especially of wood and hay, loads of which drawn by oxen were brought in almost every morning for the village supply, taking their stand under one of the two noble elms which gave their beauty to the Square. The market proper was a small building near the middle of the Square, but I have no recollection of it; and in my early days the meat market, or butcher's shop, was in the basement of the old Court House which stood till 1840 on the site since then occupied by Lyceum Hall, and, so far as dignity of design and picturesqueness of effect are concerned, was vastly superior to the ugly building that usurped its place. Indeed, Harvard Square is far inferior in pleasantness of aspect to the village Market-place which it has superseded.

Here was the centre of the active life of the village. Where the car station is now was Willard's Tavern, in front of which the primitive omnibus awaited passengers before starting on its journey, then an hour in length, to Boston. I do not recall when the trips began to be made hourly, but I think there were only four round trips the day at the earliest of my recollections. The road during the winter and spring was apt to be very heavy, with frequent mud holes into which the wheels might easily sink to their hubs. Scarcely any of the residents in Cambridge carried on business in

who should 'scape whipping?' I went accordingly with some
travelling knapsack, and was received with the President's
usual slightly grand salutation, "Well, Sir, what's your name?"
Then, as he looked up and saw who it was, "Ah, yes, Norton."
Well, I came for you, Norton, because I was sorry that under the
rules I could not present you yesterday with a letter. It was not
your fault and as a token of my personal appreciation, I have
got a book for you which you had better take home with you. It is
—and he handed me a pretty little book of Charles's poems in
which he had written his name and was over with a few pleasant
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market of country produce, especially of wood and hay, sold in
which horses by oxen were brought in almost every morning for the
village supply. There were also the stalls of the rich noble class
which gave their name to the Square. The market proper was a
small building near the middle of the Square, but I have no recollection
of it, and in my early days the main market or business
shop was in the basement of the old County House which stood till
1840 on the site since then occupied by Everett Hall and so far as
dignity of design and architectural effect are concerned, was
vastly superior to the ugly building that replaced its place. Indeed,
Harvard Square is the center in pleasantness of aspect to the
village streets which it has surrounded.

Here was the centre of the native life of the village. Where the
settlers now was William's Tavern, in front of which the
stage coachmen would assemble, half a century on the footway
before the door of the hall of the President. I do not recall when the stage
coachmen were brought, but I think there were only four teams
used for the purpose of the stagecoach. The road leading
the stagecoach and stage was also the way by which the stagecoach
brought into which the stagecoach might come to their help.
Norton, any of the remnants of Cambridge carried on business in

Boston or had daily employment there. An occasional trip to the city was all that was needed by Deacon Farwell to keep up the stock of goods in his excellent dry-goods shop, at the corner of the Market-place, and the road to Brighton; nor was Deacon Brown compelled to go often to Boston by the requirements of his old-fashioned store of West India goods and groceries, at the corner of Dunster Street. Hilliard and Gray, the University booksellers and publishers, occupied the corner store on Holyoke Street in the brick block which had recently been erected, and next them was the post-office, with a postmaster whose first commission dated back to the first administration of Washington. A little way down Holyoke Street, on the western side, stood the University Press, then, or soon after, under the management of the cultivated gentleman and scholar, Charles Folsom, whose admirable taste controlled the issues of the Press and secured for them a high reputation.

The stores I have mentioned, with a few others of hardly less note, and some pleasant small shops kept by women, supplied most of the modest wants of the village, and with the strong attraction of the post-office and, perhaps to not a few, the still stronger attraction of Willard's bar-room, drew almost everybody on every week day to the Square. Here one would meet most of those village and College characters whom Mr. Lowell has commemorated so delightfully in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Fifty years have passed since that admirable essay was written. Even then, the original Old Cambridge had almost vanished, and now not one of those characters to whom it gave happy literary immortality survives in the flesh. The last to go was that sweet humorist, John Holmes; and with him the last light of the real Old Cambridge was extinguished. The village traditions, all of which he had inherited and improved, ceased with him; — so long as he lived, the legends of two hundred years still survived as if contemporary stories: with his death, many an Old Cambridge ghost, whom he had tenderly cherished, was laid away, never again to be summoned from its dim abode. No son of hers was more loyal to Old Cambridge than he, and it would have pleased him to be assured that his memory would become, as I believe it has become, part of the cherished tradition of his native town.

The Old Cambridge of to-day is a new Cambridge to us of the elder generation; and I can form no better wish for its children

Boston or had daily employment there. An occasional trip to the city was all that was needed by Thomas Farnell to keep up the stock of goods in the extensive dry-goods shop at the corner of the Market-place, and the trade in Hingham; nor was Boston known compelled to go often to Boston by the requirements of his old-fashioned store of West India goods and groceries at the corner of Market Street. Farnell and Gray the University teachers and William Farnell the merchant were on Market Street in the late afternoon, and the shop was then closed, and next morning the post-office with a postmaster whose first commission dated back to the first administration of Washington. A little way down Hoxley Street, on the western side, stood the University Press, then, or soon after, under the management of the celebrated Galle, man and scholar, Charles Folsom, whose scholars have constituted the issues of the Press and secured for them a high reputation.

The stores I have mentioned, with a few others of similar note, and some pleasant small shops kept by women, supplied most of the needs of the village and with the strong attraction of the post-office and, perhaps to not a few, the still stronger attraction of *Widdell's* bar-mountain, drew almost everybody on every week-day to the square. Here one would meet most of those village and College characters whom Mr. Lowell has commemorated so delightfully in his "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago." Fifty years have passed since that delightful day was written. Even then, the original Old Cambridge had almost vanished, and now not one of those characters to whom it gave happy history humorfully survives in the flesh. The last to go was that sweet humorist, John Boston; and with him the last light of the real Old Cambridge was extinguished. The village is different, all of which he had inherited and improved, crossed with him;—so long as he lived, the legends of two hundred years still survived as if deposited in stories; with his death, many an Old Cambridge ghost which he had wistfully evoked was laid away, never again to be summoned from its dim abode. No son of him was more loyal to Old Cambridge than he, and it would have pleased him to be known the testimony would become, as I believe it has become, part of the cherished tradition of his native town.

The Old Cambridge of to-day is a new Cambridge to us of the older generation; and I can form no better wish for its future

than that they may have as good reason to love and to honor their native city as we of the old time had for loving our native village.

At the conclusion of Professor Norton's address, the meeting was dissolved.

than that they have at good reason to love and to honor
their native city as well as the old time and for loving our native
village.

At the conclusion of Professor Norton's address the meet-
ing was dissolved.

THE THIRD MEETING

THE THIRD MEETING — a Special Meeting called by the President in place of the stated winter meeting — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-first day of December, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided, and the meeting was open to the public.

Many invited guests were present, including members of the City Government, the School Committee, and the Principals of the Public Schools of the City of Cambridge, Presidents of Historical and other Societies, former Mayors of Cambridge, and chief Executive Officers of neighboring cities and towns.

The printed Programme was as follows : —

PROGRAMME.

PRAYER	REV. SAMUEL M. CROTHERS, D.D. <i>Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Unitarian).</i>
OPENING ADDRESS	RICHARD HENRY DANA, ESQ. <i>President of The Cambridge Historical Society.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH	HON. HERBERT PARKER. <i>Attorney General of Massachusetts.</i>
RESPONSE FOR THE CITY	HON. AUGUSTINE J. DALY. <i>Mayor of Cambridge.</i>

THE EVENING MEETING

The Third Meeting — a Special Meeting called for the purpose of the plans of the stated winter meeting — of the Cambridge Historical Society, was held on the twenty-first day of December, nineteen hundred and five, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening in the Thayer, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the founding of Cambridge.

The President, HENRY DANA, presided, and the meeting was open to the public. Many invited guests were present, including members of the City Government, the School Committee, and the Faculty of the Public Schools of the City of Cambridge. Two-ty of the Historical and other Societies, former officers of Cambridge, and chief Executive Officers of neighboring cities and towns.

The printed Programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME

- 8:00 P.M. — Devotion by Rev. Samuel M. Crockett, D.D.
- 8:15 P.M. — Address by the President, Henry Dana, Esq.
- 8:30 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 8:45 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 9:00 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 9:15 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 9:30 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 9:45 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 10:00 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 10:15 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 10:30 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 10:45 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 11:00 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 11:15 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 11:30 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 11:45 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.
- 12:00 P.M. — Address by the President of the Cambridge Historical Society, Mr. HENRY DANA, Esq.

MUSIC CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Festival Hymn	Buck	{ Accompanied by The Or-
From Thy Love as a Father .		
From "The Redemption" Gounod		
		chestra of the Cambridge
		Latin School.

RESPONSE FOR THE FIRST CHURCH

IN CAMBRIDGE REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

Minister of the First Church in Cambridge (Congregational).

RESPONSE FOR HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRES. CHARLES W. ELIOT, LL.D.

POEM (written for the occasion) . . MR. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

ADDRESS COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

OPENING ADDRESS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

WE have met to celebrate the 275th anniversary of the founding of Cambridge. It has been facetiously said that Boston is a suburb of Cambridge, and Boston, as we all know, is the hub of the universe. Perhaps there is a little foundation for that facetious remark in history, for it was first intended that Cambridge should be the capital of the new Commonwealth, and for three years the government sat at Cambridge, out of the first seven years of the colony; and you remember, of course, that during the siege of Boston, Cambridge again had a similar honor. There are, I think, some other respects in which she can claim a conspicuous part in the things of real importance in our nation.

Going through the streets of Cambridge on a summer's day, one is struck with the number of people that are walking about who do not live here. What are they here for? They are here for the historical sights and the literary associations of the City of Cambridge. Cambridge is particularly rich in these things, — things that count for something. They count for so much that I believe Cambridge may claim a very conspicuous position not only in this Commonwealth, but in the whole country; and if we claim in the field of literature not only those who have chiefly written in Cambridge, but those who were born and educated here and afterwards lived in the adjoining suburb of Boston, we begin to see that Cambridge is justly called the literary metropolis.

And yet, with all this richness of literary and historical subjects and associations within the domain of Cambridge, how strange it is that we have never had, except for a fleeting moment, an historical society. Now we have started one. We are a little late. We have lost some of the sources of information, I am sorry to say, but we expect with industry to gather together all that can be had, and future generations will thank us for what we shall have done.

Now, as to the work of this society, I hope we shall do something more than the mere locating of the palisade, or the finding where the first president's house was, or the exact location of this, that, or the other house or street. Those are all valuable, but why? Because they are connected with people of character. Now, I should like to see our historical society take a deep interest in the character of our ancestors. At one time it was common to laud to the skies the virtues of the Pilgrim Fathers. I am rather sorry to see, creeping into the historical pamphlets, a habit of criticism of their failings and faults. They doubtless had those; they had the failings of their own virtues; but let us remember that a good many things that we criticise them for were the common faults of those days all over the world, and our ancestors had them in less degree than many others. But, after all, if we can only copy their virtues I think we shall do well. I think we need them to-day, — the truth, the courage, the uprightness, the manliness, and the high aspiration; and then, if we will make up for their deficiencies, if we will add to their virtues everything we think they may have lacked, such as a good sense of humor, friendliness, consideration for others; and more charity of judgment, then Cambridge may again be the metropolis in the realm of great ideals. Already it seems to me we have in Cambridge something for which we may well be proud, and that is the simplicity of life which we see all around us. We owe it probably largely to the University, that appreciation of the things that are worth having, — the intellectual endowments, music, literature, and art, the kindly neighborly feeling; and when we think how this country is growing in material things, how people surround themselves with larger and larger houses and more and more comforts, until at last the things, as Emerson says, "mount the saddle and ride mankind," it seems to me that it is well for Cambridge — just as she sent out from

here the soldiers that went to Bunker Hill; just as she sent out the first company of the first regiment in the Civil War; and just as she has sent out many of the great ideas that have taken hold of the community, — now to send forth that idea of plain living and high thinking for which she is so justly noted.

It is something that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has always taken a deep interest in Cambridge; has always had something to do with Harvard University, and Harvard University is Cambridge. The Commonwealth had for a long time, as you know, a part in the government of the College. That has now passed, but she has never ceased to take an interest in it, and I don't believe any of us would think that we had got our College degree if the Lancers did not escort the Governor out to Commencement. It is unfortunate that the Governor cannot represent the Commonwealth to-night, but we have somebody who well represents the good name of this old State. It is something that we have an attorney general who maintains the highest and best traditions of the bar, who can try a *cause célèbre* with justness and fairness, not turning the public prosecutor into a public persecutor, who, by his conduct of his great office receives the applause of all wise and just thinkers, and especially of those who are expert, viz., the members of the bar. We have him here to-night, and I therefore take great pleasure in introducing to you the Hon. HERBERT PARKER, the Attorney General, to reply for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF HERBERT PARKER

MR. CHAIRMAN, PRESIDENT ELIOT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

GRATEFULLY I appreciate your courtesy that gives me opportunity to share with you in this dignified, inspiring, and instructive occasion. Years past I came to Cambridge to seek the truth, and all that I have discovered had its source here. I come again to-night to discover that the truth again confronts me here, not in the over-courteous, gracious words of your dignified presiding officer, but through the frank speech of the analyst and annotator of our time, the newspaper writer. You may think I am unduly

elated, my friends, because now, for the first time, I rise to the Olympian heights of this platform, to which heretofore I had only gazed with uplifted eye. But I speak to you in chastened spirit and in all humility.

Mr. President, though you be the presiding officer of a historical society, though I gratefully appreciate your kindly words, take lesson from the stern candor of this newspaper writer and be severe and accurate in your speech rather than enthusiastic in your hospitality, which is part of your kindly nature.

This historian of the newspaper, in one of the journals the other day, forecast this occasion — a friend has sent me the article, for there are always friends who send one this kind of communication. Very justly the writer has said that Cambridge had no occasion to go outside of her own borders for men of eloquence, of learning, and of distinction; I will read the words of the article: "The ancient city has not been obliged to go abroad for eloquent and distinguished speakers, the only exception being the attorney general." And so, having read you the observations of my friends the journalists, I now proceed to verify the exception of which this article gave you notice.

I have come down to-day from a remote country town west of you, but not wholly dissociated from this City of Cambridge and its early history; it is matter of no small pride to me, Mr. President, that two hundred and fifty years ago, in spite of all the then attractions and uplifting associations that obtained here in Cambridge, there were wise and discreet men who, leaving their dwelling places by the Charles, went westward to the meadows of the Nashua, and in 1650, Sergeant Phillips, here in the even then classic shades of the College, and speaking of what is now my own loved town of Lancaster, and of the particularly beautiful fertile valleys of the then Pennacook River, said, even to Cambridge men, that this new country was "a place desirable as any in the land." And from thenceforward there has been a more or less constant emigration from Cambridge to Lancaster.

We, in turn, claim as your Chairman has claimed in regard to Boston, that the great City of Cambridge is but a suburb of our town, and, indulging in a bit more of historical recollection and reflection, — I ask you to pardon my boasting of my own community, for boastfulness with regard to one's own loved habita-

tion, one's own fields and friends, is, after all, the very reflection of ardent patriotism, — it is claimed, rightfully claimed, that Cambridge is an ancient and distinguished shire town; here sit the learned justices, and here all the formalities of the administration of a just and upright law are made manifest to the community; but Lancaster, — we have no historical society to preserve the incidents of our past, and so we have to tell of them ourselves, and preserve by tradition facts otherwise unrecorded. It is related that in the ancient days Lancaster, too, might have been a shire town, but the town fathers met and reflected upon an issue so momentous to the people, and like all wise men and fathers, they consulted the town mothers upon the question of the morality and expediency of the plan; and it was unanimously decided that all the probable glories of a shire town, with its impressive court-house and its assembling of the ministers of the law, were to be ignored and disclaimed; for they said, "that while the courts will bring us dignity, prestige, and importance in the State, they will also bring us litigious crowds. Where there are sheriffs there will also be bailiffs, gamesters, and horse-races; that where there are lawyers, there are unscrupulous and immoral clients, and these will tend to tempt the youth from the virtues of the simple rural life." So metropolitan ambition yielded to rustic isolation, and we have had no court in Lancaster, but have adjudged our own controversies, man to man, upon the rights that the moral law has fixed for us; and therefore you shall see in the town of Lancaster the administration of the very spirit of the fathers, the very manifestation of the fundamental law of free, self-respecting, self-governing men, in the preservation of the town meeting in all its original untainted virtue to-day. So we have escaped the cares, trials, and complexities that attend the development and growth of any city.

But now you will inquire, very properly, Why is this guest whom we have invited to come here to speak of the glories of Cambridge indulging in boastful praises of his own town? But I intended only to remind you that Lancaster is the offspring of Cambridge and her virtues are those of inheritance. I come down again, back with Sergeant Phillips from the happy valleys of Lancaster to the shades, classic and inspiring as they are, of Cambridge, as a child returning to the home of his fathers.

I had almost been misled by an assumed anachronism to-night,

because not having read your invitation properly, I had come believing that this was the 275th anniversary of the historical society of Cambridge. But when I looked about me I could not have believed this was so, for I observed no evidence of such antiquity before me, nor can I believe, as I am told, that your society is in its infancy unless I believe that here, as it well may be, the classic myth is realized, and, like Minerva, you have attained full maturity at your birth.

But here is no occasion, with your Chairman, to regret that this organization has not been of longer corporate existence, for I speak the truth to you when I say that Cambridge, of all communities within this broad land of ours, has least needed a formal organization like this; for true it is that every son and daughter of Massachusetts, every son and daughter of this great nation of ours, who knows and reveres the history of New England and of Cambridge, has been himself and herself a self-constituted member of the Cambridge Historical Society, preserving its traditions, holding the ideals of the fathers before us, keeping in their own hearts and in their own memories all that any historical society can treasure and record.

And yet, it is well that this organization has been founded. It is well for you, it is well for this great Commonwealth; for the historical societies are, in a way, like the Vestal Virgins, who keep constantly alight upon the altars of our history and of our patriotism the spirit through which the nation must live. Guardians of this sacred inheritance are the members of this society; noble charge committed to them, and committed to safe and trustworthy hands!

We are wont to hear our friends from greater industrial communities than this boast that the real activities of the nation are those that they foster and which they advance; that the great pathways of commercialism have passed us by and gone elsewhere. And it may be true, in a measure. They say we are a provincial people, and so we are, and I, for one, am proud of it; for our provincialism consists chiefly in the belief that the inheritance that we have is as noble as that of any man or woman of any time. And though it be said that we are not to-day advancing in the very forefront of the most eager material or industrial activities of this fervent time in which we live, it is certain that the torch of faith and learning that

because not having read your invitation properly, I had come believing that this was the 275th anniversary of the historical society of Cambridge. But when I looked about me I could not have believed this was so, for I observed no evidence of such anniversary before me nor can I believe as I am told that your society is its infancy unless I believe that here, as it well may be the case, it is reborn, and the Minister, you have seemed full sympathy at your birth.

But here is no occasion, with your Chairman, to regret that this organization has not been of longer corporate existence, for I would like to tell you that when I saw the Cambridge of all communities within this broad land of ours, has been a former organization like this, for here it is that every son and daughter of Massachusetts, every son and daughter of this great nation of ours who knows and reveres the history of New England and of Cambridge, has been himself and herself a self-constituted member of the Cambridge Historical Society, preserving its traditions, holding the ideals of the fathers before us, keeping in their own hearts and in their own memories all that any historical society can treasure and record.

And yet it is well that this organization has been founded. It is well for you, it is well for the great Commonwealth, for the historical societies are in a way like the Vestal Virgins, who keep constantly alert upon the altars of our history and of our patriotism the spirit through which the nation must live. Guardians of this sacred inheritance are the members of this society; noble charges committed to them, and committed to each and every one of them.

We are wont to hear our friends from greater industrial communities than this boast that the real activities of the nation are those that they fostered which they advance; that the great paths of commonwealth have passed in by and gone elsewhere. And it may be true in measure. They say we are a geographical people and so we are, and I for one am proud of it, for our position is so central in the belief that the industries that we have in our midst as that of any man or woman of my time. And though it is said that we are not to-day subsiding in the very forefront of the most eager material or industrial activities of this fortunate time in which we live, it is certain that the torch of faith and learning that

lighted the dawn of our national life still blazes here, lighting new hopes and aspirations everywhere between the borders of the great oceans that define our shores. The fires we guard were enkindled on the altar of the fathers in this New England of ours, — we are its custodians to-day. To these sanctuaries return the sons and daughters and the remote descendants of Pilgrim and Puritan, to light again the torch of memory and of hope at this celestial fire. We of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, standing on, preserving, and holding the very soil upon which Pilgrim and Puritan landed, the very seed-ground of the genius and hope of our nation, have a sacred trust committed to us; and it is well that realizing this, learned, patriotic men of your town, and women as well, have joined in this association to keep ever alive that which is the best and highest inspiration of a people, — the recollection of the glory, the courage, the faith, the hope, and the patriotism of their own fathers, founders of the State and of the Republic.

THE CHAIRMAN: Next on our programme comes The City of Cambridge, — dear old Cambridge, — not dear Old Cambridge, but dear, old, Cambridge. We had expected to have our present Mayor, Hon. Augustine J. Daly, to reply for the city, one who has had two years of a most useful and courteous and able administration, who has handled some of the most difficult questions to the great advantage of the city; but unfortunately he is detained in the western part of the State, and by some accident we did not receive this news until this afternoon; and I thought I should have to say of Cambridge, "There she stands; she needs no encomium; she speaks for herself." But somehow or other in Cambridge we always are able to find some one who can and will stand in the breach. It is a good quality. We have many able, public-spirited men in Cambridge to-day; and because we have been able to put our finger on one of them even at this eleventh hour we still have somebody to speak for the City of Cambridge. Allow me but one word on the University and the Town. In our city there is no "town"

and "gown"; it is all one. With what patience and complacency has many a citizen contemplated the taking his gate off its hinges and turning it into a neighbor's yard. How many a tradesman of this city has quietly entered as the ordinary expenses of his business, as wear and tear, the new signs which he has to purchase several times in the course of the twelve months. After all, Cambridge is proud of the University, and I think not only because we owe it so much just as a great institution, but because of the good judgment and the fine inspiration of its men who have lived and still live among us as our neighbors and as our citizens.

For Cambridge to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing Mr. GEORGE A. GILES, President of the Common Council of the City of Cambridge.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE A. GILES

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is distressing enough for a poor, humble, innocent member of an insignificant, criticised Common Council to be asked to face this intelligent audience without being asked to follow such a talented speaker as our Attorney General. It is indeed, however, an honor to represent a city like dear old Cambridge in any official capacity at any public gathering, — any worthy public gathering, — and it is an honor to be privileged to speak on such an occasion for one who has come to be known as a most efficient, painstaking, conscientious, and faithful public servant as has his Honor, Mayor Daly. It is because of this that I am here, and because I believe it is the duty of every citizen — every good citizen — to do his or her part, whether it be little or much, towards encouraging, towards promoting, any movement which will perpetuate any organization or institution which tends to cultivate civic pride and civic patriotism.

Cambridge, you all know, is no mean city. Cambridge is a well-governed city; she is proud of her sons; she is proud of her institutions; she is proud of her University; it is the greatest uni-

versity in these United States. She has a right to be proud of her history. No more fitting spot, no more appropriate city could be selected by any body of men for the organization of a historical society than the City of Cambridge; and I believe it eminently proper, Mr. President, on behalf of the Chief Executive of this city, to tender to this organization,—to this body of men who have organized and who make up THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,—an expression of appreciation for its existence. For by it occasions like these are made possible in which we may celebrate our city's history.

I bespeak, therefore, for the society the hearty co-operation of every public-spirited citizen in our city, and I bespeak the hearty co-operation of every incoming city government. Future generations will find occasion to thank THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY for handing down to posterity the glory and honor and fame and history of our own city. Cambridge says to this society, Godspeed in your efforts.

THE CHAIRMAN: The schools have always stood as an important part of our community from the very foundation of our government, and the schools of Cambridge have not failed us now. They have nobly responded to the interest which has been shown in them. It has been arranged by the school board that addresses be given to-day in all the public schools of Cambridge, and not only the public schools, but the parochial schools also have had addresses on our early history. In addition to this there have been studies in this particular regard, this historical respect, and the Cambridge Public Library has had a bulletin issued, giving the chief books on all the subjects which relate to the early history of Cambridge, and those have been largely taken advantage of. It is quite interesting to hear that two hundred pupils of the schools have been in the Cambridge Public Library calling for books on the early history of our city. In addition to these things they have been training a chorus for this occasion, and, as you see, the orchestra of the

very in these United States. It is a right to be proud of in history. No more fitting spot in more appropriate could be selected by any body of men for the organization of a historical society than the City of Cambridge, and I believe it entirely proper, Mr. President, on behalf of the Great Executive of the city, to tender to this organization, — to the body of men who have organized and who make up The Cambridge Historical Society, — an expression of appreciation for its existence, for by its existence, like there are made possible in which we may celebrate our city's history.

I deeply, therefore, for the society the hearty cooperation of every public-spirited citizen in our city, and I hope the hearty co-operation of every individual citizen, through various means will find occasion to thank The Cambridge Historical Society for having done to preserve the glory and honor and fame and history of our own city. Cambridge says to this society, Godspeed in your efforts.

The Chairman: The schools have always stood as an important part of our community from the very foundation of our government, and the schools of Cambridge have not failed us now. They have nobly responded to the interest which has been shown in them. It has been attended by the school board that addresses he gives today in all the public schools of Cambridge, and not only the public schools but the parochial schools also have had addresses on our early history. In addition to this there have been studies in Cambridge, and this historical respect and the Cambridge Public Library has had a bulletin issued, giving the great books on all the subjects which relate to the early history of Cambridge, and those have been largely taken advantage of. It is quite interesting to hear that two hundred pages of the schools have been in the Cambridge Public Library calling for people in the early history of our city. In addition to these things they have been winning a chance for this occasion and to give the collection of these

Cambridge Public Latin School will accompany them. This orchestra has already played for us. We are now to have an interlude of music from the public school chorus, with the Latin School orchestra.

A selected chorus from the Cambridge public schools, accompanied by the orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School, then rendered the selections set forth on the printed programme.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Puritan fathers came not to found a government, but a theocracy; and the great man of the community was the pastor. When it was questioned where Harvard College, as it afterwards came to be called, should be placed, it was suggested that it had better be at Salem, and various other locations were considered. The thing which decided them that it should come to "New Town" was because a distinguished clergyman, Mr. Shepard, was in New Town, and it was for the purpose of being under his influence and hearing his sermons that the college was founded here, which afterwards gave New Town the name of Cambridge. We have with us now in Cambridge two churches representing the Shepard Church, one the legal, and the other one, it is claimed, the spiritual successor of the original. They are both spiritual successors, but one in creed and in doctrine more closely than the other. We have with us to-night the pastor representing the successor in doctrine, and he will reply for the First Church in Cambridge, and, inclusively, for all the churches of Cambridge; a man who has for very nearly forty years held the pastorate of the Shepard Memorial Church, and who has devoted his time and his energies to all that is best in the community, a man who has broad interests, who for a long time was the secretary of the Board of Overseers of Harvard and a man who is always willing to give his great talents and deep thought for every

important cause, from philanthropy to politics ; and to-night he is going to speak to us, and to the City of Cambridge, and to our Historical Society, for the First Church in Cambridge — Dr. McKENZIE.

1628745

ADDRESS OF ALEXANDER McKENZIE

ON February 1, 1636, O. S., the First Church in Cambridge was formed. This was the eleventh church in Massachusetts. The first church under Hooker and Stone was about to remove to Connecticut, but a few of the members, including John Bridge, were to remain here. Thomas Shepard was called from England and reached Boston in the ship "Defence" in October, 1635, accompanied by about sixty friends. They had not intended to make this their permanent home, but they found that this was expedient. They purchased the houses which were to be deserted, and the new church was organized, and Mr. Shepard was chosen to be its minister. That church has kept its place to this hour. The men who composed it were Englishmen, a fact which explains their action. They sought a greater liberty than was permitted in England, and a church which should be separate from the State and purer than the one which they had left. Others who agreed with them in principle preferred to seek the reformation of the Church in which they were born. These men took the bolder step which brought them hither. In Governor Winthrop's words, they saw "no place to flie into but the wilderness." They wished to be joined in a church for their own edification, and that they might advance their purpose "to carry the Gospell into those parts of the world, to help on the cuminge of the fulnesse of the Gentiles." They were conservative with all the boldness of their enterprise. They asserted the right to do their own thinking, which is a permanent Puritan trait, and they were prepared to maintain that right at any cost. But they recognized authority, and they turned to the Bible which in 1611 had been published in the authorized version, and there they sought the truth which they were to hold and to teach, and the form of organization which they should adopt. In matters of belief they were well settled. They had not broken from the National Church upon questions of faith. They had the

old creeds and did not find it necessary to add to their number. But they required every one who entered into fellowship with them to declare his own belief and to justify it in his experience. A book kept by Mr. Shepard containing fifty of these personal confessions is preserved, although by some unwarranted mischance it has passed out of the hands of the Church to which it belongs. They held the general theological belief of their time. The clearest statement of their faith and fellowship is embodied in the compact to which they agreed. I have not been able to find a separate form of words; and I have assumed with good reason that they accepted the form which had a little before been adopted by the First Church in Boston. That form is still in use here and is both a creed and a covenant, and as it now stands is in these words:

We who are now brought together and united into one Church, under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh all those whom He hath redeemed and sanctified to Himself, do here solemnly and religiously, as in His most holy presence, promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel, and in all sincere conformity to His holy ordinances, and in mutual love and respect each to other, so near as God shall give us grace.

The fitness of this agreement for its purpose is manifest; and the spirit of the men, in the humility of their courage, is revealed in the happy phrase which closes and seals their agreement, "so near as God shall give us grace." They adopted the only form of organization and government which was practicable, and for this they believed they had full precedent and authority. Their method and action, beyond their thought, were a prophecy of the Republic which was to come. Soon after came the Westminster Confession, to which they agreed, and the Cambridge platform, which is still the basis of the Puritan Church. It is not accurate to call these founders Calvinists, although for the most part they assented to Calvin's teaching and felt his influence. But he had been dead more than twenty years, and in the year of his death Shakespeare and Galileo were born. Thought had not stood still in this interval. When the Plymouth people were about to leave Holland, Robinson warned them against entrenchment in the past. "Saith he, you see the Calvinists stick where he left them." He told his people to be

expectant of further light and to be ready to receive it. This was the temper of the Puritans who came here. They had no thought of abandoning the principles of their belief, but they sought to understand them more fully. There were many strong points in Calvinism and to these they adhered. They believed stoutly in the sovereignty of God and the sanctity of duty; in His election and predestination, in which they believed they were embraced. They taught the divine mercy, while at times they suggested the limits of the illimitable. The robust virtues of the system were incarnate in them: an unconquerable will, daring, persistence; in their firmness they were stubborn. Calvinism which should have made fatalists made heroes, and, in Froude's words, "set its face against illusion and mendacity." They had the rugged virtues which were adapted to a rugged climate and a hard soil. Men of less vigor would not have come, or coming would not have stayed. Art, which is often more truthful than biography, has presented the men in two representative statues of bronze: of a clergyman and a deacon. John Harvard sits over his open book while the snow falls on his uncovered head; and John Bridge from the Common looks into the wintry wind wearing his summer suit. That is the kind of men they were, calmly defiant of the weather. It is this generation, not their own, which has erected these monuments.

They were rigid and needed to be; intolerant of evil within their gates and of interference from without. They never pursued a man to his harm, but they insisted on the rights for which they had paid a great price. If others differed from them, and persisted in doing it, there was room enough along the coast and in the interior for them to enjoy their diversity. Others might do as they pleased if they would allow them to do as they pleased on their own ground. Intolerance against interference was their habit. The method had this advantage, that it diffused liberty. Roger Williams would not have done the work of which Rhode Island boasts, if he had not been urged with some insistence, and against his will, to transfer himself and his desires to the vacant field where he could fulfil his purpose unhindered and unhinderer. Providence dates from 1636. We are to-night commemorating the earliest days of the town and I must not come through later generations. There are things afterwards which we deeply regret, but these belonged in the times and to the world, — to "Old England" more than to

New England. We can forgive much to men who wrought for the advantage of those who should come after them, whose work has lasted, into whose sacrifices and toils we have been glad to enter. The ruder side of their life and estate forces itself upon our notice. It was not all rude. Women were here, and children. There were pleasant homes and faithful friendships, and the days were not devoid of the things which brighten and lighten life. They kept Christmas in spirit, though fearing its companions. They read the carols, and I fancy that they sang them quietly. Their letters are rich in loving and tender thoughts. You do not greatly change men by bringing them across the sea. The heart will beat.

Our founders were large-minded men. The leaders among them were well born. Many had been trained at Cambridge and Oxford. They had inherited a love of learning and confidence in its utility. I cannot do better than to recall the words of Mr. Lowell spoken from this platform: "That happy breed of men who both in Church and State led our first emigration were children of the most splendid intellectual epoch that England has ever known." It is in witness to the men and their spirit that in the beginning they set up their College in the wilderness. The events recorded at the College gate are in their order and in the terms of their thought. After they had builded their houses, provided for their livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government: "one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the Churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust." The Churches and the ministers led the way, and the College was founded, and endowed with a minister's money and a minister's name. It was placed here, rather than elsewhere, because this was "a place very pleasant and accommodate," and "under the orthodox and soul flourishing ministry of Mr. Thomas Shephard." Thenceforth the Church and its minister, with the neighboring Churches and ministers, made their College the object of their special care, giving out of their poverty for its support and out of their wealth for its guidance. In its turn the College helped the Churches even as it had been planned. No town has a finer beginning than this. The studies of the College were worthy of the scholars who ordered them. The circumference of their learning was as large as it is now, but there has been a vast

filling in as knowledge has grown from more to more. By this the Church profits as it expected to do. How close the connection has been is signified by the fact that even to-day the memorial slab of Henry Dunster the first President rests on the grave of Jonathan Mitchel, the second minister. I may speak of the College only in this alliance, and from the side of the old Church. Both Church and College have lived, which means that they have grown, and less in numbers than in life. The truths which were believed have been illumined in the increased light. They have drawn upon the life of the world. Facts have more meaning and force; proportions have changed; statements and definitions have been renewed. The College keeps the Church engraven on its seal and emblazoned in its windows. It was not intended, but when an inscription was sought for the wall over our heads nothing was found better than the words of the prophet which an earlier generation had written above the grave of the graduate of 1712, who longer than any other had served the Church as its minister; words which we read in the Vulgate as often as we come hither, "*Qui autem docti, fuerint fulgebunt, . . . in perpetuas æternitates.*"

I must not attempt to trace the history of the Church far from its beginning. It has lived to do its part for the town which has dealt generously by it. The Church taught patriotism and devotion when the Colonies declared their independence. Among the histories of that time is one entitled "*The Pulpit of the American Revolution,*" which recognizes the influence of the ministry. In our own day the Church has asserted Union and Liberty and has defended them that the Republic might be preserved. Samuel Adams was not the last of the Puritans. For fourteen thousand Sundays the Church has served the community and the country in its teaching, and over one hundred thousand days by its varied ministries. It has taught duty, virtue, piety, and has sought to breathe into the common life the spirit of truth and charity. Many churches have gathered around the first, where they stand in their strength, the largest society known among us, in the range of its purpose and effort. The latest are one with the earliest in the power of an endless life.

I must not obscure the fact that after an unbroken fellowship of two hundred years the old church became two households. There is no contention save as both contend for truth and duty; and both

stand for helpfulness and good will. There are two houses, but we keep Thanksgiving Day under one roof.

THE CHAIRMAN: Just think of our richness here in Cambridge! With our church literature and early history we would have had enough to make most cities proud; but we have in our midst the leading University of the country, at least in those things for which a university is founded. It may not lead on the river or in the football field, but universities are not founded for athletics. Those are but pastimes. But in other things it is justly claimed that our university does lead. Even the university at Cambridge, in England, for which the town was named, in some respects is far behind Harvard to-day. If a young man wants to take a post-graduate course, as it is very commonly called, and would like to go into the pleasant shades of Oxford, or study in the old halls of Cambridge, he will find it is hardly worth his while, because he will not have the opportunities there for various kinds of post-graduate work which he has here.

As for the person who is to speak for Harvard to-night, there is so much to say that if one were merely to say all the important things it would take the whole time of this meeting to-night, and you know him, all of you, so well, that it would not be necessary for me to say one single word; but I do not think you would be pleased or The Cambridge Historical Society be satisfied, if I did not at least try to say something to which you can respond. The great authority on education, not only in this country, but perhaps of the civilized world; a great statesman, not in active politics, but a leader in statesmanlike ideas; and the truths which have emanated from him have had their influence in the growth of the country; and last, but not least, as the heart is greater than the head, our own much beloved neighbor, President CHARLES W. ELIOT.

stand for helplessness and good will. There are two houses, but we keep Thanksgiving Day under one roof.

The Chairman: Just think of our richness here in Cambridge! With our church libraries and early histories we would have had enough to make most cities proud; but we have in our midst the leading University of the country, at least in those things for which Cambridge is famous. It may not lead on the river or in the football field, but in other things it is justly claimed that our University does lead. Even the University at Cambridge, in England, for which the town was named, in some respects is far behind Harvard to-day. If a young man wants to take a post-graduate course, as it is very commonly called, and would like to go into the pleasant shades of Oxford, or study in the old halls of Cambridge, he will find it is hardly worth his while, because he will not have the opportunities there for various kinds of post-graduate work which he has here.

As for the person who is to speak for Harvard to-night there is so much to say that it was nearly to say all the important things it would take the whole time of this meeting to-night, and you know him all of your, so well; that it would not be necessary for me to say anything more; but I do not think you would be pleased or the Cambridge Historical Society be satisfied, if I did not at least try to say something to which you can respond. The great authority on education, not only in this country, but perhaps of the civilized world, a great statesman, not in active politics, but a leader in substantial ideas; and the truths which have emanated from him have had their influence in the growth of the country; and last but not least, as the heart of the matter, our own much beloved neighbor, President Charles W. Eliot.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, SCHOOLGIRLS AND SCHOOLBOYS,
AND MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I SUPPOSE that one of the reasons I have been able to do some small part of the work which Mr. Dana was good enough to describe in such ample phrase is that I have lived in Cambridge for fifty-six years, longer than most persons in this room have lived. Now, Cambridge is a good place in which to study, not only the history of the American people, but the history and development of their ideals; and if a man wants to learn what the leading ideas of the American people have been he cannot live in a better place than Cambridge.

I heard Mr. James F. Rhodes, one of the most distinguished historical writers of to-day, saying to a small company of gentlemen a few weeks ago that James Russell Lowell had a clearer view of the quality of the American people, a more perfect sympathy with them, a better appreciation and understanding of their gifts, ways, and hopes than any other American of the nineteenth century except Abraham Lincoln. Now, James Russell Lowell was born here, passed almost the whole of his life here, — the whole of it except when he was in Europe on eminent public service, — wrote here, and died here. For him Cambridge was that "pleasant and accommodate place" which it was for the infant College. Here he drank in the New England landscape. Here he learned to love the New England birds, the marshes of the Charles, and the ample scope of field, grove, and sky. Here he learned to love the people of New England, and to comprehend both their past and their future.

Why has Cambridge been so good a place to teach Americanism? Partly because it was founded for the magnificent purpose which Dr. McKenzie has described. Hither men came across the sea, under brave leadership, and with superb ideals, seeking freedom to worship God; and here they stayed to found a commonwealth and to build up their modest fortunes. They sought first the Kingdom of God, but other things "pleasant and accommodate" were added to them; and this Commonwealth became the most truly prosperous and the happiest community in the civilized world.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Scholars and Students,
and Members of the Cambridge Historical Society:

I suppose that one of the reasons I have been able to do some small part of the work which Mr. Eliot was good enough to describe in such simple words is that I have lived in Cambridge for thirty years longer than most persons in this room have lived. Now, Cambridge is a good place in which to study and only the history of the American people, but the history and development of their ideas; and if a man wants to learn what the leading ideas of the American people have been he cannot live in a better place than Cambridge.

I heard Mr. James F. Rhodes, one of the most distinguished historical writers to-day, saying to a small company of gentlemen a few weeks ago that James Russell Lowell had a clearer view of the quality of the American people, a more perfect sympathy with them, a better appreciation and understanding of their gifts, ways, and hopes than any other American of the nineteenth century except Abraham Lincoln. Now, James Russell Lowell was born here, passed almost the whole of his life here—the whole of it except when he was in Europe on frequent public affairs—wrote here and died here. For him Cambridge was that "pleasant and accommodative place" which it was for the infant College. He was drunk in the New England landscape. Here he learned to love the New England life, the manners of the Charles, and the whole scope of life, work, and play. Here he learned to love the people of New England, and to comprehend both their past and their future.

Why has Cambridge been so good a place to study Americanism? Partly because it was founded for the magnificent purpose which Dr. Hexter has described. It has been a place where the best of our literature, and with it our history, seeking freedom in the world, and where they sought to find a commonwealth to which they could give their best. They sought for the kind of life that other nations, pleasant and accommodative, were added to them, and this Commonwealth became the most truly prosperous and the happiest community in the divided world.

So Cambridge has been a good place for the College to grow up. But the College has returned in some measure these blessings, these favors from the town and the province. What characterizes the Cambridge of to-day in regard to its material possessions and resources? Moderation. There is not a rich man in Cambridge according to the standard of the times, not one. Plenty of people in comfortable circumstances, well-to-do, but not one rich man! What are the best houses in Cambridge to-day? Those that were built more than a hundred years ago. Our standard of living has remained simple and moderate; substantial, if you please, but plain. Now, the College has helped to that good end. Here have lived hundreds of men full of thought, and courage, and high purpose, but living simple lives. The presence of these men, generation after generation, has helped to characterize the place, has served to determine, in large measure, its quality; has made it wise, and strong, and simple.

This is a great service to be rendered to any community. It is a service which becomes more and more precious as the republic develops. Let us hope that this service will continue to be rendered by the University to the growing city and the growing State.

We cannot help but look forward with some anxiety to the future of Cambridge, because of the prodigious change in the nature of its population. The Puritans no longer control Cambridge; the suffrage is no longer limited to members of the Puritan church. Many races are mixed in our resident population. I visited not long ago a public kindergarten in Putnam Avenue. Among twenty-two children on the floor there were eight different nationalities; and the loveliest of the children was a little Russian Jewess. But let us look forward with good courage and with the hope and expectation that the same ideals which led the Pilgrims and the Puritans across the sea, the same ideals to which the people of this Commonwealth have held for two hundred and seventy years, will still guide the people of Massachusetts, mixed or conglomerate as they may become. They look back to various ~~p~~asts, but may they look forward to one and the same future of public freedom, justice, and happiness.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have in Cambridge—one of our neighbors—a man whom you know, who has just received

a decoration from the King of Italy for his histories of that country, and who has recently written a valuable and interesting work on Venice, — Venice, that beautiful city, the poetry of air and water, with its architecture, and music, and works of art. We shall ask him to-night to bring to Cambridge some of the poetry from Venice to fit us to appreciate our future Venice-like water basin. I therefore now introduce Mr. WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER to read to us his verses written for the occasion.

POEM OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

CAMBRIDGE: 1630-1905.

I. THE FOUNDERS.

As when, amid the heats of prime,
We pause, and backward look on Youth,
Swift as a flash the sweet May time
Comes with its visions: again Truth,
The ideal, sets our hearts on fire,
Whispers *Renounce! Pursue! Desire!*
Still loveliest when she bids *Aspire!*
And in the recover'd bloom and glow
Of the enchanted Long Ago,
We count the gains our hands have wrought,
The knowledge that the years have taught,
And rate them dim and scant and few
Beside those visions that we knew
When all our world was dawn and dew.

So in thy haunts, beloved Town,
Thy Past will fling its challenge down
Like Youth's remember'd dream: it asks,
"How have ye sons fulfill'd your tasks?
The soil ye had — the seed — the way,
What harvest do ye reap to-day?"
And well it is that we give heed,
And test us by their word and deed.

a decoration from the King of Italy for his labours in that country, and who has recently written a valuable and interesting work on Venice — Venice, that beautiful city, the poetry of air and water with its architecture and music and works of art. We shall ask him to-night to bring to Cambridge some of the poetry from Venice to fit us to appreciate our native Venice-like water basin. I therefore now introduce Mr. William Roscoe Thayer to read to us his verses written for this occasion.

POEM OF WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

CAMBRIDGE: 1890-1902.

I. THE FOUNTAIN.

As when, amid the hosts of kings,
We peers and princes look on youth,
Set in a flash the sweet May time
Of life's effluence, when the fountain
The heart sets our hearts on fire,
Whispered to us, "Partner, Partner,
Set forth with me the life of youth,
And in the revelry of life and flow
Of the enchanted song and
We count the gains our hearts have wrought,
The knowledge that the years have taught,
And yet then dim and distant low
Beside these visions that we know
Whence all our world was born and how.

So in the haunts, beloved town,
The past will show its challenge down
Like youth's remembrance of dream: it asks
"How have ye seen this life of youth?"
The soul to find — the soul — the way
What better do ye know to-day?
And well it is that we give heed
And rest not by those ways and heed.

The hearts they bred in Cambridge held
 The virtues of those days of eld :
 Narrow it may be, stern and grim,
 Yet bas'd on principle, not whim;
 Lofty as hope and deep as faith,
 And stronger than the might of Death,
 And firm enough on which to build
 Town, state, or nation, as God will'd.
 Religion, learning, civic life,
 To drive, not drift — to be, not seem —
 At God's command to enter strife —
 These were their aims, few but supreme.

We, sapp'd by dubious modern ease,
 Pity the Founders on their knees;
 Unmindful of the endless gain,
 We overstress the fleeting pain, —
 Their sighs for friends and pleasures left,
 Their fight with famine, cold and thirst,
 Mere fugitives, despis'd, bereft,
 Amid a wilderness accurst.
Bereft? Upon that forest hem
 Jehovah gave his sign to them!
 Along the lonely Charles they heard
 The Prophets speak Redemption's word!

Here David's loud hosannas rang,
 Here Calvin preached and Milton sang!
 For them the actual barren scene
 Was but a phantom Palestine —
 A stage where they were doom'd to play
 Sin's drama, in the Jewish way.
 The hosts of Heaven and hordes of Hell
 Watch'd ev'ry act of ev'ry soul,
 As if that single choice might knell
 Bliss or perdition for the whole.

God's gladiators, they would scorn
 Our pity, pitying us instead.
 Would deem us languid creatures, born
 Too late to know how heart and head
 In holy vehemence can wed;

Too dull or passionless to feel
Faith's perfect, incandescent zeal;
Too blind to see the Lord on high
Look down and judge humanity,
As thro' a window in the sky.

II. THE INHERITANCE.

Such were the Founders when they planted here
The home that we inherit, title clear.
Not empire, loot nor commerce urged their quest,
But the one reason, elemental, best,
That man shall have untrammel'd ways to God,
Which if he have not, man remains a clod.

This be their praise, thro' all the years to come —
What was a wilderness they made a home,
A home, the surest masterpiece of man!
Statesmen may scheme and conquerors may plan,
Their craft will fail, their legion'd power fade,
Unless upon that rock their trust be laid.
That is the cornerstone whereon mankind,
Building tow'rds Heaven, have left the beast behind;
Harm that, the beast returns. The Founders show'd
How rudest hemlock huts could be the abode
Of holy love that shunneth palaces —
The shrine of life-long sweetest privacies —
The altar to whose flame Self hourly brings
Its joyful sacrifice — the sacred springs
Of virtues and affections that control
Our hearts thro' life, and keep them pure and whole.

Now thrice three generations testify
The Founders builded well: we pass and die,
But Cambridge keeps her glory as at first:
Here men are neighbors; here are nurst
Clean hearts, clear heads and wills inviolate.
Spurr'd by this migrant age men gad and roam,
Here let them learn the meaning of a home,
Bohemians, nomads never rear'd a state.

On this, our heart-free Feast of Gratitude,
Unto the Past be all our thanks renewed :
First, to the Founders; next, to ev'ry son
Who by his shining work or nature won
A nobler living for the common share :
Poets who prov'd that the diviner air
Of Poesy is here; the patriots true

Who with their conscience kept strict rendezvous;
Citizens, scholars, preachers — all who gave
Their souls for service — best, the women brave.
And we rejoice that many issues vast
Have touch'd our life, that here have pass'd
Events that shook the world; and dear we hold,
In pride and satisfactions manifold,
The College, eldest daughter of the Town,
Harvard, who sheds on Cambridge her renown.
Nations are wreck'd, and empires melt away;
Creeds rise and vanish; customs last their day;
Change seems the end of all; Time's current sweeps
Resistless, roaring, tow'rd the unknown deeps:
But like an island in the rapids set
The College stands; in vain the waters fret
Around her precinct consecrate to Truth;
She has the strength of ages and the youth
Of wisdom; free from sordid interest,
Her mission is to know and teach the best —
Not what men wish to hear, but what is true —
To guard the old, to greet and search the new.

O, rare our lot, and wonder-rich the dower
The Fates beyond desert upon us shower!
With gratitude, the coin of noble hearts,
Here would we honor those who made our parts
So pleasant — nameless benefactors gone,
Who truly liv'd, not to themselves alone.

III. OUR COVENANT.

The Past brings its gifts, and we take, for we may not refuse;
Or bitter or sweet, they have fallen unearn'd to our lot;
The bitter to be as a cordial draught, if we choose,

On this our last-free Feast of Gratitude,
 Unto the Past & all our thanks are given;
 First, to the Forefathers' best to every son
 Who by the shining work of nature won
 A nobler living for the common state;
 Then who prove that the stream is
 Of Poetry is pure: the pantheist's eye

Who with their conscience best stand in the way;
 Citizens, republicans, brothers — all who gave
 Their souls for justice — best, the most we have,
 And the noblest that many names will
 Have taught our life, that here have passed;
 Events that shook the world; and best we hold
 In peace and satisfaction manifold,
 The College's chief delight of the Town,
 Harvard, who stands on Cambridge's left hand;
 Nations are created, and nations melt away;
 Goods are sold and vanished, nations melt away;
 Change comes the end of all; Time's current sweeps
 Knowledge, leaving towards the unknown deep;
 But the College stands in the right of
 The College stands; in vain the waters flow
 Around her pedestal consecrated to Truth;
 She has the strength of ages and the youth
 Of wisdom, free from mortal interest;
 Her mission is to know and teach the best —
 Not what men wish to hear, but what is true —
 To guard the old, to greet and teach the new.

O, may our lot and wonder be the flower
 The Father's love and heart upon us show;
 With gratitude, the sons of noble hearts,
 Their would we honor those who made our path
 So pleasant — ever as a noble heart
 Who give us life, not to themselves alone.

III. OUR COUNTRY

The last thing in life, and we take, for we may not refuse;
 Or bitter or sweet they have taken heed to our lot;
 The bitter to be as a noble heart, it is ours.

The sweet to be sweeter for sharing with them that have not.
But woe unto them that would make but a brag of the Past,
Accepting its gifts like a hoard they have license to spend;
Untrue to their promise, the hopes of the race they would blast;
A mock to the wise they shall live, and in shame they shall end.
But he that awakes to a hallowing sense of the due
We owe to our brothers and helpers that wrought and are dead —
The builders of states that were free, the sages that knew,
The prophets that boldly bore witness, the martyrs that bled,
And they who bring joy without blemish, magicians of Art,
Revealers of Beauty and Love, that impassion the soul —
He thrills with the rush of a torrent of thanks in his heart,
But blushes that he, the unworthy, inherits the whole.
So much, overmuch! to receive from the givers unknown,
Now sunk out of Time beyond reach of his gratitude's call!
They taught him the Knowledge supreme, and he turns to his own,
To pay in his service to them what he owes unto all.

Ah, little avails it to garland the Past of our Town,
If pride be not chasten'd by thought of the duties unpaid:
The trust that the Fathers in piety handed us down
Have we loyally guarded, unharm'd, or diminish'd, betray'd?
Religion they gave — do we cherish the things that endure?
Do we estimate learning more precious than comfort or gold?
Has self left the citizen single in purpose and pure?
And over our prosperous homes breathes the spirit of old?
Not merely to guard unimpair'd is enough, but to add —
Since treasure of character surely must dwindle, or grow —
To add of our own, of our best, to uplift and make glad
The hearts of our Kin in that future we never shall know.
And this we resolve: we will mingle our more to the less —
The Past thro' our wills as a far-shedding glory shall shine —
Dear Town, that hast blest us as only a mother can bless,
We pledge thee anew our devotion! Our best shall be thine!

THE CHAIRMAN: In speaking of those who have given fame to Cambridge for the literary side, there is the dear Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, whenever I saw him, always seemed to speak of Cambridge, and of Cambridge, and again of Cambridge; for there he was born and brought up, and though, for convenience, he resided in Boston, he always

The sweet to be expected for shining with them that give not
 But was more than that would make but a way of the East
 According to the like a house they have because to spread;
 Lullies to their presence the hope of the race they would blast;
 A mock to the wise they shall live, and in shame they shall end.
 But he that would be a better man of the day
 We owe to our brethren and sisters that we ought and are dead—
 The pillars of nature that were once the same that know
 The pillars of nature that were once the same that know
 And they who were once the same that know
 Revolution of beauty and love, that passion the same—
 He thinks with the rest of a heart of his heart
 But knows that he, the unworthy, is the same
 So much overmuch, to receive from the great unknown
 Now scan out at the power of each of the great unknown
 They taught him the same love and the same to his own
 To pay in his service to them what he owes unto all.

At this article it is gathered the Part of our Love
 It gives us not a chance by thought of the better world
 The best that the better in the world is shown
 Have we really given up the world of the better?
 Religion, they say—do we really the better?
 Do we really give up the world of the better?
 Has self, the better in the world is shown
 And over our progress, the better in the world is shown
 Not merely to give up the world of the better, but to add—
 Since we have given up the world of the better, to grow—
 To add of our own, of our best, to right and make right
 The better of our life in that future we never shall know
 And this we know: we will make our own to the best—
 The best that we can make is a better world, glory shall shine—
 But first, that best that we can make is a better world, glory shall shine—
 We pledge thee now our devotion! Our best shall be thine!

But I have been speaking of those who have given
 names to Cambridge for the literary side there is the dear
 Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, whenever I saw him, always
 seemed to speak of Cambridge, and of Cambridge, and
 of Cambridge; for there he was born and brought up, and
 though, for convenience, he resided in Boston, he always

called Cambridge the chief of his homes, and I think that Cambridge has a right to call him her Holmes. If we think of all these men, there is one characteristic that marks them all, and that is their patriotism, their love of country, their public spirit. You heard what President ELIOT said of Lowell. Of that cluster of men, two that he named are still with us. Both of them are also public-spirited and have done a great deal, given much of their time, for great public occasions. One of the two, when a clergyman in Worcester, heard of Anthony Burns being imprisoned in the Court House. He came down to Boston and joined in the attempt at rescue. When the Civil War broke out, he took charge of a regiment of colored soldiers, and went to the front, and we know what that means when he was to meet the Southern regiments on the battlefield. He is going to deliver to us to-night the chief address, the historical address of the evening. He needs from me no introduction: Colonel THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

I MUST, like my predecessors (if I could do it so well), go back in my memorials, go back into the past, — at the risk of likening myself to a well-known Philadelphia diner-out, of whom it was said, I remember, that at the beginning of a dinner he could tell you, if necessary, his recollections of George Washington, and at the end of dinner he could tell you quite as much about Christopher Columbus.

I am not going quite so far back as my old friend Dr. McKenzie has gone, but I shall have to strike across his path at one point, and that I can do in reference to one of his own predecessors, and perhaps the most eminent among them, with some personal testimony that I have in regard to the tradition of that predecessor at a period long ago. It is a matter of absolute and trustworthy character, for it comes from my own mother, and it is a matter of unexceptionable freshness and charm from the fact that it is

from a letter written by that mother when she was about twelve years old. It was written by her, then visiting in Boston and Cambridge, to her mother by adoption, who was then in Hingham. This is the passage: "Now, mama, I am going to surprise you. Mr. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, whom we so kindly chalked out for Miss N. W. [Nancy Williams, afterwards Mrs. Loammi Baldwin] is going to be married, & of all folks in the world, guess who to—Miss Sally Wendell! I am sure you will not believe it, however, it is an absolute fact, for Harriot and Mary Ann Jackson told Miss Penelope Russell so, who told us. It has been kept a secret for six weeks; nobody knows for what. I could not believe it for some time, & scarcely can now; however, it is a fact, they say. Mama must pay the wedding visit."

And that momentous epistle, coming to light by an accidental search among some old letters, became a matter of correspondence with the person most vitally interested in that marriage, — Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. I sent him the letter, and this is his answer:

July 7, 1868.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON:

I thank you for the curious little scrap of information so nearly involving my dearest interests, — whether I should be myself or somebody else, — and such a train of vital facts as my household shows me.

How oddly our ante-natal history comes out! A few months ago my classmate, Devens, told me he had recently seen an old woman who spoke of remembering me as a baby, and that I was brought up on the bottle which has made me feel as tenderly, every time I visit my wine cellar, as Romulus and Remus did when Faustula carried them to the menagerie and showed them the wolf in his cage.

Among the interesting men whom I knew as a child in Cambridge, Dr. Holmes, of course, ranked as one of the first. I was a constant playmate of his nephew, who lived in the old Holmes house, — the old house first spoiled and then carried away, unluckily, to make room for the gymnasium and the Law School, — and I was living in a house near by at the head of Kirkland Street, — the house where I was born, now occupied by Mr. Charles Batchelder; and there Charlie Parsons — Dr. Holmes' nephew — and I used to play every day, almost, in the very study of one of the old Orthodox ministers

to whom Dr. McKenzie has alluded, the Rev. Abiel Holmes. The corner of his study was given to us to play in on stormy days in the winter. The old gentleman stood at a high desk in the corner room, writing on his sermons and on the "Annals of America," and we, undisturbed, went to the closet and filled our pockets with apples. Then we brought from his shelves rows of the great Rees Cyclopedia, in far bigger volumes than any we have to-day, and each built a fortification out of the Cyclopedia, and we proceeded to arm ourselves with apples for our afternoon pastime. After a very vigorous game, — with some excellent shots, and a very risky and uncertain outcome, — after that there came a period of peace. We collected the apples once more and sat down upon the ruined towers to eat them together. And once while that was done the dear old Doctor, I remember, came to the window — it was a winter night and the window was frosty — and he, for some time, was occupied in drawing little stars in a procession on the window, and after he had drawn them all he wrote something underneath, and called us up to look at it, and explained to us that the words he had written, "*Per Aspera ad Astra*," meant "Through difficulties to the stars;" and that he had drawn for us the stars. And we went back and finished our apples, and remembered his maxim while we lived. So profound are the early impressions that are made upon us that I have ties with many places which the children of the present pass unmoved. There is a point opposite our old house where, as I never can forget, I stood with my mother and looked down the road and saw where, far off, flames showed that the convent was being burned in Somerville. It burned and burned, and I felt my mother throbbing with indignation; and I remember how the men of Cambridge came back afterwards (my brother being a leading physician here then), and they agreed that it would be necessary to patrol Cambridge that evening to guard against the wrath which might be visited upon us for that act of sectarian persecution. And I remember vividly how, the next morning, when the family butcher came to the back door, I went out as usual to greet him (for he sometimes gave me a ride in his wagon and let me hold the reins), I stood there with my mother, and she burst out with indignation to him, and said what a terrible thing this was; and I remember to this day how the good man went on quietly cutting off the steak, and replied, "Well, I dunno, Mis' Hig-

ginson, I guess them bishps are real desperate characters." And I learned for life the lesson of religious toleration.

And in the same way there are the associations that I got from that little cemetery, just opposite the College yard, to which we boys went often, exploring, and translating the Latin epitaphs, and calling up the old associations. That was a lesson of religious breadth also, it seems to me, which appealed to Dr. Wendell Holmes, for in one of his verses, in that one fine phrase, he says of the two steeples:

"Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green;
One seems to guard, and one to weep
The dead that lie between.
And both roll out so full and clear
Their music's mingling waves
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear
Leans on the narrow graves."

And I remember the sense of religious communion that this gave me, the feeling that those two churches were not so disunited as they seemed in those days, but might be as cordial in co-operation as they really are to-day.

And I remember this kindness toward human life, as extended to it in different countries, because I recall something which Dr. Holmes in one of his early poems advises all the young girls in Cambridge to do, and which I do not think a young girl of the present day has ever thought of doing. There is a tombstone beside the further fence, close by the Episcopal Church, of which he said:

"Lean o'er the slender western wall
Ye ever-roaming girls,
The wind that bids the blossom fall
May lift your floating curls
To sweep the simple lines that tell
The exile's date and doom,
And sigh; for where his daughters dwell
They wreath the stranger's tomb."

And I never pass that way that I do not lean over the fence and look for that tombstone which marks the grave of some wandering Frenchman and reflect how absolutely incapable the girls of the

kinson, I guess these things are real desperate characters." And I learned for life the lesson of religious toleration. And at the same time there are the associations that I got from that little community just opposite the College yard, to which we boys went often, laughing and translating the Latin epigrams, and calling up the old associations. There was a lesson of religious liberty also, it seems to me, which appealed to Dr. Wendell Phillips, for it was of his spirit, in this one little place, to give of the two religions.

"I have reached and seen the day,
Tear itself on the grave;
One voice to guard, and one to weep
The dead that lie in vain
And both fall, not as fall and rise
Their music mingling waves
They shake the grave, whose fountains open
I stand on the narrow grave."

And I remember the sense of religious communion that this gave me, the feeling that those two churches were not so distant as they seemed, in those days, but might be as cordial in co-operation as they really are to-day.

And I remember this kindness toward human life as extended to it in different countries, because I recall something which Dr. Holmes in one of his early poems writes all the young girls in Cambridge to do, and which I do not think a young girl of the present day has ever thought of doing. There is a tombstone beside the further fence, close by the Episcopal Church, of which he said:

"Lean o'er the slender woman well
To every young girl
The word that bids her blossom fall
May lift your fasting soul
To sweep the world how that fell
The other, the world how
And sigh, for where his heart lies well
They whisper the stranger's word."

And I never pass that way that I do not lean over the fence and look for that tombstone which marks the grave of some woman, and reflect how absolutely incapable the girls of to-day

present day would be of doing what Holmes recommends, because not one of them wears curls, and they therefore couldn't by any possibility lean over and let the wind float those ornaments to touch the tombstone.

Later, when I was sent to Mr. Wells's school, opposite Elmwood Avenue, I used to walk up and down the street with three older boys, Lowell and Story and my own elder brother, pressing close after them and listening to a wonderful account that Lowell was giving to the others of a book which had been given to him and was named Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and telling how it was a curious book, that Queene was spelled with a final "e," and there was in it a place called "the Bower of Blisse" with the final "e" also. And we smaller boys, looking across to the river, to our bathing place, resolved to go and build a "bower of blisse" there, which we did close by a lot of big apple trees, near to where the Norse memorial is now; and we used to go out there, and to lie on the grass and make believe that we were playing in Spenser's "Faerie Queene."

And the first time I ever saw Ralph Waldo Emerson, — who also, you must remember, was at that time a resident of Cambridge, living on the corner of Winthrop Square, — a lot I am sorry to see built upon, because while it was empty it was such a memorial of Emerson, — the first time I saw him was in Lyceum Hall in the old Lyceum days. We boys went into these lectures one by one, trying to walk as softly as possible, and our boots thumping and squeaking all the way down to the front of the hall; we would take turns, each boy going in, listening for about five minutes, and then deciding that he wanted to go out, and on one occasion I had gone in, and this man whom I never before had heard rose and spoke in that wonderful, separate world of thought that Emerson had around him while speaking, even then. My comrades did their duty, one by one going off as usual, and going down a place where there had once been a stovepipe, and it had been withdrawn, and the hole was still there, and they naturally preferred that to the ordinary staircase, and each one, climbing down, let himself drop, boots and all, to the bottom. And I lingered and went out after them all, with the grown people, and was received with indignation, because the thing to do, after you went out, was to play baseball in the place that is now Harvard Square and make as much noise as possi-

present day would be of doing what Holmes recommends, because not one of them was a critic, and they therefore could not by any possibility have been and let the wind blow these ornaments to touch the timber.

Later, when I was sent to Mr. Wells's school, opposite Elmwood Avenue, I used to walk up and down the street with these other boys, Lough and Henry and my own older brother, passing close to the school and listening to a conversation between Mr. Wells and giving to the owner of a book which had been given to him and was named Spenser's "Famous Quizzes," and telling how it was curious back that Spenser was spoken with a final "e," and there was in it a phrase called "the flower of bliss," with the final "e" also. And we another boys, looking across to the river in our bathing place, resolved to go and build a "house of bliss," there which we did close by a lot of old apple trees, near to where the Norse memorial is now; and we used to go out there, and to be on the grass and make believe that we were playing in Spenser's "Famous Quizzes."

And the first time I ever saw Ralph Waldo Emerson — who also you must remember was at that time a resident of Cambridge, living at the corner of Waverley Square, — a lot I am sorry to see built upon because while it was empty it was such a memorial of Emerson — the first time I saw him was in Emerson Hall in the old Lyceum days. We boys went into these lectures by one, trying to walk as easily as possible, and our boots clumping and squeaking all the way down to the point of the hall; we would sit there, each boy going in, listening for about five minutes, and then deciding that he wanted to go out, and on one occasion I had gone in, and this man whom I never before had heard of and spoke in that way, I shall repeat what I thought that Emerson had said to him while speaking even then. My comrades did their duty, one by one, and he was still and going down a place where there had been a doorway, and he had been withdrawn and the door was still there, and they actually perceived that in the doorway and from one opening down, let himself drop, boots and all, to the bottom. And I listened and went out after them, in the thing to do after you went out was to play baseball in the place that is now Harvard Square and make as much noise as possible.

ble. But I stayed in and heard that lecture through, and when I came out I was received with indignation, and they said, "What did you stay in for?" My only answer was, "I don't know." They asked me again, "What did you stay in for?" And I answered, "I don't know; I kind of liked to hear that man." "What did he lecture about?" "I don't know." "What is his name?" "Oh, I don't remember; Emerson, or something like that." "Could n't you understand him?" "No, I could n't understand a word of it."

I think that that was perhaps one of the very greatest compliments that was paid to Emerson during that period; that this boy of ten or eleven years, who had never before stayed through a lecture in his life, and who had never gone very much apart from his playmates, should have been held there by the magnetism of the man, without understanding a word of his lecture. Yet how little the older people around me yet knew what Emerson was to be for all of us! It now makes me think of that noble sentence with which Emerson himself closed one of his lectures: "What forests of laurel we give, and the tears of mankind, to those who have stood firm against the opinion of their contemporaries."

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson's address the meeting was dissolved.

THE FOURTH MEETING

THE FOURTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held, by direction of the President, on the twenty-fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, the President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presiding.

The Minutes of the preceding two Meetings were read and approved.

The death of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE was announced.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following Amendments to the By-Laws be adopted, namely: —

First: That in Article XII the words "last Monday" in the second line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesday" be inserted in their place; that the words "last Mondays" in the fourth line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesdays" be inserted in their place, — the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council."

Second: That in the By-Laws now numbered VI to XVI both inclusive, the numbers VI to XVI, both inclusive, be struck out and in their place and in the same order be substituted the numbers VIII to XVIII, both inclusive.

Third: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VI, namely:

THE FOURTH MEETING

THE FOURTH MEETING of the Cambridge Historical Society was held by direction of the President on the twenty-fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the hall of the Cambridge Latin School, the President, FRANCIS HARRIS, presiding.

The Minutes of the preceding two Meetings were read and approved.

The death of Professor James Mills Parker was announced.
On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following amendments to the By-Laws be adopted, namely:—

- First: That in Article XII the words "last Monday" in the second line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesday" be inserted in their place; that the words "last Monday" in the fourth line be struck out and the words "fourth Tuesday" be inserted in their place—the By-Laws thus amended to read as follows:—The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesday of January and April of each year, unless the President otherwise direct. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.
Second: That in the By-Laws now numbered VI to XVI both inclusive the numbers VI to XVI both inclusive be struck out and in their place and in the same order be substituted the numbers VII to XVI both inclusive.
Third: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VI, namely:

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Fourth: That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VII, namely:

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

On behalf of the Committee on the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge, the following report was presented by HOLLIS R. BAILEY, Esq.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE IDENTIFICATION AND
MARKING OF HISTORIC SITES IN CAMBRIDGE

THE present report of the committee consists of a list of the most important Historic Sites in Cambridge, with the location of each. It contains also all the existing inscriptions.

We are indebted to the Hannah Winthrop Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution for the greater part of the list of sites.

We are indebted to Mr. John W. Freese for copies of most of the inscriptions.

VI. Associate Membership.

Any person not a resident, but either a native or formerly a resident for at least five years of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the person so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associateship shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance to the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote. *Resolved*, That the following be adopted as a new By-Law and be numbered VII, namely:

VII. Seal.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1901, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surrounded by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting room of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister and underneath a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

On behalf of the Committee on the Identification and Marking of Historic Sites in Cambridge, the following report was presented by HOLLIS R. BAKER, Sec.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON THE IDENTIFICATION AND MARKING OF HISTORIC SITES IN CAMBRIDGE.

The present report of the committee consists of a list of the most important historic places in Cambridge, with the location of each, and contains also all the existing inscriptions. We are indebted to the Honorable William Charles Doughty of the American Revolution for the greater part of the list of sites. We are indebted to Mr. John W. Brown for copies of many of the inscriptions.

1. INMAN HOUSE. HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL PUTNAM.
Left-hand side of Brookline Street, somewhat below Auburn Street.
2. FORT WASHINGTON.
Foot of Allston Street, near Charles River.
3. ALVAN CLARK PLACE.
Last house on left-hand side of Brookline Street, approaching Essex Street bridge.
4. CAPTAIN'S ISLAND.
Bathing Beach, foot of Magazine Street.
5. SITE OF FORT NO. 1.
Where Riverside Press now stands on Blackstone Street.
6. SITE OF FORT NO. 2.
Left-hand side Putnam Avenue, just below Franklin Street.

SITE OF A FORT
BUILT IN 1775
BY ORDER OF
GENERAL WASHINGTON.

7. CITY HALL.
Massachusetts Avenue, between Bigelow and Inman streets.
8. SITE OF INMAN HOUSE.
Inman Street, opposite Austin Street, rear of City Hall.

IN 1775
GENERAL PUTNAM
HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS
IN THE HOUSE
WHICH STOOD HERE.

9. SITE OF CHIEF JUSTICE FRANCIS DANA'S HOUSE.
Massachusetts Avenue, between Dana and Ellery streets, well back from the street.
10. PHIPS-WINTHROP HOUSE.
Now occupied by Romish Sisters, Bow and Arrow streets.
11. APTHORP HOUSE, BISHOP'S PALACE.
Between Plympton and Linden streets.

APTHORP HOUSE
BUILT IN 1760.
GENERAL BURGoyNE
AND HIS STAFF OFFICERS
WERE CONFINED HERE AS
PRISONERS OF WAR
IN 1777.

12. SITE OF FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE.
Big Tree Swimming Pool, Holyoke Street.
-

HERE STOOD
THE FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE
OF CAMBRIDGE
BUILT IN 1648.

13. SITE OF GENERAL GOOKIN'S HOUSE (1st?).
East side of Holyoke Street, between Harvard and Mt.
Auburn streets.
14. SITE OF PRESIDENT HOLYOKE'S HOUSE.
N. E. corner Holyoke Street and Holyoke Place. House
torn down May, 1905.
15. SITE OF GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY HOUSE.
N. W. corner Dunster and South streets.
-

THOMAS DUDLEY,
FOUNDER OF CAMBRIDGE,
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,
LIVED HERE IN 1630.

16. JOHN HICKS HOUSE.
S. E. corner Dunster and Winthrop streets.
-

BUILT IN 1762
HOUSE OF JOHN HICKS
WHO WAS KILLED
BY THE BRITISH SOLDIERS
APRIL 19TH, 1775.
USED BY GENERAL PUTNAM
FOR ARMY OFFICE.

17. SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE.

S. W. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.

SITE OF THE
FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE,
ERECTED A.D. 1632.

18. SITE OF SAMUEL DUDLEY HOUSE.

S. E. corner Dunster and Mt. Auburn streets.

19. FERRY (to BOSTON).

College Wharf, foot of Dunster Street.

20. GREAT BRIDGE.

Foot of Boylston Street (better known as Soldiers' Field bridge).

21. SITE OF DR. KNEELAND HOUSE.

S. W. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.

22. SITE OF JUDAH MONIS HOUSE.

S. E. corner Boylston and Winthrop streets.

23. MARKET PLACE.

Winthrop Square.

24. SITE OF MR. HAYNES' HOUSE, LATER OCCUPIED BY SIR HARRY VANE.

S. W. of Winthrop Square.

25. SITE OF FIRST JAIL, SITE OF TOWN SPRING.

West of Market Place.

26. PROFESSOR JOHN AND MADAM WINTHROP HOUSE.

Formerly occupied by M. R. Jones, N. W. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.

27. SITE OF BLUE ANCHOR TAVERN.

Now tailor shop, N. E. corner Boylston and Mt. Auburn streets.

28. SITE OF BRADISH'S.

Brick block on Boylston Street recently erected on west side of the street.

29. SITE OF SIMON AND ANNE BRADSTREET HOUSE.

Now occupied by store of J. H. Wyeth & Co.

17. Site of First Market House
S. W. corner Market and Mt. Auburn streets.

SITE OF THE
FIRST MEETING HOUSE IN CAMBRIDGE
ERECTED A. D. 1632

18. Site of Second Market House
S. E. corner Market and Mt. Auburn streets.

19. Farm (to Boston).
College Ward, foot of Market Street.

20. Great Hall.
East of Boston Street (better known as Soldiers' Field
bridge).

21. Site of Dr. Kneeland's House.
S. W. corner Boston and Winthrop streets.

22. Site of John Hooker's House.
S. E. corner Boston and Winthrop streets.

23. Market Place.

Winthrop Square.

24. Site of Mr. Hays's House (later occupied by Sir Henry
Vane).

S. W. of Winthrop Square.

25. Site of Peter Fair's Site or Town House.
West of Market Place.

26. Treasurer's House and John Winthrop House.
Formerly occupied by M. R. Jones, N. W. corner Boston
and Mt. Auburn streets.

27. Site of Mr. Andrew Turner's
House (corner N. E. corner Boston and Mt. Auburn
streets).

28. Site of Burial Place.
Black block on Boston Street recently erected on west side
of the street.

29. Site of School and John Burroughs House.
Now occupied by school of J. H. Wright & Co.

30. BRATTLE HOUSE.
Now Social Union, Brattle Street.
 31. READ FARM.
Now occupied by Dr. Driver, Brattle Street.
 32. SITE OF AARON HILL HOUSE.
Now occupied by St. John's Memorial Chapel, Brattle Street.
 33. SITE OF JOHN TALCOTT HOUSE.
S. E. corner Brattle and Ash streets.
 34. SITE OF SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.
Brattle Street, near Story Street.
-

NEAR THIS SPOT
STOOD THE
SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
AND THE SMITHY
REFERRED TO IN
LONGFELLOW'S POEM
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

35. COL. HENRY VASSALL HOUSE.
S. E. corner Brattle and Hawthorn streets.
36. JOHN VASSALL HOUSE.
Brattle Street, opposite Longfellow Park.
37. JOSEPH E. WORCESTER HOUSE.
Now occupied by Mrs. Chauncey Smith, Brattle Street.
Third house above Craigie House.
38. SITE OF LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Sparks Street (Mr. William Brewster's).
39. LECHMERE-SEWALL-RIEDESEL HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Riedesel Avenue.
40. LEE HOUSE.
N. E. corner Brattle Street and Kennedy Avenue.
41. RUGGLES-FAYERWEATHER HOUSE.
N. W. corner Brattle Street and Channing Place.

42. ELMWOOD.

Elmwood Avenue, Mt. Auburn and Brattle streets.

BIRTH PLACE OF
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
BUILT IN 1767.
OCCUPIED IN 1774 BY
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OLIVER
COUNCILLOR TO THE CROWN
AND LATER BY
ELBRIDGE GERRY,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

43. SITE OF CAPTAIN THATCHER'S HOUSE.

E. corner Mt. Auburn Street and Coolidge Avenue.

44. BURIAL PLACE OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

Mt. Auburn Street, between Elmwood Avenue and Hawthorn Street.

45. DUDLEY-LOWELL WILLOWS-PALISADES.

Corner Charles River Roadway.

46. WINDMILL LANE.

Ash Street.

47. RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

48. WASHINGTON ELM.

Garden Street, corner Mason Street.

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY
JULY 3d, 1775.

49. SITE OF WHITEFIELD ELM.

Garden Street, nearly opposite Waterhouse Street.

50. DR. BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE HOUSE.

Old house on Waterhouse Street, No. 7.

51. CAMBRIDGE COMMON.

First Camp Ground,
Puritan Monument,
Old Cannon,
Scion of Washington Elm.

Inscription concerning Old Cannon.

THESE GUNS
WERE USED BY THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY
IN THE
SIEGE OF BOSTON
DURING THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Inscription on Soldiers' Monument.

The Soldiers and Sailors of Cambridge, whose names are here inscribed, died in the service of their country, in the war for the maintenance of the Union.

To perpetuate the memory of their valor and patriotism, this Monument is erected by the City,
A. D. 1869-70.

Inscription on Puritan Monument.

(Front.)

JOHN BRIDGE
1578-1665
LEFT BRAINTREE, ESSEX COUNTY ENGLAND, 1631
AS A MEMBER OF REV. MR. HOOKER'S COMPANY
SETTLED HERE 1632
AND STAYED WHEN THAT COMPANY
REMOVED TO THE CONNECTICUT.
HE HAD SUPERVISION OF THE FIRST PUBLIC SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED IN CAMBRIDGE 1635
WAS SELECTMAN 1635-1652
DEACON OF THE CHURCH 1636-1658
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT 1637-1641
AND WAS APPOINTED BY THAT BODY TO LAY OUT LANDS
IN THIS TOWN AND BEYOND.

(West Side.)

THIS PURITAN
HELPED TO ESTABLISH HERE
CHURCH, SCHOOL
AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT
AND THUS TO PLANT
A CHRISTIAN COMMONWEALTH.

(North Side.)

ERECTED
AND GIVEN TO THE CITY
SEPTEMBER 20, 1882
BY
SAMUEL JAMES BRIDGE
OF THE SIXTH GENERATION
FROM JOHN BRIDGE.

(East Side.)

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD
SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH.

52. CHRIST CHURCH.

Garden Street, near Old Burying Ground.

OLDEST CHURCH BUILDING
IN CAMBRIDGE
BUILT IN 1760
OCCUPIED BY
CONTINENTAL TROOPS
IN 1775.

53. SITE OF MOSES RICHARDSON HOUSE.

Holmes Place, now occupied by Harvard Law School.

(West Side)

THIS PURITAN
HELPED TO ESTABLISH HERE
CHURCH SCHOOL
AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT
AND THIS TO BEAT
A CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY

(North Side)

ERECTED
AND GIVEN TO THE CITY
SEPTEMBER 26, 1862
BY
SAMUEL JAMES WHITCOMB
OF THE SIXTH CINCINNATI
FROM JOHN UNDER

(West Side)

THEY THAT WAIT UPON THE LORD
SHALL RENEW THEIR STRENGTH

52. Church Corner
Garden Street near Old Burying Ground.

OLDEST CHURCH BUILDING
IN CAMBRIDGE
BUILT IN 1720
OCCUPIED BY
CONSTITUTIONAL TROOPS
IN 1775

13. Site of North End Church, 1775

Holmes Place, now occupied by Harvard Law School

HERE ASSEMBLED
ON THE NIGHT OF
JUNE 16TH, 1775
1200 CONTINENTAL TROOPS
UNDER COMMAND OF
GENERAL PRESCOTT
AFTER PRAYER BY
PRESIDENT LANGDON
THEY MARCHED TO
BUNKER HILL.

54. SITE OF HASTINGS-HOLMES HOUSE.
Holmes Place, near Hemenway Gymnasium.
-

SITE OF THE HEADQUARTERS
OF GENERAL WARD
AND THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY
IN 1775.
BIRTHPLACE OF
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

55. BIRTHPLACE OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
7 Kirkland Street.
56. FOXCROFT-DANFORTH HOUSE. *Site.*
N. E. corner Kirkland and Oxford streets.
57. JARED SPARKS HOUSE.
Quincy Street, next south of new chapel.
58. HARVARD HALLS.
College Yard.
59. SITES OF HOOKER, SHEPARD, LEVERETT, WIGGLESWORTH,
SEWALL, AND APPLETON HOUSES.

Inscription on Boylston Hall, College Yard.

HERE WAS THE HOMESTEAD OF
THOMAS HOOKER 1633-36
FIRST PASTOR AT NEWTOWN

THOMAS SHEPARD 1636-49	JOHN LEVERETT 1696-1724
JONATHAN MITCHELL 1650-68	PRESIDENT OF HARVARD COLLEGE
FIRST AND SECOND MINISTERS	EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1724-68
OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF CAMBRIDGE	FIRST HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY

AND
EDWARD WIGGLESWORTH 1765-94
SECOND HOLLIS PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY.

60. SITES OF SECOND, THIRD, AND FOURTH MEETING HOUSES.

About on site of Dane Hall (slight difference in site).

SITE OF THE
FOURTH MEETING HOUSE
BUILT IN 1756
HERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPPED
IN 1775.

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION
OF MASSACHUSETTS
HELD HERE IN 1779
LAFAYETTE WELCOMED HERE
IN 1824.

61. SITE OF BOARDMAN HOUSE.

E. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street
(Brock & Eaton's store).

62. SITE OF FIRST PRINTING PRESS.

S. W. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Dunster Street
(Brock Bros'. store).

HERE LIVED
STEPHEN DAYE
FIRST PRINTER IN
BRITISH AMERICA
1638-1668.

63. OLD COURT HOUSE.

Now on Palmer Street.

64. BURYING GROUND.

Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Garden Street.

Soldiers' Monument in old burying ground.

ERECTED BY THE CITY
A. D. 1870
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN HICKS,
WILLIAM MARCY,
MOSES RICHARDSON,
BURIED HERE.
JASON RUSSELL,
JABEZ WYMAN,
JASON WINSHIP,
BURIED IN MENOTOMY
MEN OF CAMBRIDGE
WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF
THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE
APRIL 19, 1775.

"O, WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING IS THIS!"

80. Site of George's Tavern and Boston Native Bank
About on site of State Hall (right entrance in place)

SIZE OF THE
FOURTH MEETING HOUSE
BUILT IN 1740
HERE WASHINGTON WORSHIPED
IN 1776
CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION
HOLD HERE IN 1780
LABORATORY WASHINGTON HERE
IN 1800

81. Site of Boardman House
E. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Davenport Street
(Block & Eaton's store)
82. Site of First Puritan Press
S. W. corner Massachusetts Avenue and Davenport Street
(Block Bros. store)

HERE LIVED
STEPHEN BATES
FIRST PRINTED IN
THE BRITISH AMERICA
1688-1689

83. Old Court House
Now on Faneuil Street
84. Building destroyed
Corner Massachusetts Avenue and Garden Street
Building destroyed in 1870 during storm

ERECTED BY THE CITY
A. D. 1870
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN NICKER
WILLIAM WARE
MOSES RICHARDSON
JAMES HARRIS
JAMES WYMAN
JAMES WILKINSON
BURNED IN MEMORIAL
MAY OF CAMBRIDGE
WHO FELL IN DEFENSE OF
THE LIBERTY OF THE PEOPLE
AFTER IN THE

*O. WHAT A GLORIOUS MORNING IS THIS

65. OLD MILE STONE.

Corner Burying Ground.

(East Side.)

 CAMBRIDGE
 NEW BRIDGE
 2¼ MILES
 1794.

(West Side.)

 BOSTON
 8 MILES
 1734
 A. I.

66. HOME OF THE LATE CHARLES DEANE.

80 Sparks Street.

67. HOME OF THE LATE JUSTIN WINSOR.

74 Sparks Street.

68. HOME OF COL. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

29 Buckingham Street.

69. HOMES OF THE LATE JOHN FISKE.

22 Berkeley Street, later 90 Brattle Street.

70. HOME OF THE LATE LUCIUS R. PAIGE.

Washington Street.

71. COOPER-AUSTIN HOUSE.

21 Linnæan Street.

72. JOHN WATSON HOUSE.

2162 Massachusetts Avenue, near Rindge Avenue.

 AT THIS PLACE

APRIL 19, 1775

FOUR CITIZENS WERE KILLED

BY BRITISH SOLDIERS

RETREATING FROM LEXINGTON

 ERECTED BY THE CITY

1880

NAMES OF THOSE KILLED

ISAAC GARDINER, WILLIAM MARCY,

JOHN HICKS, MOSES RICHARDSON.

73. SITE OF WASHINGTON ALLSTON HOUSE AND STUDIO.

Auburn Street, next to brick block at corner of Auburn and Magazine streets.

74. BIRTHPLACE OF MARGARET FULLER.

71 Cherry Street.

75. FORT PUTNAM.

Fourth and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

PUTNAM SCHOOL

SITE OF
FORT PUTNAM
ERECTED BY THE AMERICAN FORCES
DEC. 1775
DURING THE SIEGE OF BOSTON.

76. LECHMERE POINT.

Second and Otis streets, East Cambridge.

NEAR THIS SPOT
800 BRITISH SOLDIERS
FROM BOSTON COMMON
LANDED APRIL 19TH, 1775,
ON THEIR MARCH TO
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

77. SITE OF HAUGH HOUSE.

First house built in East Cambridge.

78. WADSWORTH HOUSE. OLD PRESIDENTS' HOUSE.

In College Yard, east of Dane Hall, near Harvard Square.

WADSWORTH HOUSE
BUILT IN 1726
OCCUPIED BY
THE COLLEGE PRESIDENTS
FROM WADSWORTH
TO EVERETT,
AND IN JULY, 1775
BY WASHINGTON.

15. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.

PUTNAM SCHOOL

16. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.
During the siege of Boston.

17. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.

18. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.
During the siege of Boston.

19. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.

20. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.

21. Fort Putnam.
Foot of the hill, East Cambridge.

79. SITE OF OAK TREE, SCENE OF WINTHROP-VANE ELECTION,
1637.

ON THIS SPOT

IN 1630

STOOD AN ANCIENT OAK
UNDER WHICH WERE HELD

COLONIAL ELECTIONS

THIS SCION OF THE

WASHINGTON ELM

WAS PLANTED

MAY, 1896.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY

JOHN W. FREESE

WM. W. DALLINGER

} Committee.

The special subject of the evening was "Reminiscences of John Bartlett."

THE CHAIRMAN: I well remember as a boy, living in Berkeley Street, when on the opposite side came a new resident, a Mr. John Bartlett. At one time during the absence of my family I stayed with Mr. John Bartlett and his wife. Though they had no children it was a very pleasant visit. They were extremely kind to me as a young boy of the awkward age of nine years, and I shall always look back upon that two months' stay with very great satisfaction.

Among my very earliest recollections was that of hearing the name of Willard. A Mr. Willard had been president, as you know, of Harvard College, and there was a strong friendship, beginning I am not aware how far back, between the Willard and Dana families — perhaps because some Mr. Willard was kind to the descendants of that early Dana settler, whose humble occupation as one of the town's officers in ringing the swine was referred to at the last meeting of this Society. At any rate this friendship of long standing has been always very sincere.

18. Site of Oak Tree Grove or Withrop-Vane Election
1887.

ON THIS SITE
IN 1887
STOOD AN ANCIENT OAK
UNDER WHICH WERE HELD
COLONIAL ELECTIONS
THIS SITE OF THE
WASHINGTON OAK
WAS PLANTED
MAY 1887.

John H. Barrett }
John W. Barrett } Committee
Wm. W. Barrett }

The special subject of the evening was "Reminiscences of John Barrett."

The Chairman: I well remember as a boy living in
Hickory Grove, when on a visit to the old place a new resi-
dent, a Mr. John Barrett, at one time during the absence
of my family, stayed with Mr. John Barrett and his wife.
Though they had no children it was a very pleasant visit.
They were extremely kind to me as a young boy of the
awkward age of nine years and I shall always look back
upon that two months' stay with very great satisfaction.
Among my very earliest recollections was that of hearing
the name of Willard. A Mr. Willard had been president of
your school of Harvard College, and there was a strong friend-
ship, beginning I am not aware how far back, between the
Willard and Barrett families—perhaps perhaps some Mr.
Willard was kind to the descendants of that early Dana
settler, whose humble occupation as one of the town's
officers in fixing the same was referred to at the last
meeting of this Society. At any rate the friendship of long
standing has been always very sincere.

The two names Bartlett and Willard were brought together when Mr. John Bartlett married Miss Hannah Willard, and again to-night it is most appropriate that we again bring the two names together in the way of an address on this same Mr. John Bartlett by a prominent member of the Boston Bar, Joseph Willard, Esq.

ADDRESS OF JOSEPH WILLARD

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN:

BY the courtesy of this Society I have been associated in the pleasant duty of recalling some of the traits of character and incidents of the life of our late excellent friend and your fellow-citizen, John Bartlett. And it is fitting that in this city of his adoption, and in which he lived nearly threescore years and ten of his active and retired life, his many friends should gather to remember him.

John Bartlett was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, 14 June 1820, and died in Cambridge Sunday, 3 December, 1905. He came of good Pilgrim stock, counting the honored names of Elder Brewster and Richard Warren, both Mayflower men, among his ancestors. He was proud of his Mayflower descent, in the right way; not, that is, for ostentation, as is too much the fashion of to-day, but as an incentive to live worthy of the blood he inherited. I think he indeed reproduced their sturdy independence, their patience in suffering, and their single-eyed devotion to duty and principle. But he had beside these traits of character, one, which they may have possessed, — cheerfulness in the trials of life that nothing could weaken or abate; and another, that they are certainly not credited with having, — a keen sense of humor, that saving grace of existence which, I think, is perhaps as efficient an aid to well-being in life as the theological grace of that earlier day.

At some time in the period of his retirement, probably near the end of the last century, looking back over an active career from the quiet haven of his Cambridge home, as yet uninvaded by sickness or domestic grief, he penned a brief account of his boyhood in

The two names Bartlett and Willard were brought together when Mr. John Bartlett married Miss Hannah Willard, and again to-night it is most appropriate that we again bring the two names together in the way of an address on this same Mr. John Bartlett by a prominent member of the Boston Bar, Joseph Willard, Esq.

ADDRESS ON JOSEPH WILLARD

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN.

By the courtesy of this Society I have been associated in the pleasant duty of recalling some of the notes of character and incidents of the life of our late excellent friend and your fellow-citizen, John Bartlett. And it is fitting that in this city of his adoption, and in which he lived nearly thirty years and the of his active and useful life, his many friends should gather

to remember him.
John Bartlett was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, 11 June 1820, and died in Cambridge Sunday 2 December 1905. He came of good Puritan stock, bearing the honored name of Elder Brewster and Richard Warren, both Mayflower men, among his ancestors. He was proud of his Mayflower descent in the right way, not that he had the estimation, as is too much the fashion to-day, but as an incentive to live worthy of the blood he inherited. I think he indeed repurchased their sturdy independence, their patience in suffering, and their single-eyed devotion to duty and principle. But he had beside these traits of character, one which they may have possessed — a gentleness in the midst of the fiercest and most vigorous debate; and another, that they certainly did not possess — a ready sympathy for the views of others, and a willingness to listen to them as calmly as to his own. I think it perhaps as characteristic as well to point out the theological phase of that earlier day. At that time in the period of his religious life, probably near the end of the last century, looking back over an active career, from the quiet seclusion of his Cambridge home, as he unfolded by one of our domestic girls, he poured a brief account of his boyhood and

Plymouth. It was made as an introduction to a volume, which I have before me, modestly entitled, "A Record of Idle Hours," and contains, with that business-like precision, which was a second nature to him, a list of all the books he had read from the year 1837, when he came to this city to live, continued down to the last years of his life.

But he began long before to love books. As he says, in the same introduction: "I had an early taste for reading, and before the age of twelve had read not only most of the juvenile literature of that period, but also 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Josephus,' 'Arabian Nights,' 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 'Scottish Chiefs,' 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' 'Cruise of the Midge,' 'Telemachus,' 'Paul and Virginia,' 'Tom Cringle's Log,' Cooper's 'Spy' and 'Last of the Mohicans;' Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' 'Talisman,' and 'Pirate,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' Münchhausen, and — Opie on 'Lying.'" I wonder how many of us have carefully perused "Josephus," "Telemachus," and — Opie on "Lying"! and could say so without being ourselves apt illustrations of the last-named highly instructive work!

His autobiographical fragment continues: "In 1837 I was entered as a clerk in a bookstore, and found myself amid a world of books, 'in wondering mazes lost.' Without a guide, philosopher, or friend, I plunged in, driving through the sea of books like a vessel without pilot or rudder." But our friend had a pilot in his instinctive power of selection, and a rudder in his ready assimilation of what he read, that directed him better than could any of the would-be guides who nowadays kindly seek to direct our taste by lists of the "hundred best books," and who might as well try to prescribe for our appetites the hundred best articles of food. Like the pears of Horace's Calabrian host, that which they would force upon us only repels.

"My clerical duties," concludes Mr. Bartlett's brief narrative, "were unusually onerous, yet I always found time for study and reading; and, during my active business life of fifty-two years, I devoted much time to these purposes. My library was dukedom enough, with few exceptions, for all my wants."

The business energy and tact and exceptional capacity for work that Mr. Bartlett possessed soon raised him from a clerical position to assuming the whole management and control of the College book-

store; and he rapidly redeemed it from the slack condition into which it had fallen in the less energetic hands of his predecessor.

It was nine years after Mr. Bartlett became a resident in Cambridge before it was made a city; and the influence of the College upon the town was certainly more distinctly felt then than now in its wider limits and greater size.

The Cambridge of that day is foreshadowed in Lowell's delightful essay, "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago;" that is, in the earlier decades of the last century; and while many of the marked figures which he painted in such lively colors had passed from the stage, some still remained, like Professors Popkin and Sales; and other and greater names were then the boast of the University and the literary, scientific, and scholarly attractions to its halls. Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Felton, Sophocles, Beck, Gray, Peirce, Channing, and Wyman, to name no more, were among its teachers; and in this was Mr. Bartlett's great good fortune and our own; for to him it gave the suggestion to which we owe his best-known work, the "Familiar Quotations."

A bookstore in any cultivated place, but especially in a university town, is the centre to which gravitates inevitably whatever is excellent in letters, study, or culture. The best men in each succeeding year found in the place and the man the attraction of accurate scholarship, strong literary taste, and ready appreciation of the best results of study. It would take too long to do more than mention a few. But the years which sent out from the College, as graduates, Richard H. Dana, Charles Devens, James R. Lowell, Story, sculptor and poet, Nathan and Edward Everett Hale, William G. Russell, Wentworth Higginson, Senator Hoar, Professors Norton, Child, Lane, and Goodwin, Joseph Choate, President Eliot, Justin Winsor the historian, Furness the Shakespearean scholar, Alexander Agassiz, and Phillips Brooks, to come to no later day, gave an intellectual stimulus and companionship that was of itself an education. One name among the many of a date later than those just mentioned deserves especial mention, that of the fine scholar, Rezin Augustus Wight, who, graduating in 1856, grew so near to Mr. Bartlett as a collaborator that he became his associate editor, and so remained till his death in 1890 at the age of fifty-five.

It was natural that Mr. Bartlett should look to a man of college

training for co-operation, for he, like many who have not received a college education, placed perhaps an exaggerated estimate upon it. But with him this lack served only as a spur to greater effort for self-improvement and a keener appreciation of his opportunities for study. Self-directed, he read widely and avidly, and the five thousand titles which his record (already mentioned) of books perused by him enumerates, showed how he drew from the best sources of English literature; while for the classics or foreign masterpieces he had Emerson's authority that a translation may sufficiently replace the original. The same well-poised judgment, which made him competent to determine the value of literary wares to be offered to the public, gave him a discriminating taste in reading and a wonderful power of orderly arrangement; and to the frequenters of his bookstore he became an authority to be referred to more and more for the sources of apt or quotable phrases; and the "Familiar Quotations" was the result.

The unassuming first edition of the "Familiar Quotations" saw the light in 1855. I have it now before me, a slender little volume of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, tentative, almost timid in its character. I remember that Mr. Bartlett told me, and it was an indication of his doubt as to the success of his venture, that he thought an appropriate motto for his book would have been the quotation from John Bunyan's quaint apology for his work of the lines:

"Some said, 'John, print it;' others said, 'Not so.'
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.'"

But it became so rapidly known and met so hearty an appreciation of its judicious selection and accuracy that Mr. Bartlett might apply to himself Byron's phrase: "I awoke one morning and found myself famous." He had reached his public. The scholar was pleased to find ready to his hand the best of what he had known; the unscholarly man now could almost keep pace with the better taught. The critic found where the exquisite thought of the poet had its first form in an earlier day, whose crude ore was wrought into the refined gold of the master; and last, and not least, the orator or after-dinner speaker had his *vade mecum*, his sure reliance in oratorical or conversational difficulty, like Master Slender's Book of Riddles in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

I think not many persons realize the difficulty of the task Mr. Bartlett undertook. It seems easy enough merely to set down the verse or phrase that passes current everywhere, to give it accurately, and perhaps in some instances to point out its ancestry, if it had any. But into the select circle what was to be admitted and what was to be excluded from it? Here came the task of decision; and to a scholar the danger was that his own familiarity with a passage might mislead him to regard it as generally familiar, and impute to the public his own knowledge; and his difficulty increased in the ratio of his own learning. He must needs, Brutus like, sacrifice his own nearest and dearest, if conformity to the public acceptance required it. On the other hand, the standard of familiarity was not to be local only, and a wide scholarship was demanded, that all the domain of English speech should be represented, and that if he erred at all it should be on the side of fulness.

How well Mr. Bartlett's sound judgment met all these requirements the success of the book best evidenced. It would be most interesting if time permitted to follow step by step the growth of the book, and trace its expansion, its admission of new, and its exclusion of disentitled, candidates. But only a brief statement of figures is possible. The first edition of 1855 is a small duodecimo of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, with only twenty footnotes. The fourth edition, in 1864, had five hundred pages; the eighth, in 1883, was an octavo of nine hundred and twelve pages; and the last—the ninth—is a stout volume of almost twelve hundred pages, with nearly five thousand footnotes. And this was not mere addition, for the pruning-knife was judiciously and unflinchingly applied.

One feature of the later editions, and particularly of the last, deserves especial notice, as it is not perhaps generally appreciated; but it is one which has rendered this book one of the most valuable contributions made to the study of literature, and therefore to the history of thought. It is the citation of parallel, precedent or subsequent, or even of derivative passages, expressing the same conception.

Now while in the first edition there are but twenty, in the last edition there are nearly five thousand of these. You have here, therefore, not merely the ancestry of the thought, and can trace its

I think not many persons realize the difficulty of the task Mr. Bartlett undertook. It seems easy enough merely to set down the facts or phrases that present current controversies, to give it some title, and perhaps in some instances to point out the anomaly, if it had any. But into the subject circle what was to be admitted and what was to be excluded from it? How came the task of decision; and to a scholar the danger was that his own familiarity with a passage might mislead him to regard it as generally familiar and impart to the public his own knowledge; and yet the difficulty increased in the ratio of his own learning. He must needs bring life, sacrifice his own nearest and dearest, if conformity to the public acceptance required it. On the other hand, the standard of familiarity was not to be local only, and a wide scholarship was demanded that all the domain of English speech should be represented, and that if he erred at all it should be on the side of fulness.

How well Mr. Bartlett's sound judgment met all these requirements the success of the book best evidences. It would be most interesting if time permitted to follow step by step the growth of the book, and trace its expansion, the admission of new, and the exclusion of doubtful, materials. But only a brief statement of figures is possible. The first edition of 1855 is a small book of two hundred and sixty-seven pages, with only twenty footnotes. The fourth edition, in 1864, had five hundred pages; the eighth, in 1868, was an octavo of nine hundred and twelve pages; and the last—the ninth—is a stout volume of almost two hundred pages, with nearly five thousand footnotes. And this was not mere addition, for the pruning-knife was judiciously and unflinchingly applied.

One feature of the later editions, and particularly of the last, deserves especial notice, as it is not perhaps generally appreciated. It is a volume which has rendered this book one of the most valuable to the student of literature, and therefore to the student of thought. It is the edition of parallel passages in English, and even of derivative passages, expressing the same

Now while in the last edition there are but twenty, in the first edition there are nearly five thousand of these. You have here, therefore, not merely the ancestry of the thought and not two

gradual working out from its rude earlier form to its perfected shape, but you are brought face to face with the great problem of the community of ideas, its limits and its possibilities. For the similarities are often not plagiarisms, but underivative and original; and the phrase to which Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Montaigne, or Byron may have given world-wide currency may only be another form of the thought expressed by some obscure writer or thinker, who comes to be known solely because of the better shape in which his conception has been put by another and greater mind.

Thus Byron's grand lines —

“ So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart; ”

have their plagiaristic or imitative echo in Moore's feebler verse —

“ They,
Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume,
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
See their own feathers plucked to wing the dart,
Which rank corruption destines for the heart. ”

But perhaps their origin was in Waller's stanza, a century and a half earlier —

“ The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high. ”

And whether all three may or may not have drawn the figure from Æschylus' lines —

“ With our own feathers, not by others' hands,
Are we now smitten, ”

may and perhaps always will be a question.

Yet we find a little known French poet, Jean Bertaut, — a century before Waller, — expressed, though with far less poetic beauty, the same conception —

“ Nous seuls empençons de nos plumes
Les traits, dont il nous rend blessés. ”

And the grand Shakespearian lines —

“Men’s evil manners live in brass, their virtues
We write in water,”

have their contemporaneous echo in the same Bertaut’s —

“L’Injure se grave en metal
Et le bienfait s’escrit en l’onde.”

That Shakespeare never heard of Bertaut is more than probable; that Bertaut never read Shakespeare is certain; and both are preceded by Sir Thomas More’s quaint wisdom: “For men use if they suffer an evil tourne to write it in marble and whoso doeth us a good tourne we write it in dust.”

Similar examples can be multiplied indefinitely, but it is in Mr. Bartlett’s book that the opportunity for their study has first been adequately presented.

From the “Familiar Quotations” to the compilation of the “Shakespeare Concordance” was a natural step; for no less than one tenth of all the familiar phrases in the former work are Shakespeare’s. This admirable Concordance was a labor of love with Mr. Bartlett, and although begun thirteen years before he retired from business, was not completed till five years of that retirement had passed, and might well be called the fruitage of that period. It had particularly the tender association of his wife’s devoted aid, acknowledged so lovingly in the dedication. Its necessary bulk, inevitable from its extensive plan to give more than a bare literal list of words, of course limited its sale mainly to large libraries, or professed Shakespearian scholars. I think Mr. Bartlett had perhaps hoped for a more popular acceptance of his book, led thereto naturally enough by the absorbing interest which a scholar feels in his work; but he received his reward in the service he knew he had rendered to literature, in a work whose scrupulous accuracy is such that in its nearly four hundred thousand lines scarcely an error is to be found.

Praise, public and private, for both of his literary labors had come to him in no stinted measure. But one honor I think he prized above all others. The regard he had for the College, enhanced by his wife’s inherited associations through her father the professor, and her grandfather the President, rendered it particu-

And the grand Shakespearean lines—

"Alas, well wakened lies his brain, that thinks
We write in water."

have their contemporaneous echo in the same history—

"I found a grave to read
Is a double death of words."

That Shakespeare never heard of Hartman is more than probable; that Hartman never read Shakespeare is certain; and both are proved by Sir Thomas More's famous wisdom: "But may not I say better an evil tongue to write is in man's and whose death is a good lesson we write it in dust?"

Similar examples can be multiplied indefinitely, but it is in Sir Hartman's book that the opportunity for their study has first been adequately presented.

From the "Familiar Questions" to the completion of the "Shakespeare Concordance" was a natural step; for no less than one tenth of all the English phrases in the former work are Shakespeare's. The admirable Concordance was a labor of love with Sir Hartman, and although it was begun years before he retired from business, was not completed till the year of that retirement. It is perhaps not surprising that the language of that period, and particularly the tender association of his wife's loved self, acknowledged an lovingly in the dedication. Its necessary bulk, inevitable from its extensive plan is far more than a bare index; a list of words of course limited its suitability to large libraries or private Shakespearean scholars. I think Sir Hartman had no hope for a more rapid acceptance of his book, but it was naturally enough by the standing reference which scholars find in his work, and he received his reward in the service he knew he had rendered to literature in a work whose enormous scope is such that it is nearly four hundred thousand lines, nearly an entire library.

It is a public and private labors for the history of the language, and to him is an eternal memory. But one more I think is placed above all others. The regard he had for the English language, and his self-sacrificing devotion to it, has been the professor and his grandchild, the English, conducted it further.

larly fitting that the College should enrol him as one of her sons by adoption as she did, by giving him the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1871. He became also a member of the Φ B K in 1894, and of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1892.

Not to many who pass threescore and ten is it given to escape the scriptural limitations on the joy of living, and to find the later years not those of sorrow and trouble. I think our friend had the scriptural warning in his mind when at the age of sixty-nine he retired from active business and at seventy-two brought to a conclusion his best-known work. The preface to the ninth edition of the "Quotations" has a pathetic note of farewell in the words: "The small thin volume — the first to bear the title to this collection — after passing through eight editions, each enlarged, now culminates in its ninth, and with this closes its tentative life."

I have dwelt at this length on the literary side of Mr. Bartlett's life, as this it is by which he will be best known publicly. But you, who were his relatives, friends, and neighbors, knew another and finer side to the man. I have often thought that his friend Lowell might well have had him in his mind when he wrote the lines:

"The wisest man could ask no more of fate,
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true."

A man's character may often best be judged by the friends he makes and retains; and if, of the groups of friends who were his in middle life, and remained his till death parted them, I might name two especially near and dear to him, they would be James Russell Lowell and John Holmes. Of the latter sunny-natured, rare, and delightful man and genial humorist, if any of you desire more knowledge than your personal memories of him give, no words of mine can add to the charming picture of him drawn in the pages of Colonel Higginson's "Contemporaries." With Lowell Mr. Bartlett's association was constant for forty years. His exquisite taste, clear literary judgment, and ample scholarship Mr. Bartlett found always at his service; nor was their intercourse limited to serious studies. The verses in the years 1857 and 1858 in which he celebrated the gift of one of the trophies of Mr. Bartlett's skill as an angler, the famous seven-pound trout, are printed

in his collected works, and I will only quote from them here; while little bits of verse, even to the last year of the poet's life, touched, among others, on the same pleasant theme.

"I see him trace the wayward brook
Amid the forest mysteries,
Where at their shades shy aspens look,
Or where with many a gurgling crook
It croons its woodland histories.

"I see him step with caution due,
Soft as if shod in moccasins,
Grave as in church, for who plies you,
Sweet craft, is safe as in a pew
From all our common stock of sins.

"The unerring fly I see him cast,
That as a roseleaf falls as soft,
A flash, a whirl! he has him fast,
We tyros, how that struggle last
Confuses and appalls us oft.

"Unfluttered he: calm, as the sky
Looks on our tragicomedies,
This way and that he lets him fly,
A sunbeam shuttle, then to die
Lands him with cool aplomb at ease.

"The friend who gave our board such gust,
Life's care, may he o'erstep it half;
And when Death hooks him, as he must,
He'll do it gently as I trust,
And John Holmes write his epitaph."

The pleasant bond that united these three friends was broken by the death of Lowell in 1891. Eight years later John Holmes, so quaintly referred to, passed away at the age of eighty-five, and with his death ended the familiar association of half a century.

In 1900, at fourscore, Mr. Bartlett's vigorous health became seriously impaired in sight, hearing, and power to walk. It was the beginning of a physical imprisonment that ended only with his life. To this was added his anxiety for his gentle wife, whose mental alienation rendered her an object of constant solicitude, but chiefly from the fear lest, if he should not survive her, she would

not be assured of the same protecting care with which he watched over her. But his serene courage never failed; and the sorrow of her death a year before his had yet this alleviation from that ever-present anxiety.

I think few of you, whose privilege it was to visit him in this last decade of his life, can forget the delightful reception with which you were greeted, as soon as you came within his recognition. As the attendant announced you to him, as he sat in the well-remembered place in his beautiful library, surrounded by the books he had loved so well, but which he was never more to read, you could see the alert look and attitude as he waited till you reached him, and then the cheery smile, the cordial grasp of the hand, the pleasant word of greeting welcomed you, and the door of his imprisonment opened wide once more. Then came the flow of reminiscence, of pertinent anecdote, of apt quotation, and in turn a perfectly receptive appreciation of all that you had to offer in kind. There was no taint of old age in his mind, and his memory seemed only to strengthen with the years.

And so it continued to the last. On Friday, December 1st, I was summoned to his bedside by a note, informing me of his serious illness. I found him fully conscious, and aware that his physicians had said that he had but a few days to live. I remained with him at his desire for quite an hour, and not only was his mind alert and his business directions clear, but there was the same cheery tone, pleasant memory of the past, and thoughtful reference to the present, though the voice was feeble and the utterance slow. Two days later he died.

In presenting this imperfect tribute to our friend's memory, I should feel more regret for its deficiencies if I were not sure that to those who knew him well no commendation was necessary, and still more, that there are others to follow me who will more than supply what I have failed adequately to present.

THE CHAIRMAN: One characteristic of Mr. Bartlett I think we must all have noticed, if brought in contact with him, was his great modesty and willingness to receive a suggestion in the lines in which he was a great expert from anybody who might be able to furnish him information.

not be assured of the same protesting ears with which he watched over her. But his serene courage was undimmed; and the sorrow of her death a year before his had yet this alleviation from that ever-present anxiety.

I think few of you whose privilege it was to visit him in this last decade of his life, can forget the delightful reception with which you were greeted, as soon as you came within his workshop. As the attendant announced you to him, as he sat in the well-remembered place in his beautiful library surrounded by the books he had read so well, but which he was never more to read, you could see the alert look and attitude as he watched all you reached him, and then the cheery smile, the cordial grasp of the hand, the pleasant word of greeting welcomed you, and the door of his impromptu opened wide once more. Then came the flow of reminiscences, of pertinent anecdotes, of apt quotations, and in turn a perfectly responsive appreciation of all that you had to offer in kind. There was no hint of old age in his mind, and his memory seemed only to strengthen with the years.

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In presenting this important tribute to our friend's memory, I should feel more regret for its brevity than if I were not sure that to those who knew him well no commendation was necessary, and still more, that there are others to follow who will more than supply what I have failed adequately to present.

The Chairman: One characteristic of Mr. Porter, I think we must all have noticed, if brought in contact with him, was his great modesty and willingness to receive suggestion in the line of what he was a great expert in. Anybody who might be able to furnish him information

There was also another side to his character beside the literary, — he was a sportsman — a fine fly-rod trout fisher. I remember his telling with much glee how, going to Waverley Oaks and fishing in Waverley Brook, which had long been believed to have been thoroughly fished out, he caught and landed a nice two-pound trout. He also had the record of catching the largest trout landed in modern days, that is, in the last sixty or seventy years, in the White Mountains at Jackson Falls. He had the length of the trout measured on his fishing rod, which some of us have seen, and as to weight of that fish I hardly dare now to state the number of pounds, but I recall there was a six in it. That is very large for a brook trout, but such is one's recollection of fish.

It is always a delight to hear the next speaker, who is going to talk to us. One of the privileges of living in Cambridge is that we can hear from time to time Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION,— to whom our friend here, the speaker of the evening, should be added as an honorary member, I think, — I have heard with the greatest interest what has been said, and I am very much struck with his keenness of recognition as to some of the very points of which I have ventured to speak in writing about Mr. Holmes and Mr. Bartlett. Yet we are uninformed about one or two things of which I should like very much to have heard more in Bartlett's case, such as his experience during his naval life. He was nearly a year, I think, on board a naval vessel during the war. He went out in an official capacity as paymaster, and I do not know whether he has left any record of it — I am not aware of it myself.

It would have been very interesting to see an account of such an entire transfer of life as his was under these circumstances, for he was certainly at all times of his life, and almost more in his age than in his youth, one of the best raconteurs I have known. Stories

There was also another side to his character beside the literary,—he was a sportsman—a fine fly-fish trout fisher. I remember his telling with much glee how, going to Waverley Oaks and fishing in Waverley Brook, which had long been believed to have been thoroughly fished out, he caught and landed a nice two-pound trout. He also had the record of catching the largest trout landed in modern days, that is, in the last thirty or seventy years, in the White Mountains at Jackson Falls. He had the length of the trout measured on his fishing rod, which some of us have seen, and as to weight of that fish I hardly dare now to state the number of pounds, but I recall there was a six in it. That is very large for a brook trout, but such is one's recollection of fish. It is always a delight to hear the next speaker, who is going to talk to us. One of the privileges of living in Cambridge is that we can hear from time to time Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THIS ASSOCIATION,—to whom our friends here, the guests of the evening, should be added as an honorary member, I think—I have heard with the greatest interest what has been said, and I am very much struck with his keenness of vision as to some of the very points of which I have ventured to speak in writing about Mr. Holmes and Mr. Hawthorne. Yet we are unacquainted about one or two points of which I should like very much to have heard more in tonight's case, such as his experience during his novel life. He was nearly a year, I think, on board a naval vessel during the war. He went out in an official capacity as paymaster, and I do not know whether he has any record of it—I am not aware of it myself.

It would have been very interesting to see an account of such an entire transfer of life as his was under these circumstances, for he was certainly at all times of his life and almost more in his youth than in his youth, one of the best mountaineers I have known.

lost nothing in his hands. He remembered, as was said by the speaker of the evening, until later years with a readiness and precision that was absolutely humiliating to those who were some years younger. I never was made to feel that his stories grew with time. You could hear them at intervals of a year and they would be no longer at the end than they were at the beginning. He had a delicate humor and extraordinary delineation. I have also had the honor of having had in my hands that marvellous book of the record of his reading. I think I never encountered its equal, and in view of the fact that a large part of his life was spent in active and sometimes complicated business relations, it was all the more extraordinary.

I wrote at one time in a book—I find it always safe to quote one's own books, for in spite of the kindness of friends one seldom finds his quotations recognized—this I wrote:—

“There are books in the English language so vast that the ordinary reader recoils before their text and their footnotes. Such, for instance, is Gibbon's ‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,’ containing substantially the history of the whole world for thirteen centuries. When that author dismissed the last page of his task, on June 27, 1787, in the historic garden at Geneva, having arranged that it was to appear before the public at once in four different languages, is it not possible that he may have felt some natural misgiving as to whether any one person would ever read the whole of it? We know him to have predicted that Fielding's ‘Tom Jones’ would outlast the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria, but he recorded no similar claim for his own work. The statesman, Fox, to be sure, pronounced Gibbon's book to be ‘immortal,’ simply because, as he said, no man in the world could do without it; and Sheridan added, with undue levity, that if not luminous it was at least voluminous. But modern readers, as a rule, consult it; they do not read it. It is, at best, a tool-chest.

“Yet there lies before me what is, perhaps, the most remarkable manuscript catalogue of books read that can be found in the English-speaking world, this being the work of Bartlett at eighty-three, who began life by reading a verse of the Bible aloud to his mother when three years old, had gone through the whole of it by the time he was nine, and then went on to grapple with all the rest of literature, upon which he is still at work.

"His vast catalogue of books read begins with 1837, and continues up to the present day, thus covering much more than half a century, a course of reading not yet finished, and in which Gibbon is but an incident. One finds, for instance, at intervals such items as these:

"'Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," read twice between 1856 and 1894; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" third reading, 1895; Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," vols. 1 and 2, fourth reading;' followed soon after by 'Gibbon, vols. 3-6, fourth reading; Gibbon, vols. 7-8, fourth reading.' What are a thousand readings of 'Tom Jones' compared with a series of feats like this? And there is a certain satisfaction to those who find themselves staggered by the contemplation of such labor, when they read elsewhere on the list the recorded confession that this man of wonderful toil occasionally stooped so far as cheerfully to include 'That Frenchman,' and 'Mr. Barnes of New York.'"

There are other things which I have written about John Bartlett at different times, and one especially in the *Nation* not long after his death, and I would venture to quote from this, —

"There came, however, an event in Bartlett's life which put an end to all direct labors, when his wife and co-worker began to lose her mental clearness, and all this joint task had presently to be laid aside. For a time he tried to continue his work unaided; and she, with unwearied patience and gentleness, would sit quietly beside him without interference. But the malady increased, until she passed into that melancholy condition described so powerfully by his neighbor and intimate friend, James Russell Lowell — though drawing from a different example — in his poem of 'The Darkened Mind,' one of the most impressive, I think, of his poems. While Bartlett still continued his habit of reading, the writing had to be surrendered. His eyesight being ere long affected, the reading also was abandoned, and after his wife's death he lived for a year or two one of the loneliest of lives. He grew physically lame, and could scarcely cross the room unaided. A nervous trouble in the head left him able to employ a reader less and less frequently, and finally not at all. In a large and homelike room, containing one of the most charming private libraries in Cambridge — the books being beautifully bound and lighting up the walls instead of darkening them — he spent most of the day reclining on the sofa,

externally unemployed, simply because employment was impossible. He had occasional visitors, and four of his old friends formed what they called a 'Bartlett Club,' and met at his house one evening in every week." [It is possible we may have a representative of this group here; I wish we might have.] "Sometimes days passed, however, without his receiving a visitor, he living alone in a room once gay with the whist-parties which he and Lowell had formerly organized and carried on.

"His cheerful courage, however, was absolutely unbroken, and he met every casual guest with a look of sunshine. His voice and manner, always animated and cheerful, remained the same. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences, and could fill the hour with talk without showing exhaustion. Seldom going out of the house, unable to take more than very short drives, he dwelt absolutely in the past, remembered the ways and deeds of all Cambridge and Boston literary men, spoke genially of all and with malice of none. He had an endless fund of good stories of personal experience. Were one to speak to him, for instance, of Edward Everett, well known for the elaboration with which he prepared his addresses, Bartlett would instantly recall how Everett once came into his bookstore in search of a small pocket Bible to be produced dramatically before a rural audience in a lecture; but in this case finding none small enough chose a copy of Hoyle's 'Games' instead, which was produced with due impressiveness when the time came. Then he would describe the same Edward Everett whom he once called upon and found busy in drilling a few Revolutionary soldiers who were to be on the platform during Everett's famous Concord oration, and whom he drilled first to stand up and be admired at a certain point of the oration and then to sit down again, by signal, that the audience might rather rise in their honor. Unfortunately, one man, who was totally deaf, forgot the instructions and absolutely refused to sit down, because the 'squire' had told him to stand up. In a similar way, Bartlett's unimpaired memory held the whole circle of eminent men among whom he had grown up from youth, and a casual visitor might infer from his cheery manner that these comrades had just left the room. During his last illness, mind and memory seemed equally unclouded until the very end, and almost the last words he spoke were a caution to his faithful nurse not to forget to pay the small

externally unemployed, simply because employment was impossible. He had occasional visitors, and some of his old friends found it they called a "Hartford Club," and met at his house one evening in every week. [It is possible we may have a representative of this group here; I wish we might have.] Sometimes days passed, however, without his receiving a visitor, he living alone in a room once gay with the white-paints which he and Lowell had formerly organized and varied on.

His cheerful society, however, was absolutely priceless, and he met every social guest with a look of sunshine. His voice and manner, always animated and cheerful, reached the same. He had an inexhaustible store of anecdotes and reminiscences, and could fill the hour with talk without showing exhaustion. He was going out of the house unable to take more than very short drives, he dwelt absolutely in the past, remembered the ways and habits of all Cambridge and Boston literary men, spoke freely of all and with justice of none. He had an endless fund of good stories of personal experience. We are one to speak to him for instance of Edward Everett, well known for the elaboration with which he prepared his addresses, Everett would instantly recall how Everett once came into his bookstore's agent of a small pocket Bible he produced dramatically before a small audience in a lecture; how in this case finding none small enough to read a copy of Horace's "Gardens," instead, which was produced with the same dramatic effect when the time came. Then he would describe the same thing as Everett when he once called upon and found him in drilling a few Revolutionary soldiers who were to be on the platform during Everett's famous Concord address, and when he called him to stand up and be admired at a certain point of the oration, and then to sit down again, by signs, that the audience might rather than in their honor. Extraneously, the man who was totally deaf, forgot the instructions and absolutely refused to sit down, leaving the platform and standing up. In another way, the same man, when he had given a lecture, and a crowd of visitors stood before him, he would say that these crowded had not been in the room. During the last three years, his memory became more and more unclouded until the very end, and almost the last words he spoke were a caution to his faithful nurse not to forget to pay the rent.

sum due to a man who had been at work on his driveway, he naming the precise sum due in dollars and cents.

"He died on the morning of December 3, 1905, aged 85. Was his career, after all, more to be pitied or envied? He lived a life of prolonged and happy labor among the very choicest gems of human thought, and died with patient fortitude after all visible human joys had long been laid aside."

THE CHAIRMAN: Colonel Higginson has referred to the "Bartlett Club," and has explained his wish that we might have a member of this "Bartlett Club" here. Fortunately we have Mr. Woodward Emery to tell us about the "Bartlett Club," why it was organized, what it has done, and I trust also about his own share in it as well as what the other members did.

ADDRESS OF WOODWARD EMERY

I HAVE been asked to say a few words to-night in memory of John Bartlett.

I propose to speak of him as a friend and neighbor. We lived in the same neighborhood for more than a quarter of a century, during which time we became better and better acquainted until within the past decade I have enjoyed his intimate friendship.

You all know him to have been a man of rare parts, possessing so many of the excellencies of human nature as to entitle him to high rank among his fellowmen. His pure friendliness is a characteristic all will easily recognize. It was almost as wide as his human sympathy, which though intelligently restrained responded to all misfortune. It gave him that touch of nature which made him kin to all. I recall his telling of the interest he ever had in the College students in the old days of his bookstore in Harvard Square; how he encouraged them in their taste for books and allowed them to carry away whatever they fancied, but he said they always came back and paid for what they had taken. His generous and sympathetic treatment evidently made them feel that they had incurred a debt of honor.

At request he once signed the College bond of a young stranger from the south, who later came, having been at College about a year and a half, and deposited the amount of the bond. Shortly thereafter the youth disappeared, leaving unnumbered debts behind, but his trusting bondsman was secured. He understood their natures!

His sense of humor was keen and his wit responsive and unfailing, which when linked to his prodigious memory lent a brilliancy to his conversation rarely equalled. He had met and known the keen wits and sparkling intellects of his day and generation, and many an anecdote of interesting personality, which enlivened an hour of intercourse, can never again be told in his inimitable way. He possessed the rare faculty in a story-teller of seldom if ever repeating his stories; which in one whose conversation was replete with anecdote and reminiscence was remarkable.

His tastes and fancies were with books, his business was with books and the making of books, and this brought him in contact with the bookish class. He was a painstaking, untiring student, one who if not a creator himself made familiar to all the beauties of the greatest creators, and the readers of Shakespeare his debtors for all time.

But withal he loved things outside the library. The recreations of a man form part of his character and a knowledge of them helps in our estimate and appreciation of him. When, therefore, we think of Mr. Bartlett as an ardent fisherman, a lover of the game of whist, and a fine chess player, we feel that a strong side-light is thrown upon his life. He loved the old-fashioned game of whist and he played it well, as I know from many an evening's contest as his opponent. Every winter for thirty years he, James Russell Lowell, John Holmes, and Charles F. Choate played an evening a week together, except while Mr. Lowell was absent as foreign ambassador.

His game of chess was ingenious, original, and aggressive, and he played it, as he did most things, with superior skill.

*A man's estimate and appreciation of the gentler sex is a safe measure of the delicacy and quality of his nature, and that Mr. Bartlett held women in the highest esteem his many contributions to their happiness and pleasure give testimony. His attitude toward them was distinguished by a tender, respectful graciousness of

manner mingled with a sprightly cordiality, and he enjoyed their society.

He was a keen sportsman in his love of angling, a disciple of Sir Izaak, of whose works he made a collection, and had, I believe, a copy of every edition of "The Compleat Angler," which he ultimately gave to Harvard. He was a small man in stature, as you all know, and not especially vigorous or hardy looking, and yet, as he told me, he has carried his fishing gear up the stream of a March morning encumbered with rubber-boots and a long, thick ulster over heavy clothing, and fished all day, walking many miles and returning at night astonished at his freedom from fatigue, and ready to perform the selfsame feat the next day, — all for love of the sport.

You remember the lines of Lowell in acknowledgment of the receipt of a seven-pound trout, and will forgive me for reciting a single stanza singularly fitting at the present moment:

" And when they come his deeds to weigh,
And how he used the talents his,
One troutscale in the scale will lay
(If trout had scales) O' 't will outweigh
The wrong side of the balances."

For years thereafter a trout found its way to the songster, and a witty acknowledgment followed hard upon.

Whatever he did was done *con amore* and in response to a spontaneity which lasted to the end. A playful mental energy which seemed never to tire kept company with his daily doings. He once told me he never felt despondent or downhearted. Certainly, cheerfulness was a pronounced characteristic which led to a hopeful outcome, and was an ever-present help in time of need, both to his business associates and in domestic affliction.

" Oh, blest with temper whose unclouded way
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ! "

His reading was desultory and somewhat wide in and among histories, both ancient and modern, biographies, poems, and dramas — the English classics yielding, I think, the largest field of pleasure. The same spirit of thoroughness and certitude which gave him success in business led him to keep a record of the books

manner mingled with a slightly coyness, and he enjoyed their society.

He was a keen sportsman in the love of angling, a disciple of Sir Isaac, of whose works he made a collection, and had, I believe, a copy of every edition of "The Complete Angler," which he meticulously gave to Harward. He was a small man in stature, as you all know, and not especially strong or brawny looking, and yet as he told me he carried his fishing gear up the stairs of a third-storey morning apartment with rubber-boots and a long thick stick over his shoulder, and fished all day, walking many miles and returning at night exhausted at his feet, from four leagues, and ready to perform the same feat the next day—all the days of the year.

You remember the lines of Lowell in acknowledgment of the receipt of a seven-pound trout, and will forgive me for reciting a single stanza thoughtfully fitting at the present moment:

"And when they come in loads to weigh,
And how he used the lobster pie,
Our troutmen in the east will say
(If we had any), 'I will outweigh
The troutmen of the west!'"

For years thereafter I went round his way to the sonnet, and a witty acknowledgment must follow hard upon
Whatever he did was done with more and in response to a sympathy which lasted to the end. A playful mental energy which seemed never to tire kept company with his daily thought. He once told me he never felt despondent or discouraged. His family characteristics were a pronounced character which led to a helpful nature, and was an ever-present help in time of need, both to his business associates and in domestic affliction.

"Oh, that with power of the recorded way
Our little tomorrow's business today!"

His reading was deep and somewhat wide in and among historians, both ancient and modern, biographies, poetry, and drama—the English classics, I think the largest help of all to him. The same spirit of thoroughness and continuity which gave him success in business led him to keep a record of all his

he read, some of which, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," he read many times. His capacious and ready memory drew from this store, as well as from the intercourse of friendly relationship during a long life, in the pleasant talks of his latter days, when loss of eyesight prevented farther enjoyment of his favorite pastime. In this, perhaps, he suffered a less calamity than most, in that his memory was stored with the reading which had absorbed an average of ten hours a day for nearly fifty years.

As a story-teller he was unrivalled, and always capped another's story by something it reminded him of, and then capped his own with a rejoinder. It was marvellous to realize how much of the experiences of life among all sorts of men he had passed through in the somewhat narrow sphere of his daily living and how much of their flavor he had brought away with him. He never tired in referring to the spontaneous wit of his late friend, Mr. John Holmes, from whom he said mirth and wit bubbled almost without conscious thought, so that in repeating to him something he had just previously said it would appear as a new idea and take on unremembered point.

He had wit to perceive and language to express, and yet his tongue never gave vent to envenomed speech. He could be scathing, but there was a mixture of gentleness with it which showed the tenderness of his heart. He could not be unkind; it was too foreign to his nature. Not that he could be affronted with impunity, — far from it; his temper would rise to the situation, and the well-merited rebuke would pierce the toughest shell. While gentle, he was firm and brave. His service to his country in the Civil War showed there was no lack of courage in him.

In his estimates of his fellowmen he was not offensive in his differentiations; for all that, he had the proper prejudices of a gentleman, and did not fail to express them in choice and pointed language.

In politics he pursued a uniformly sensible and steady course, neither veering with the varying winds nor trying to catch at elusive phantoms, content to be a republican when national issues were at stake, and a non-partizan in municipal affairs. He fully performed his duties as a citizen, and made liberal contributions toward matters of public interest as well as to private charities. Indeed, all his life he was a generous giver to those persons and

he read, some of which, like Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," he read many times. His capacities and ready memory drew from this store, as well as from the intercourse of friendly relationship during a long life in the pleasant talks of his latter days, when loss of eyesight prevented further enjoyment of his favorite pastime. In this perhaps he suffered a less calamity than most, in that his memory was stored with the reading which had absorbed an average of ten hours a day for nearly fifty years.

As a story-teller he was unrivalled, and always enjoyed another's story by something it reminded him of, and then copied the same with a retainer. It was marvellous to realize how much of the experience of life among all sorts of men he had passed through in the somewhat narrow sphere of his daily living and how much of their favor he had brought away with him. He never tired in relating to the spontaneous wit of his late friend, Mr. John Holmes, from whom he said much and was laughed almost with-out conscious thought, so that in repeating to him something he had just previously said it would appear as a new idea and take on unimagined point.

He had wit to perceive and language to express, and yet his tongue never went to unseasoned speech. He could be scathing, but there was a mixture of gentleness with it which showed the tenderness of his heart. He could not be unkind; it was too foreign to his nature. Not that he could be stimulated with indignation, — far from it, his temper would rise to the storm, and the well-measured rebuke would come the stronger still. While gentle he was firm and brave. His service to his country in the Civil War showed there was no lack of courage in him.

In his estimates of his fellowmen he was not generous to his disadvantage; for all that he had the proper prejudices of a gentleman and did not fail to express them in choice and pointed language.

In politics he presided a uniformly sensible and steady course, neither veering with the varying winds nor trying to catch the elusive phantom content to be a spectator when national issues were at stake and a non-partisan in municipal affairs. He fully performed his duties as a citizen and made liberal contributions toward matters of public interest as well as to private charities. Indeed, all his life he was a generous giver to those in need and

causes which he believed had a right to appeal to him for assistance. Such natures as his tie knots in friendship which never are unloosed.

"Friendship! Mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life! and solder of society!"

His industry was untiring, as his great works, "Familiar Quotations" and the Shakesperian Concordance testify; but of the latter, I gather from what he has said to me, the labor would have been more than he could have given were it not for assiduous and devoted help from his beloved wife. Her care and cheerful aid in arranging the thousands of slips of quotations made that great work possible for him to accomplish.

One cannot think, and should not speak, of Mr. Bartlett without making reference to his wife. For over fifty years they lived happily together. The lack of children seemed to make them all the more dependent on each other—a loyal, happy, and united marriage, with an old-time halo of sacred love encircling it. It gave a tender loveliness to his loyal nature which only those about him could realize and appreciate. The lines of Jefferys, taken from the "Familiar Quotations," could never be more appropriately applied:

"We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears."

A philosophic temperament, broadened by wide reading, gave depth to his religious feelings, which though never concealed were rarely expressed. I was deeply impressed by my last interview at his bedside, within twenty-four hours of his end, when, taking my hand and looking up with his wonderful gray, sympathetic eyes, he said with a smile, "I shall carry with me the memory of our pleasant meetings." He was referring to the Bartlett Club, as three of us had dubbed ourselves in our visitations to him during the last year of his life, and while trying to carry cheer had received far more than was within the power of any or all of us to give.

The latest and pleasantest memories of Mr. Bartlett are associated with his home. On the sunny side of Brattle Street, nearly a generation ago, he built a house commodious and well suited to his

causes which he believed had a right to appeal to him for assistance. Such matters as his to know in friendship which never are unshared.

"Friendship! My friend cannot of the soul!
Question of life, and action of society!"

His industry was nothing, as his great words, "Familiar Greeting" and "The Goodbye" were, but the last of the latter, which was his last, was the last of his life. He had been more than a hundred years old, and he had devoted his life to the beloved wife. He was and should be, in arranging the thousands of signs of generations made that great work possible for him to accomplish.

One cannot think, and should not speak, of Mr. Bartlett without making reference to his wife. For over fifty years they lived happily together. The lack of children seemed to make them all the more dependent on each other — a loyal, happy, and united marriage, with an old-time halo of sacred love enshrining it. It gave a tender tenderness to his loyal nature which only those about him could realize and appreciate. The lines of life's labor mark the "Familiar Greeting" and "The Goodbye" as they were apparently applied:

"We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's joys,
And weep each other's tears."

A philosophic temperament broadened by wide reading, gave depth to his religious feelings, which though now concealed were rarely expressed. I was deeply impressed by my last interview at his bedside, when twenty-four hours of his food, when taking my hand and looking up with his wonderful gray eyes, expression given to it with a smile. "I shall carry with me the memory of our pleasant meeting," he said, and he was right. He was a man of great power and depth of character, and his life was a lesson to all who knew him. The last and greatest achievement of Mr. Bartlett was his book, "On the early life of Martin Luther," which was published in 1881. It was a work of great value and interest, and it was a fitting tribute to his life and work.

needs and tastes, environed by a well-kept rose garden and perfect lawn, which engaged to the last his attention and interest. I shall always love to recall him as he sat in his pleasant library surrounded by his books, which had been the cheery companions of his long life, attended by his devoted and faithful servants, and extending to his friends a cordial greeting and hearty welcome. The infirmities which limited his last days were rarely referred to, and the conversation was devoted to the scenes of his youth, the memories of the distinguished literary men whom he had known so well, and the books which he had read so often, and whose contents he could recall with so much accuracy and vividness.

How pleasing to picture him sitting amid his books, musing on the recollections suggested by them, breathing an atmosphere redolent of patient philosophy, and solacing himself with these fitting lines of Wordsworth:

“What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind :
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.”

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY

1905-1906

<i>President</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents</i>	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle; font-size: 3em; line-height: 1;">{</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE. ARCHIBALD M. HOWE. </div> </div>
<i>Secretary</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK.
<i>Treasurer</i>	OSCAR F. ALLEN.
<i>Curator</i>	WILLIAM R. THAYER.

The Council.

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM R. THAYER.	

COMMITTEES APPOINTED BY THE COUNCIL

1900-1901

On the Early History and Topography of Cambridge

STEWART F. SMITH, Chairman
EDWARD R. CONWELL

On the Collection of Autograph Letters of Distinguished Persons of Cambridge

ALBERT BOWEN, Chairman
WILLIAM C. LANE

On the History and Topography of the City of Cambridge

JOHN W. FARRAR, Chairman
WILLIAM W. DILLON

On the Collection of Old Traditions and of Early Letters and other Documents of Persons of Cambridge

CAROLINE L. TAYLOR, Chairman
EDWARD E. DANE

On the History of the City of Cambridge

ARTHUR GILES, Chairman
MARY JENNINGS

On Making a Hall of Historical Documents concerning the University and the Early Years of Cambridge

ANDREW M. DAVIS, Chairman
WILLIAM R. FARRAR

On a Seal for the Society.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,

F. APTHORP FOSTER.

On Auditing the Accounts of the Treasurer.

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

On Publication.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

WILLIAM C. LANE,

JOHN T. G. NICHOLS.

*On the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Seventy-fifth Anniversary
of the Founding of Cambridge.*

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

HOLLIS R. BAILEY,

HENRY HERBERT EDES.

*On the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, *Chairman.*

FRANK A. ALLEN,

ELIZABETH HARRIS HOUGHTON,

JAMES BARR AMES,

AGNES IRWIN,

CLARENCE W. AYER,

WILLIAM JAMES,

SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER,

WILLIAM C. LANE,

WILLIAM C. BATES,

ERASMUS D. LEAVITT,

STOUGHTON BELL,

MARY T. MCINTIRE,

EDWARD J. BRANDON,

ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,

GEORGE H. BROWNE,

EDWARD J. MORIARTY,

FRANK GAYLORD COOK,

BLISS PERRY,

GEORGE HOWLAND COX,

EDWARD C. PICKERING,

ANDREW MCF. DAVIS,

WILLIAM TAGGARD PIPER,

CHARLES W. ELIOT,

JOHN READ,

LILIAN H. FARLOW,

GRACE O. SCUDDER,

ARTHUR GILMAN,

STEPHEN THACHER,

MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,

THOMAS B. TICKNOR,

*EDWIN B. HALE,

BENJAMIN VAUGHAN,

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

HENRY P. WALCOTT,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,

JOSEPH B. WARNER,

GEORGE HODGES,

HENRY D. YERXA.

REGULAR MEMBERS

ABBOT, MARION S.

ABBOTT, CARRIE F.

ABBOTT, EDWARD

ALLEN, FLORA V.

ALLEN, FRANK A.

ALLEN, OSCAR F.

ALLISON, CARRIE J.

ALLISON, SUSAN CARLYLE

AMES, JAMES BARR

AUBIN, HELEN WARNER

AUBIN, MARGARET H.

AYER, CLARENCE W.

BAILEY, HOLLIS RUSSELL

BAILEY, MARY PERSIS

BANCROFT, WILLIAM AMOS

§BARKER, EDWARD T.

BARNARD, CLARA EVERETT

BATCHELDER, CHARLES FOSTER

BATCHELDER, LAURA P.

BATCHELDER, SAMUEL F.

BATCHELOR, GEORGE

BATCHELOR, PRISCILLA C.

BEALE, JOSEPH HENRY, JR.

BELL, STOUGHTON

BLAKE, J. HENRY

BLISH, ARIADNE

BÔCHER, MADELEINE

BOUTON, ELIZA J. N.

BRADBURY, MARGARET J.

BRADBURY, WILLIAM F.

BRANDON, EDWARD J.

BROCK, ADAH L. C.

BROOKS, L. EDNA

BROWN, JOHN GREENWOOD

BULFINCH, ELLEN S.

CHAMPLIN, KATHERINE E.

CLARK, ELIZABETH H.

CLARKE, ELLEN DUDLEY

CLARKE, GEORGE KUHN

COES, MARY

COGSWELL, EDWARD R.

COGSWELL, FRANCIS

COOK, FRANK GAYLORD

COX, GEORGE HOWLAND

CROCKER, JOHN M.

CUTTER, WATSON GRANT

DALLINGER, WILLIAM W.

DANA, EDITH LONGFELLOW

DANA, ELIZABETH ELLERY

DANA, RICHARD HENRY

DAVIS, ANDREW McF.

DAVIS, ELEANOR W.

DEANE, MARY H.

DRESSER, CELINA L.

EDES, GRACE WILLIAMSON

EDES, HENRY HERBERT

ELIOT, CHARLES W.

ELIOT, GRACE H.

ELIOT, SAMUEL A.

§ Resigned.

ELLIS, HELEN PEIRCE
EVARTS, PRESCOTT

FESSENDEN, MARION BROWN
FOOTE, MARY B.
FOSTER, FRANCIS APTHORP
FOX, JABEZ
FOXCROFT, FRANK
FREES, JOHN W.

GAMWELL, EDWARD F.
GILMAN, ARTHUR
GOODWIN, AMELIA M.
GOZZALDI, MARY ISABELLA

HALE, EDWIN B.
HALL, EDWARD H.
HANNUM, LEANDER M.
HARRIS, CHARLES
HARRIS, ELIZABETH
HARRIS, SARAH E.
HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL
HASKINS, DAVID GREENE, JR.
HIGGINSON, MARY THACHER
HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH
HILDRETH, JOHN L.
HILL, F. STANHOPE
HODGES, GEORGE
HOOPES, WILFORD L.
HOPPIN, ELIZA MASON
HORSFORD, KATHARINE
HOUGHTON, ALBERTA M.
HOUGHTON, ELIZABETH HARRIS
HOUGHTON, ROSERYSS G.
HOWE, ARCHIBALD M.
HOWE, ARRIA S. D.
HOWE, CLARA
HUBBARD, PHINEAS
HULING, RAY GREENE
JAGGAR, THOMAS AUGUSTUS

KERSHAW, FRANCIS STEWART
KERSHAW, JUSTINE HOUGHTON
KIERNAN, THOMAS J.

LAMB, HARRIET F.
LANE, WILLIAM C.
LANSING, MARION FLORENCE
LEAVITT, ERASMUS D.
LONGFELLOW, ALICE M.

MARCOU, PHILIPPE BELKNAP
MATHER, WINIFRED
MCDUFFIE, JOHN
MCINTIRE, CHARLES J.
MCKENZIE, ALEXANDER
MITCHELL, EMMA M.
MORISON, ANNE T.
MORISON, ROBERT S.
MYERS, JAMES J.

NICHOLS, JOHN T. G.
NORTON, CHARLES ELIOT
NORTON, GRACE
NOYES, JAMES ATKINS

PAINÉ, JAMES L.
PAINÉ, MARY WOOLSON
PARKE, HENRY C., JR.
PARKER, HENRY A.
PARSONS, CAROLINE LOUISA
PEABODY, CAROLINE E.
PEARSON, LEGH RICHMOND
*PEIRCE, JAMES MILLS
PERRIN, FRANKLIN
PERRIN, LOUISA C.
PICKERING, LIZZIE SPARKS
PIPER, WILLIAM TAGGARD
POPE, CHARLES HENRY
RAND, HARRY SEATON
READ, ANNA M.
READ, ELISE WELCH

READ, JOHN
READ, WILLIAM
REARDON, EDMUND
REID, WILLIAM B.
ROCKWELL, ALICE TUFTS
ROCKWELL, J. ARNOLD
ROLFE, WILLIAM J.
ROPES, JAMES HARDY
RUSSELL, ETTA LOIS

SAUNDERS, CARRIE H.
SAUNDERS, GEORGE S.
SAUNDERS, HERBERT A.
SAWYER, DORA WENTWORTH
SAWYER, GEORGE A.
SAWYER, GEORGE C.
SCUDDER, GRACE O.
SEAGRAVE, C. BURNSIDE
SEVER, MARTHA
SEVER, MARY C.
SHARPLES, STEPHEN P.
SHEA, JAMES E.
SHEFFIELD, MARY GERTRUDE
SIBLEY, BERTHA
SIBLEY, HENRY C.
SMITH, EMMA G.
SORTWELL, ALVIN F.
STEARNS, GENEVIEVE
STORER, SARAH FRANCES
SWAN, SARAH H.

TAFT, CHARLES H.
TAFT, EMILY H.
TAYLOR, FREDERIC W.

THAYER, WILLIAM R.
THORP, JOSEPH G.
TICKNOR, FLORENCE
TICKNOR, THOMAS B.
TILLINGHAST, WILLIAM H.
TOPPAN, SARAH M.
TOWER, CHARLES B.
VAUGHAN, ANNA H.
VAUGHAN, BENJAMIN
WALCOTT, ANNA M.
WARE, THORNTON M.
WENTWORTH, ANNIE LOUISE L.
WENTWORTH, WILLIAM HALL
WESSELHOEFT, MARY A.
WESSELHOEFT, WALTER
WESTON, ANSTIS
WESTON, ROBERT DICKSON
WHITE, EMMA E.
WHITE, MOSES P.
WHITTEMORE, ISABELLA STEWART
WHITTEMORE, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
WILLARD, SUSANNA
WILLIAMS, OLIVE SWAN
WINLOCK, MARY PEYTON
WINSOR, CAROLINE T.
WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
WRIGHT, GEORGE G.
WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
WRIGHT, THEODORE F.
WYMAN, CAROLINE K.
WYMAN, MARGARET C.
YERXA, HENRY D.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.

WILLARD, JOSEPH

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AGREEMENT OF ASSOCIATION

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do, by this agreement, associate ourselves with the intention to constitute a corporation according to the provisions of the one hundred and twenty-fifth chapter of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the Acts in amendment thereof and in addition thereto.

The name by which the Corporation shall be known is The Cambridge Historical Society.

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

The place within which the Corporation is established or located is the City of Cambridge within said Commonwealth.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto set our hands this Nineteenth day of April in the year nineteen hundred and five.

CHARLES W. ELIOT
GRACE H. ELIOT
MARY THACHER HIGGINSON
STEPHEN P. SHARPLES
ELIZA J. N. BOUTON
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW
ELIZABETH E. DANA
GRACE WILLIAMSON EDES
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI
WILLIAM C. LANE

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY
FRANK GAYLORD COOK
GEORGE S. SAUNDERS
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE
JOHN L. HILDRETH
JOSEPH G. THORP
WM. W. DALLINGER
FRANCIS COGSWELL
EDWARD J. BRANDON
EDWARD T. BARKER

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AGREEMENT OF ASSOCIATION

WE, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do, by this agree-
ment, associate ourselves with the intention to constitute
a corporation according to the provisions of the one hundred and
twenty-fifth chapter of the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of
Massachusetts, and the Acts in amendment thereof and in relation
therein.

The name by which the Corporation shall be known is The
Cambridge Historical Society.

The Corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting
and preserving books, Manuscripts, and other Memorabilia,
and promoting the publication and distribution of the same,
and generally of promoting interest and research in relation
to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

The place within which the Corporation is established or located
is the City of Cambridge within said Commonwealth.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this
Nineteenth day of April in the year nineteen hundred and

Thomas Russell Butler
Frank Garrison Cook
George S. Perkins
Augustus M. Howe
John C. Hildreth
John B. Thayer
Wm. W. Parker
Franklin Goodwin
Edward J. Harrison
Edward T. Hart

Charles W. Fiske
George H. Fiske
Mary Thayer Jackson
Elizabeth F. Jackson
Alice M. Jackson
Elizabeth F. Jackson
Grace W. Jackson
Mary Jackson
William C. Lane

EDWARD ABBOTT	JAMES ATKINS NOYES
MARY PERSIS BAILEY	HENRY HERBERT EDES
LEGH RICHMOND PEARSON	OSCAR F. ALLEN
RICHARD H. DANA	EDWARD R. COGSWELL
ARTHUR GILMAN	JOHN T. G. NICHOLS
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE	GEORGE HODGES
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON	SUSANNA WILLARD
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	GRACE NORTON
WM. R. THAYER	DAVID G. HASKINS, JR.
EDWIN B. HALE	ALBERT BUSHNELL HART
WILLIAM READ	EDWARD H. HALL
ANNA M. READ	CAROLINE LOUISA PARSONS
CAROLINE K. WYMAN	S. FRANCES STORER
JOHN W. FREESE	FRANKLIN PERRIN
ANDREW MCF. DAVIS	LOUISA C. PERRIN

All the foregoing being residents of said Cambridge.

NOTICE OF FIRST MEETING OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.

To

You are hereby notified that the first meeting of the subscribers to an agreement to associate themselves with the intention of forming a corporation to be known by the name of The Cambridge Historical Society, dated April 19, A. D. 1905, for the purpose of organizing said corporation by the adoption of by-laws and election of officers and directors and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting, will be held on Saturday the seventeenth day of June, A. D. 1905, at eight o'clock P. M., at Cambridge Social Union, 42 Brattle Street, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RICHARD H. DANA.

HOLLIS R. BAILEY.

FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

Three of the subscribers to said agreement.

Dated June 8, 1905.

SUFFOLK SS.

JUNE 13, 1905.

We certify that we have served the foregoing notice upon each of the subscribers by copy served as follows: deposited in the post-office post-paid addressed to each at his place of residence seven days at least before the day fixed for the first meeting.

RICHARD H. DANA.
HOLLIS R. BAILEY.
FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

SUFFOLK SS.

JUNE 13, 1905.

Subscribed and sworn to

Before me,

CHARLES E. SHATTUCK,
Justice of the Peace.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, and other memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting research and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge, its early development, and later growth, and with the provisions of the Statutes of the Commonwealth, and such other laws and provided, as appears from the articles of the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Council, and the powers of Directors, of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioners of Corporations and recorded in this office.

Now therefore, I, William M. Cook, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Charles E. Shattuck, Grace H. Elliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen F. J. Murphy, Eliza J.

CHARTER

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Be it Known, That whereas Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J. N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew McF. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, and other memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth, and have complied with the provisions of the Statutes of this Commonwealth in such case made and provided, as appears from the certificate of the President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Council, having the powers of Directors, of said corporation, duly approved by the Commissioner of Corporations and recorded in this office:

Now therefore, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Charles W. Eliot, Grace H. Eliot, Mary Thacher Higginson, Stephen P. Sharples, Eliza J.

CHAPTER

Constitution of the Cambridge Historical Society

Art II. **MEMBERS.** There shall be Charles W. Eliot, Francis H. Elliot, Mary Thayer Higginson, Stephen F. Sharpes, Miss J. W. Benson, Alice M. Langdon, Elizabeth E. Benson, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabelle Gosselin, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Lewis Bailey, Leigh Richmond Parsons, George S. Sanborn, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph C. Thompson, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward H. Cogswell, George Bodger, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hall, Caroline Barker, Franklin Fortin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKean, Charles Elliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William B. Thayer, Edwin H. Bliss, William Reed, Anne M. Reed, Carolyn E. Wyman, John W. Foster, Andrew Hall, Tracy, Bolla Bussey, Bailey, Frank Lyford Cook, John L. Higginson, William M. Dabney, Edward A. Johnston, James Atkins Joyce, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Frances Whitford, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Stone, and Joseph C. Fortin have associated themselves with the intention of forming a corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

for the purpose of collecting and preserving books, manuscripts, and other materials of promoting the publication and distribution of the same and generally of promoting letters and research in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth, and have complied with the provisions of the Statutes of the Commonwealth in relation to the formation of a corporation, and have been duly incorporated, and approved by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and recorded in this State.

Now therefore, I, William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do hereby certify that said Charles W. Eliot, Francis H. Elliot, Mary Thayer Higginson, Stephen F. Sharpes, Miss J.

N. Bouton, Alice M. Longfellow, Elizabeth E. Dana, Grace Williamson Edes, Mary Isabella Gozzaldi, William C. Lane, Edward Abbott, Mary Persis Bailey, Legh Richmond Pearson, George S. Saunders, Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thorp, Francis Cogswell, Edward T. Barker, Henry H. Edes, Edward R. Cogswell, George Hodges, Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louisa Parsons, Franklin Perrin, Richard H. Dana, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKenzie, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William R. Thayer, Edwin B. Hale, William Read, Anna M. Read, Caroline K. Wyman, John W. Freese, Andrew McF. Davis, Hollis Russell Bailey, Frank Gaylord Cook, John L. Hildreth, William W. Dallinger, Edward J. Brandon, James Atkins Noyes, Oscar F. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Susanna Willard, David G. Haskins, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Frances Storer, and Louisa C. Perrin, their associates and successors, are legally organized and established as, and are hereby made, an existing corporation under the name of

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY,

with the powers, rights, and privileges, and subject to the limitations, duties, and restrictions, which by law appertain thereto.

Witness my official signature hereunto subscribed, and the Great Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, hereunto affixed, this twenty-fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five.

Seal
of the
Commonwealth

WILLIAM M. OLIN

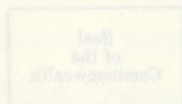
Secretary of the Commonwealth

the same of
 established as and are hereby made an extended corporation under
 C. P. Perry, their associates and successors are hereby constituted and
 David G. Hinkley, Jr., Edward H. Hall, S. Francis Sawyer and Louis
 Aldine, Noyes, Oscar E. Allen, John T. G. Nichols, Stephen Wilson,
 John L. Hilditch, William W. Tallant, Edward J. Stanton, James
 Brown, Andrew Mack, Isaac, Hollis, Francis, Henry, Frank, Orestes,
 H. Hale, William Reed, Arthur M. Reed, Caroline E. Weyman, John W.
 Ellis, George, James, Henry, William, William H. Thayer, John
 Perkins, Richard H. Jones, Arthur Gilman, Alexander McKean, Charles
 Grace Norton, Albert Bushnell Hart, Caroline Louise, Franklin
 T. Barker, Henry H. Eder, Edward E. Cogswell, George Briggs,
 Archibald M. Howe, Joseph G. Thayer, Francis Cogswell, Edward
 Mary, Percie Bailey, Leys, Richmond, Leonard, George S. Saunders,
 Kider, Mary, Isabelle, Cogswell, William G. Lane, Edward Abbott,
 N. Boston, Alice M. Langfellow, Elizabeth E. Davis, Grace Williamson

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

hundred and five
 twenty-fourth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine
 hundred and five
 Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts
 before me, my official seal, hereby certified and the Great
 Seal of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hereby placed upon the
 duties and restrictions which by law upon them
 with the power, rights, and privileges and subject to the restrictions

WILLIAM M. OLES
 Secretary of the Commonwealth



BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associateship shall be liable for an annual assessment of one dollar, payable in advance to the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1855, a shield bearing a representation of the Bay of Wiscasset, flanked on each side by a shield containing a representation of the four meeting-houses of the First Church in Cambridge, and underneath, a scroll bearing the words "Georgian Museum."

VIII. OFFICERS

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the right of election, elected by the Society, and a President, elected by the Council, and a Secretary, elected by the Council. All the officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-President, or, in the absence of the Vice-President, by the Secretary.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also prepare a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be one dollar. There shall also be an annual assessment of two dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

II

PROCEEDINGS

OCTOBER 23, 1906—OCTOBER 22, 1907



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

1907

The Cambridge Historical Society

PUBLICATIONS

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PROCEEDINGS

October 25, 1906—October 25, 1907



CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

Published by the Society

1907

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ERRATUM.

IN Proceedings I, page 16, line 2, for the word—"Brattle"
substitute the word "Batchelder."

Please insert this slip in Proceedings I at page 16.

ERRATUM

In Proceedings I, page 16, line 2, for the word "growth"
substitute the word "relationship".
Please insert this slip in Proceedings I at page 16.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

In obedience to the requirements of Article XIII of the By-Laws, the Council submits its Annual Report.

The Society has held four meetings: (1) for organization on the seventeenth of June, (2) the Autumn meeting on the thirteenth of October, at which Professor Norton gave a paper on the history of life in Cambridge, (3) a Special meeting in Sanders Theatre on the twenty-first of December, in commemoration of the Two hundred and Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PROCEEDINGS

OF

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIFTH MEETING

BEING THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

THE FIFTH MEETING, being the Second Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the twenty-third day of October, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the absence of the President, the Third Vice President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Council, HENRY HERBERT EDES submitted its Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

IN obedience to the requirements of Article XIII of the By-Laws, the Council submits its Annual Report.

The Society has held four meetings, (1) for organization on the seventeenth of June, (2) the Autumn meeting on the thirtieth of October, at which Professor Norton gave Reminiscences of his early life in Cambridge, (3) a Special meeting in Sanders Theatre on the twenty-first of December, in commemoration of the Two hundred and Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and

PROCEEDINGS

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE FIFTH MEETING

BEING THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

THE FIFTH MEETING, being the Second Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society, was held on the twenty-third day of October, nineteen hundred and six, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Townsend Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. In the absence of the President, the Third Vice President, Archibald M. Howe, presided. The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. On behalf of the Council, Harry Herbert Fane submitted his Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

In obedience to the requirements of Article XXII of the By-Laws, the Council submit the Annual Report. The Society held four meetings (7) for organization on the seventeenth of June, 1906; the August meeting on the thirtieth of October at which Professor Jordan gave a presentation of his early life in Cambridge; (2) a special meeting in Boston Theatre on the twenty-first of December in commemoration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Cambridge, and

(4) the Spring meeting on the twenty-fourth of April, which was chiefly a memorial of John Bartlett.

At the Special meeting prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Samuel McCord Crothers, and the principal address was made by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Other addresses were made by the President of the Society, Mr. Richard H. Dana, the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, the Hon. Herbert Parker, the President of the Common Council, Mr. George A. Giles, who, in the unavoidable absence of Mayor Daly, spoke for the City of Cambridge, the Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, and President Eliot. An ode, written for the occasion by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, was also read, and vocal and instrumental music was rendered by pupils of the public schools.

At the Spring meeting the speakers were Mr. Joseph Willard, Colonel Higginson, and Mr. Woodward Emery; and a comprehensive, detailed report on the most important historic sites in Cambridge, with existing inscriptions thereon, was received.

To more effectually promote the objects of the Society and to facilitate its work, several Committees¹ have been appointed by the Council.

From the organization of the Society, the Trustees and Librarian of the Public Library have cordially co-operated with our officers. The meetings of the Council have been held in the Library building, where accommodations have been provided for the safe keeping of gifts to the Society. Previous to the celebration on the twenty-first of December, the Librarian issued a special bulletin and afforded unusual facilities to pupils of the public schools for the study of the early history of Cambridge. The co-operation of the School Committee and the Superintendent of Schools, particularly in connection with the Anniversary Celebration, also calls for recognition. Special exercises were held in the schools, at which this Society furnished speakers, and in certain grades the early history of the City was made the subject of essays.

The Regular, or Resident, Membership of the Society is limited to two hundred persons, of whom fifty were Charter Members. There are also two Associate Members.

¹ A list of these Committees is printed in the Publications of this Society, I. 89, 90.

Although we have lost but two Regular Members by death, the passing of Professor JAMES MILLS PEIRCE and Mrs. EDWARD CHARLES PICKERING has created a void in the community as well as in our own fellowship which it will be difficult to fill. Genial and gracious, keenly alive to the interests of Cambridge and of the University, and zealous in their efforts to promote them, their memory will long be cherished by all who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship, their influence, and their hospitality.

On the thirty-first of May the Council voted that in the exercise of its right, under the By-Laws, to make nominations for Honorary Membership, it will recommend to the Society only persons who, by their published works or in other ways, are connected with Cambridge; and that the total number of Honorary Members to be proposed by the Council shall never at any time exceed ten. At this meeting the Council will present the names of

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES,
JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE.

The gifts which have been received will be enumerated in the Report of the Curator; and the Treasurer's Report will furnish the facts concerning our finances, which have been prudently husbanded and, though slender, are in a satisfactory condition.

The first volume of the Society's Publications is now in the printer's hands. It will contain the Proceedings of our meetings from the seventeenth of June, 1905, to the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, including the Addresses and Reports made thereat, and the documents connected with the incorporation of the Society, the By-Laws, and Lists of the Officers and Members. The work is being done at the University Press, which of itself is a sufficient guaranty that the typographical appearance of the book will be of the best.

As we look forward to the work of another year the Council realizes that a wide field and great opportunities lie before us, and that what the Society needs most are workers and money and, eventually, a fire-proof building.

We should strive to stimulate an interest in historical research, especially in the young men and young women of the City, and to inspire in them a wish to join our ranks. We should also impress on

Although we have lost two Regular Members by death, the passing of Professor James Mills French and Miss Evanson CHARLES FROSTING has created a void in the company as well as in our own fellowship which it will be difficult to fill. Our and gracious, kindly alive to the interests of Cambridge and of the University and zealous in their efforts to promote them, their memory will long be cherished by all who enjoyed the privilege of their friendship, their influence, and their hospitality.

On the thirty-first of May the Council voted that in the exercise of its right, under the By-Laws, to make nominations for Honorary Membership it will recommend to the Society only persons who, by their published works or in other ways, are connected with Cambridge; and that the total number of Honorary Members to be proposed by the Council shall never at any time exceed ten. At this meeting the Council will present the names of

William Bick Howells, James Ford Rhodes,
Joseph Horner Conant.

The gifts which have been received will be enumerated in the Report of the Treasurer and the Treasurer's Report will furnish the facts concerning our finances, which have been previously published and, though slender, are in a satisfactory condition.

The first volume of the Society's Publications is now in the printer's hands. It will contain the Proceedings of our meetings from the seventeenth of June, 1903, to the twenty-fourth of April, 1905, including the Addresses and Reports made thereat, and the documents connected with the inauguration of the Society, the By-Laws, and Lists of the Officers and Members. The work is being done at the University Press, which of course is a sufficient guarantee that the typographical appearance of the book will be of the best.

As we look forward to the work of another year, the Council realizes that a wide field and great opportunities are before us, and that what the Society needs most are workers and money, and eventually, a few good buildings.

We should strive to stimulate an interest in historical research, especially in the young men and young women of the City, and to inspire in them a wish to join our ranks. We should also improve on

their minds that original research, and not mere compilations or a re-statement of facts already treated by others, is what the Society expects of its members. It should also be inculcated that no work in the field of History can be called *good* that is not accurate and thorough, and that all other is worse than none, since a slipshod and inaccurate performance not infrequently postpones for years a proper treatment of the subject. We should encourage the gift of unpublished manuscript letters, diaries, and other documents, portraits, views, and memorabilia relating to Cambridge, and also the exhibition of such at our meetings where their possessors are unwilling to part with them. With the consent of the owners, these, when of sufficient value, should be printed in our Publications, and edited with ample notes. Thus will our Publications become a repository of valuable original material for History and be consulted by historical students and scholars.

Like that of every other new organization our reputation must be made largely through our activities, our good, sound, original work, and the character of our Publications. To accomplish these things the Society needs an endowment, and especially a Publication Fund to enable it to print original matter. Our members and friends should not lose sight of the fact that a good financial basis is essential to the production of the best results whether by individuals or by societies. When, in due time, we shall have a building of our own, we doubt not that we shall have accumulated meanwhile, portraits and views and relics with which to adorn it; but our first aim should be to secure an endowment dedicated in perpetuity to our Publications, and through them to establish our reputation in the field of historical research.

These are only a few of the directions in which the Society should strive to exercise its influence and to win the confidence and support of the people of Cambridge.

The Secretary submitted his Annual Report as follows:—

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

IN taking up, at the organization of the Society, the duties allotted to the Secretary, it became necessary for him to procure suitable books of record, and to devise suitable forms and methods for conducting and preserving the correspondence of the Secretary with the members of the Society and with other persons. For this purpose, books of the best quality of paper, binding, and other details, were procured for recording the proceedings of the Society and of the Council and for preserving letter-press copies of letters and other written matter issued by the Secretary.

Concurrently with the use of these books and with the correspondence by the Secretary, he has received large numbers of letters which have been for the most part preserved, and will form a nucleus of a valuable collection of autograph letters belonging to the Society. Doubtless the Curator will soon make provision for the filing and indexing of these letters in accordance with a system that may be suited to the future growth in their number.

In connection with the election of members into the Society it has been necessary under the By-Laws to secure their signatures in the book of records kept by the Secretary, and in this there has been no little difficulty. In order that this signing of the By-Laws might be made as easy as possible to the persons elected to membership, the book has been left most of the time in the care of the Treasurer at the office of the Cambridge Savings Bank, 15 Dunster Street; and, as no other place seems more accessible, this practice will be continued. In this connection attention is called to the fact that many of the Charter Members have not yet signed their names to the By-Laws in the book kept by the Secretary, and inasmuch as this list of signatures will be of historic value in itself, it is hoped that such Charter Members will sign the By-Laws as soon as possible.

In drafting the calls for the meetings of the Society, the Secretary has taken the opportunity of annexing to the formal call brief notes of items of interest connected with the work of the Society, thus furnishing to each member a periodical bulletin of information.

A card catalogue is kept of all members of the Society, and at the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge a separate card list or catalogue was made of all persons specially invited to the public exercises. And this list will be of great service in connection with the coming celebration under the auspices of the Society of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

In the absence of the Curator the following was submitted as his Annual Report by the SECRETARY : —

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

SINCE the organization of the Society, it has received, by gift, many valuable books, manuscripts, and other memorials.¹

For the safe keeping and the exhibition of this collection, through the courtesy and co-operation of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, ample space and other facilities have been allotted at the Library, and any glass cases or other receptacles that may be needed for the proper protection and display of these and of future gifts will be provided by the Society. By these means it is hoped that more and more, as time goes by, gifts will be made to the Society of manuscript letters, diaries, records, books, pamphlets, and other objects of historic interest and value, many of which are doubtless in the possession of the citizens of Cambridge, especially those citizens whose families have resided in Cambridge for several generations.

Notwithstanding the courtesy and generosity of the Cambridge Public Library above alluded to, it is obvious that it would be a great stimulus to the growth of such a collection, as well as to the development of the work of the Society generally, if a suitable building should be provided for its sole use and enjoyment; and it is hoped that the time will soon come when, either by gifts of the living or by the wills of the dead, provision will be made for such a building.

The TREASURER submitted his Annual Report, as follows :

¹ For a list of these gifts and of the donors see page 131 of this Volume of Proceedings.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

From June 19 to October 30, 1905

RECEIPTS

Initiation fees and annual assessments from 63 Regular members @ \$3.00	\$189.00
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DISBURSEMENTS

Frank G. Cook, Incorporation, postage, paper and envelopes	\$12.15	
Cambridge Social Union, meeting in rooms	2.00	
Bureau of Printing & Engraving, sundries	11.35	
Hollis R. Bailey, printing and postage	2.65	
Hobbs & Warren Co., Blank Books, letter book and letter file, records, cash and ledger	25.65	
Oscar F. Allen, postage	1.86	
Caustic & Claffin, printing	2.50	
E. E. Merrill, stenographing and typewriting	1.30	
Guarantee Company of America, premium on Treasurer's bond 1 year to Nov. 1, 1906	2.50	61.96
Balance on hand October 30, 1905		<u>\$127.04</u>

From October 30, 1905, to October 23, 1906

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand Oct. 30, 1905	\$127.04
Initiation fees from 139 regular members @ \$1.00	\$139.00
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 23, 1906 from 138 regular members @ \$2.00	276.00
Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 22, 1907 from 91 regular members at \$2.00	182.00
Annual dues from 2 associate members, 1 for one year @ \$1. and 1 for 2 yrs. @ \$1., \$2.	3.00
Proceeds of Posters of the celebration of the 275th Anniversary of the Founding of Cambridge	4.27
28 special contributions toward the expenses of said celebration	115.00
Interest on deposit in the Cambridge Savings Bank	6.58
	<u>725.85</u>
	<u>\$852.89</u>

REPORT OF THE TREASURER

CASH ACCOUNT

From June 1 to October 30, 1905

RECEIPTS

Initiation fees and annual assessments from 65 regular members

Total \$1,100.00

\$1,100.00

DISBURSEMENTS

Frank G. Cook, transportation, postage, paper and envelopes

Cambridge Hotel, dinner, meeting in rooms

Houses of Printing & Engraving, sundries

Hobbs & Watson Co., letter book and letter file

Various, small and sundries

Oscar F. Allen, postage

Cassio & Co., printing

E. E. Merrill, transportation and expenses

Guarantee Company of America, premium on Treasurer's bond

4 years to Nov. 1, 1907

Balance on hand October 30, 1905

\$1,100.00

\$1,100.00

From October 30, 1905, to October 30, 1906

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand Oct. 30, 1905

Initiation fees from 139 regular members @ \$1.00

Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 30, 1906 from 139

regular members @ \$2.00

Annual dues for the year ending Oct. 30, 1907 from 65 regular

members @ \$1.00

Annual dues from 1 associate member for one year @ \$1.00

and 1 for 2 years @ \$2.00

Furnish of books at the subscription of the 1700 & others

copy of the Proceedings of Cambridge

23 special contributions and the expenses of this celebration

Interest on deposit in the Cambridge Savings Bank

\$1,100.00

\$1,100.00

\$1,100.00

DISBURSEMENTS

Reporting, stenographing, typewriting, printing, stationery, and supplies	\$143.78	
Engraving and graining	131.10	
Use of Sanders Theatre and decorating same	27.22	
Music	8.50	
Carriage hire for speakers	12.00	
Five copies of Records of the First Church in Cambridge	25.00	347.60
Balance on hand October 23, 1906		<u>\$505.29</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,

Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 23, 1906.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,

Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the the Society for the ensuing year: STEPHEN P. SHARPLES, ARTHUR GILMAN, and SUSANNA WILLARD.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

OSCAR F. ALLEN,	THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,	ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,	WILLIAM C. LANE,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,	ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,	ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,	WILLIAM R. THAYER.
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,	

President RICHARD HENRY DANA.

Vice-Presidents { THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE.
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE.

Secretary FRANK GAYLORD COOK.

Treasurer OSCAR F. ALLEN.

Curator WILLIAM R. THAYER.

Respectfully acknowledging the following:

and supplies	\$100.00
Printing and binding	100.00
Use of Sanders Theatre and electric power	25.00
Music	5.00
Cambridge City Telephone	12.00
Two copies of Minutes of the First Church in Cambridge	25.00
Total	\$277.00

Examined and compared with the Treasurer's books and found satisfactory.

Oct. 22, 1906
A. T. G. NICHOLS
Auditor

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the officers of the Society for the ensuing year: STEPHEN F. SHAWMUR, ARTHUR GILMAN, and SYLVIA WILLARD.
The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.
The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council

OSCAR F. ALLEN	THOMAS WESTON THOMPSON
EDWARD J. BARNES	ARTHUR M. HOWE
FRANK GARDNER COOK	WILLIAM C. JAMES
RICHARD HENRY HARRIS	ALICE M. LORRAINE
HENRY HERBERT JONES	ALEXANDER MCKAY
MARY BARBARA CORRIALL	WILLIAM R. TRAYER
ALBERT BOWEN HART	
	THOMAS WESTON THOMPSON
	ALEXANDER MCKAY
	ARTHUR M. HOWE
	FRANK GARDNER COOK
	OSCAR F. ALLEN
	WILLIAM R. TRAYER

Secretary: ALICE M. LORRAINE
Treasurer: OSCAR F. ALLEN
Clerk: WILLIAM R. TRAYER

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

The following persons were elected Honorary Members:—
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, JAMES FORD RHODES, JOSEPH
HODGES CHOATE.

The following paper was read by WILLIAM COOLIDGE
LANE:

NEHEMIAH WALTER'S ELEGY ON ELIJAH CORLET

I HAVE brought to exhibit to the Society what is perhaps the only remaining memorial of one of the early worthies of Cambridge, Elijah Corlet, the first schoolmaster of the town, who was teaching as early as 1642 and continued his labors until his death in 1687-8, a period of at least forty-five years. This memorial is a copy of the "Elegiack verse, on the death of the pious and profound Grammarian and Rhetorician, Mr. Elijah Corlet, Schoolmaster of Cambridge, who deceased Anno Ætatis 77, Feb. 24, 1687." It is a broadside, and no other copy of it is known to exist.

The references to Corlet in contemporary literature are few, but such as exist show the high regard in which he was held, not only by his pupils, but by the leaders of the Colony contemporary with him. Mather, at the end of his biography of Thomas Hooker,¹ quotes a Latin epitaph composed by Corlet, and speaks of him as "that memorable old school-master in Cambridge, from whose education our college and country has received so many of its worthy men, that he is himself worthy to have his name celebrated in no less a paragraph of our church history, than that wherein I may introduce him."

In his "Essay on the memory of my venerable master, Ezekiel Cheever," printed at the end of his "Corderius Americanus" (1708), p. 28, Mather again refers to Corlet in the well-known lines,

"Tis Corlet's pains and Cheever's we must own,
That Thou, New-England, art not Scythia grown."

In "New England's First Fruits," that little pamphlet printed in London in 1643, which gives the first printed notice of the College,

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*, Book III., Part I., Appendix, § 27.

the Faire Grammar School is mentioned "by the side of the College, for the training up of young scholars, and fitting of them for academical learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the College. Of this school Master Corlet is the master, who hath very well approved himself for his abilities, dexterity and painfulness in teaching and education of the youth under him."

Only the barest outline of his life can be given. The earliest notice of him is in the register books of Oxford,¹ which show that he was the son of Henry Corlet, of London, and matriculated at Lincoln College 16th March, 1627, at the age of 17. When he came to America is not known, but he evidently was teaching in Cambridge before 1643: that is to say, when he was about thirty-two years old. His house was on the east side of the present Dunster Street, between Mt. Auburn and Winthrop Streets.² His neighbor on the north was Governor Dudley's son, Samuel, and on the south, the bookseller Hezekiah Usher, who moved to Boston in 1645. About opposite his house was the first meeting-house. His school stood on the west side of Holyoke Street, about half way between Mt. Auburn Street and Massachusetts Avenue.³ The lot was owned in 1642 by Henry Dunster, President of the College at that time, and contained a house in which it is probable that the school was first conducted. In 1647 a school-house was erected on the same lot; and the agreement between Henry Dunster and Edward Goff on the one side and Nicholas Wyeth and others, masons, on the other, is printed in Paige's "History of Cambridge."

Keeping school in Cambridge in these early days was evidently an unprofitable occupation, and in order to retain Mr. Corlet's services, both the town and the Colony from time to time helped him out with grants. The earliest notice of such a grant is in 1648,⁴ when it "was agreed at a meeting of the whole town, that there should be land sold off the Common for the gratifying of Mr. Corlet

¹ Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses, 1500-1714*, 1891, I. 329.

² For particulars in regard to Corlet's dwelling-place and in regard to his family and descendants, I am indebted to Mrs. Isabella M. Gozzaldi, who has made a careful study of such points.

³ Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 1877, p. 370.

⁴ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 77.

the Fair Grammar School is mentioned "by the side of the College, for the training up of young scholars and fitting of them for academical learning, that still as they are judged ripe, they may be received into the College. Of this school Master Coste is the master, who hath very well approved himself for his ability, dexterity and faithfulness in teaching and education of the youth under him."

Only the barest outline of his life can be given. The earliest notice of him is in the register-books of Oxford, which show that he was the son of Henry Coste, of London, and matriculated at Lincoln College 16th March, 1637, at the age of 17. When he came to America is not known, but he evidently was teaching in Cambridge before 1643; that is to say, when he was about thirty-two years old. His house was on the east side of the present Dunster Street, between Mr. Andrew and Widdow Street. His neighbor on the north was Governor Endicott's son, Samuel, and on the south the bookseller Hesteriah Fisher, who moved to Boston in 1645. About opposite his house was the first meeting-house. His school stood on the west side of Holyoke Street about half way between Mr. Fisher's and Mr. Endicott's houses. The lot was owned in 1645 by Henry Dunster, President of the College at that time and contained a house in which it is probable that the school was first conducted. In 1647 a school-house was erected on the same lot; and the agreement between Henry Dunster and Edward Goff on the one side and Nicholas Wray and others, on the other, is printed in Paige's "History of Cambridge."

Keeping school in Cambridge in these early days was evidently an unprofitable occupation, and in order to retain Mr. Goff's services, both the town and the Colony from time to time helped him out with grants. The earliest notice of such a grant is in 1646, when it "was agreed at a meeting of the whole town, that there should be paid out of the Common for the gratifying of Mr. Coste

* Foster, *Alumni*, Cambridge 1630-1714, p. 130.

* For particulars in regard to Coste's dwelling-place and in regard to his family and descendants, I am indebted to Mr. Jacob M. Gosselin, who has made a careful study of such points.

* Paige, *History of Cambridge*, 1877, p. 276.

* Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1705), 1901, p. 77.

for his pains in keeping a school in the town, the sum of ten Pounds, if it can be attained, provided it shall not prejudice the cow common." In 1654 it was voted¹ to levy about forty pounds for the encouragement of the grammar-school master, but two months later the levy was reduced to twenty pounds, to be "given to Mr. Corlet for his present encouragement to continue with us." In 1662² "the townsmen, taking into their consideration the equity of allowance to be made to Mr. Corlet for his maintenance of a grammar school in this town, especially considering his present necessity by reason of the fewness of his scholars, do order and agree that Ten Pounds be paid to him out of the public stock of the town." In 1664³ it was voted that he "be allowed and paid out of the town rate annually Twenty Pounds for so long as he continue to be school-master in this place." The General Court was also persuaded to supplement the grants made by the town, in order that grammar-school education should be maintained and encouraged. In 1659 the following is found in the records of the Colony:⁴

"In answer to the petition of Daniel Weld and Elijah Corlett, school-masters, the Court, considering the usefulness of the petitioners in an employment of so common concernment for the good of the whole country, and the little encouragement that they have had from their respective towns for their service and unwearied pains in that employment, do judge meet to grant to each of them two hundred acres of land, to be taken up adjoining to such lands as have been already granted and laid out by order of this Court."

The two hundred acres of land granted at this time were afterwards laid out in the town of Sudbury.⁵ In 1661⁶ he was authorized by the General Court to purchase land from an Indian in satisfaction of a debt of £7. 10, and in settling this claim a farm of three hundred and twenty acres was laid out at the north end of Nepnap Hill.⁷ In 1668 Corlet was again a petitioner to the General Court for assistance, and it is recorded:⁸

¹ Records of the town of Cambridge (1630-1703), 1901, p. 106.

² *Ibid.*, p. 138.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 153.

⁴ Records of Massachusetts Bay, edited by N. B. Shurtleff, 1854, IV. (1), p. 397.

⁵ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 16.

⁶ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 6.

⁷ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 284.

⁸ *Ibid.*, vol. iv (2), p. 406.

for his pains in keeping a school in the town, the sum of ten pounds, if it can be obtained, provided it shall not prejudice the new school." In 1854 it was voted "to levy about forty pounds for the encouragement of the grammar-school master, but the number later the levy was reduced to twenty pounds, to be "given to Mr. Corlett for his present encouragement to continue with us." In 1857 "the townsmen, taking into their consideration the quality of education to be made by Mr. Corlett for his maintenance of a grammar school in this town, especially considering the present necessity by reason of the lawlessness of his scholars, do order and agree that Ten pounds be paid to him out of the public stock of the town." In 1861 it was voted that he "be allowed and paid out of the town rate annually Twenty Pounds for so long as he continues to be school-master in this place." The General Court was also persuaded to supplement the grants made by the town, in order that grammar-school education should be maintained and encouraged. In 1859 the following is found in the records of the Colony:

"In answer to the petition of Daniel Wells and Elliot Corlett, school-masters, the Court, considering the easiness of the petitioners in an employment of so common a concernment for the good of the whole community, and the little encouragement that they have had from their respective towns for their services and necessary pains in that department, do judge meet to grant to each of them two hundred acres of land, to be taken up adjoining to such lands as have been already granted and laid out by order of this Court."

The two hundred acres of land granted at this time were afterwards laid out in the town of Sudbury. In 1861 it was authorized by the General Court to purchase land from an Indian in satisfaction of a debt of £7. 10s. and in settling this claim a tract of three hundred and twenty acres was laid out at the north end of Natick Hill. In 1868 Corlett presented a petition to the General Court

Records of the General Court, 1780-1793, 1801, p. 100.

Records of the General Court, 1793-1801, p. 100.

Records of the General Court, 1801-1809, p. 100.

Records of the General Court, 1809-1817, p. 100.

Records of the General Court, 1817-1825, p. 100.

Records of the General Court, 1825-1833, p. 100.

"In answer to the petition of Mr. Elijah Corlet, the Court having considered of the petition, and being informed the petitioner to be very poor, and the country at present having many engagements to satisfy, judge meet to grant him five hundred acres of land where he can find it, according to law."

This land was laid out at the southern end of Lake Quinsigamond, in Worcester County. The Boston and Albany railroad, as it crosses the lower end of the lake, doubtless crosses this grant. The land was afterwards sold to the grandfather of Henry Flint, who was for so many years a tutor in Harvard College, and the pond was thereafter called for a long time "Flint's Pond."¹

Corlet married Barbary Cutter, who came over to this country with her mother, Elizabeth Cutter, a widow, and two brothers, William and Richard. The mother was a member of Corlet's family up to the time of her death in 1662. He had three children. Ammi Ruhamah,² who graduated at Harvard College in 1670, taught school at Plymouth for a year or two, was afterwards a Fellow of the College, but died of the smallpox while still an officer of the College, 1st February, 1679. The older daughter, born August 14, 1644, probably died young; the other, Hepzibah, married, first, James Minott, 2d May, 1673, and afterwards Daniel Champney. By the first husband she had one daughter, Mary, who was living unmarried in 1723; and by the second a daughter, Hepzibah, born 23d June, 1627, who probably died in 1715. Hepzibah, the granddaughter of Elijah Corlet, married Jonathan Wyeth, and had two children who lived to marry, — Jonathan, who married Sarah Wilson and had twin boys and twin girls; and Deborah, who married Daniel Prentice and lived where the Botanic Garden is now. They had a son, Samuel Prentice, who was a minute-man at Lexington, and married Mary Todd in 1782.

A few words must be added in regard to the author of the "Elegy," Nehemiah Walter,³ who became a minister highly esteemed

¹ Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings, 1867-1869, 1st series, X. 137-139.

² Sibley, Biog. sketches of graduates of Harvard Univ., 1881, II. 319-320.

³ The source of nearly all our information concerning Walter is the biographical preface by Thomas Prince and Thomas Foxcroft in the edition of his "Discourses on the whole LVth Chapter of Isaiah," published in 1755, five years after his death.

"In answer to the petition of Mr. Eliza Coker, the Court having considered of the petition, and being informed the petitioners to be very poor, and the country at present having many engagements to satisfy, Judge went to grant him five hundred acres of land where he can find it, according to law."

This land was laid out at the southern end of Lake Quinsigamond, in Worcester County. The Boston and Albany railroad, as it crosses the lower end of the lake, doubtless crosses this grant. The land was afterwards sold to the grandnephew of Henry Fane, who was for so many years a tutor in Harvard College, and the pond was there- after called for a long time "Fane's Pond."

Coker married Hephzibah Coker, who came over in this century with her mother, Elizabeth Coker, a widow, and two brothers, William and Richard. The mother was a sister of Coker's family up to the time of her death in 1682. He had three children: Anna Rahamab, who graduated at Harvard College in 1870, taught school at Plymouth for a year or two, was afterwards a Fellow of the College, but died of the measles while still an officer of the College, 1st February, 1878. The other daughter, born August 14, 1844, probably died young; the other, Hephzibah, married first James Abbott, 23 May, 1878, and afterwards James Chapman. By the first husband she had one daughter, Mary, who was living unmarried in 1728; and by the second a daughter, Hephzibah, born 28th June, 1827, who probably died in 1716. Hephzibah, the granddaughter of Eliza Coker, married Jonathan Weston, and had two children who lived to marry, — Jonathan, who married Sarah Wilson and had twin boys and twin girls; and Deborah, who married Daniel Frazier and lived where the Boston Garden is now. They had a son, Samuel Frazier, who was a joiner-man at Lexington, and married Mary Fane in 1772.

A few words must be added in regard to the author of the "Eliza, Rahamab, W. Fane," who becomes a rather highly respected

* *Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings*, 1887-1888, transaction Z, 145-146.
 * *Eliza, Rahamab, W. Fane*, in *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, 1887, II, 5-6.
 * The names of nearly all the persons connected with the genealogical history of the Fane family, and those of the persons connected with the history of the Fane family, are given in the *Proceedings of the Cambridge Historical Society*, 1887, II, 5-6.
 * *Discoveries on the Fane Family*, published in 1705, the year after his death.

in the Colony. Born in Ireland in 1663, but of English parentage, he came to New England in 1679. At the age of thirteen he is said to have readily conversed in Latin.¹ He had been apprenticed to an upholsterer in 1674, but it was found that his tastes were altogether literary. After coming to this country, he was at first placed under Ezekiel Cheever, the Boston schoolmaster, but entered College almost immediately, in 1680. He was Butler in 1683, and graduated in 1684. Soon after, he made a voyage to Nova Scotia, where he became proficient in French, but returned to study in Cambridge, and was often employed by Corlet as his assistant. "It reflected a lustre on his character that the memorable Mr. Elijah Corlet, master of the Grammar School in Cambridge, used to express a distinguishing value for him by employing him to officiate at times in the care of his school when obliged to be absent himself, always esteeming his place well supplied by Mr. Walter, and fully confiding in his skill, prudence, and diligence."² The Elegy, it will be noticed, was composed when he was but three years out of College and was still studying for the ministry in Cambridge. In 1688 he was ordained as a colleague with John Eliot in Roxbury, then eighty-four years old. His people in Roxbury, and Eliot himself, showed a deep affection for him, and the liveliest satisfaction at having secured him for their minister. Walter continued as the minister of the church in Roxbury up to 1750, so that his ministry and Eliot's together covered a period of one hundred and eighteen years. He was for many years a member of the Corporation of Harvard College, and sided with Increase Mather, his father-in-law. After Mather's exclusion from the presidency, he attended no more meetings of the Corporation, and was considered to have abdicated his office.

Although little can be said for the excellence of Walter's Elegy as a piece of literature, it is notable as being without doubt the

¹ Prince and Foxcroft state that at this early age (in Ireland) he often had an opportunity of conversing in Latin "with Popish Scholars in his Neighbourhood, who had learnt to speak it rather more fluently, by Rote; and in his Disputes with them, he found it a singular Advantage to him, that he had such frequent Occasion to tax them of false Grammar, and cou'd cite them to the Rule; which serv'd to put them to the Blush, or at least bring them to a Pause, and to give him Leisure to recollect his Thoughts."

² Prince and Foxcroft's Preface, p. iv.

earliest piece of blank verse produced in America. Our fathers in New England turned their hands readily to verse, especially to the composition of funeral verse; but so far as I can learn, every other production of the American muse before Walter's time, and for many years after, was in rhyme. Walter alone thought it "not convenient to dance upon his hearse in jingling rhyme," but found it more becoming to employ "metrically ordered mournful steps."

AN ELEGIACK VERSE,

On the Death

Of the *Pious* and *Profound* GRAMMARIAN and RHETORICIAN,
Mr. *ELIJAH CORLET*,

SCHOOL-MASTER of CAMBRIDGE, Who Deceased Anno *Ætatis* 77. Feb. 24. 1687.

On *Roman* Feet my stumbling *Muse* declines
To walk unto his Grave, lest by her Fall
She trespass, in accosting of his Head
With undeserved breach. In jingling *Rythme*
She thinks it not convenient to Dance
Upon his Sacred Herse; but *mournful* Steps
If Metrically order'd, she computes
The most becoming of this Tragick Scene.

Could Heav'ns *ignific Ball* (whose boundless Womb
Millions of flaming *Ætna's* does ingulf)
From Candle's dull and oleaginous
Transfused Beams, a glowing *Atom* draw,
Which might a super-added Lustre give
Unto its conick Rayes; then might our Verse
Swell with impregnant *hopes* of bringing forth
Some rich Display of *Corlet's* Vertues rare.
But this *Herculean* Labour forc'd we deem
Not second to *Impossibilities*.
This presses hard our tim'rous heart whence flows
A Torrent of amazing Fears, whose *Waves*
Bode Universal *Deluge* to that Verse
That dares pretend to equalize his *Fame*.
Creep then, poor *Rythmes*, and like a *timid Hare*

earliest piece of blank verse produced in America. Our failure in New England turned their heads readily to verse, especially to the composition of funeral verses; but so far as I can learn every other production of the American muse before *Water's* time and for many years after was in rhyme. *Water's* alone thought it "not convenient to harness upon his steed in jangling rhyme," and found it more becoming to employ "metrically ordered sentences."

AN EPIGRAM ON

On the Death

Of the Very and Reverend GRAMMARIAN and RHETORICIAN

MR. JACOBUS CORNELL

SCORDED MASTER-CAMBRIDGE, the Second and Third of 1811.

On Roman feet my stumping lines heaves
To walk into his grave just by her Fall
The trochæus in succession of his head
With cadenced march. In jangling rhyme
She thinks it not enough to say
Upon his death that he was dead and gone
It stichally swells the eulogium
The most heaving of the Trochæus

Could I but as Swift's Bell (whose boundless Word
Millions of human Evils' lives ingulf)
From Canals' fall and chambers
Transfused beams a glowing show give
Which might a super-added beam give
To his weak light, then might our Verse
Swell with important tales of burning faith
Some new Display of Corn's Virtues give
But this Western Labor told we deem
This power hard on the poor heart whence comes
A Torrent of novel's tears, whose lines
Bede's Unhappy Poem in that Verse
That does pretend to glorify his Fame
Gave them poor Rhetoric and like a tomb there

Encircle his rich Vault, then gently *squatt*
 Upon his Grave the Center there proclaim
 Tho' he *subside*, yet his abounding Worth
 Does infinitely *supersede* thy *Layes*

Tell to the World what Dowries Nature showr'd
 Into his large capacious Soul; almost
 Profuse in large Donations; yet kind Art
 Still adds unto the store, striving to reach
Perfection's Top, during a *mortal* state.
 Sagacious Nature, provident that nought
 Of her dispensed bounty frustrate prove,
 Boyls up this *Font of Learning* to an head,
 Which over-topping of its Banks she glides
 Through Nature's *Conduit-pipes* into the Soil
 Of tender *Youth*, which gaping sucks it in,
 Like thirsty *Stars* Bright *Phebus's* liquid *light*.
 A *Master of his Trade*, whose Art could *square*
Pillars of rooted *strength* whose shoulders might
 A Common-Wealth uphold. *Aholiab*-like
 Divinely qualifi'd with curious Skill
 To carve out *Temple* work, and cloath the *Priest*
 With sacred Robes, adapted for the Use
 Of Functions so divine. —————

Rivers of *Eloquence* like *Nectar* flow'd
 From his Vast Ocean, where a *Tully* might
 Surfeit with draughts of *Roman Eloquence*.
 Immortal *Oakes* (whose *golden mouth* ne're blew
 A blast defil'd with indisposed Speech)
 Suspecting his own parts, rarely pronounc'd
 His *Ciceronean* lines, until they'd touch'd
 This *Lydius Lapis* CORLET: then approv'd
 They're *Eloquence proof* esteem'd, and challeng'd
 The *Roman* tribe of Orators to spend
 Their subtilty, and pierce their *Eagle's* Eyes
 Into their very bottom. —————

Had *Grecian* Dialect and *Roman* Tongue
 Surviv'd this Age within their native Soyl,
 Endless had been their Feud; *Athens* and *Rome*
 Had set their *Tully's* and *Demosthenes* to fight
 With Swords brandish'd with shining *Eloquence*

For to decide the Controverse, and prove
 To whom by right Great CORLET did pertain.
 This proving unsuccessful, nought can quench
 Their flaming zeal, save by (*Colossos* like)
 Erecting his large Statue, whose proud feet
 Might fix their Station on the Pinacles
 Of each of these *Metropolies* of Art.
 Nor were his Parts exclusive of his *Zeal*
 In serving his rich Donor. No Serpent
 Bearing a fulgent Jewel in his Crest,
 While cursed Poison steeps his venom'd heart.
 But *Grace* the Crown of all shone like a Sun.
 Fix't in the Center of that *Microcosm*.
 Blown to the full, perfum'd with sacred smell,
 This flower *Heaven* pluckt. When *Natures* Tree
 Too feeble grown to bear such ponderous fruit
Elijah's Chariot born on *Seraph's* wings,
 Mounts with this Treasure to the port of *Bliss*.

Sic mæstus cecinit

NEHEMIAH WALTER.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON read the following Paper :

CAMBRIDGE EIGHTY YEARS SINCE

THE following paper is made up of extracts from letters of my mother, in the form of a diary, addressed to one of my elder brothers who had lately sailed — on Oct. 13, 1827 — for Rio Janeiro on commercial business. She was the wife of the "Steward and Patron" — the latter being a position held by my father, but now abolished — of Harvard College in Cambridge; and they resided in the house built for him by the college on his appointment to the office. It is still standing, though now much enlarged, at the head of Kirkland Street, being occupied by its owner, Charles F. Batchelder, Esq. She was the mother of ten children, of whom I was the youngest, being less than four years old at the time of her writing, and she had also the care of two step-daughters, both of whom were to her as her own.

It must be remembered that the whole population of Cambridge

at the period of these letters was less than six thousand, divided into three villages of which "Old Cambridge" — the part containing the college buildings — was but one. It must also be borne in mind that the communication with Boston was by stage, and that the habits were in many respects different from what they now are; this being noticeable, for instance in the observance of New Year's Day as the chief annual festival, instead of Christmas Day as now. All the extracts have been arranged chronologically, beginning with one or two which show the general occupations of a Cambridge lady's day at that time.

Oct. 22, 1827. I sent off a great packet to you this morning, which I earnestly hope may reach you, though I have some doubts. How I wish I could look in upon you and know exactly how you are situated, how you are doing and how you feel. . . . I have been into town today with Anna to carry Ann Lincoln. I dined at Dr. Jackson's and called afterwards at Grandfather's where I saw a cheerful party assembled around the dinner table; Aunt and Uncle Tyng, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Francis and Anna in addition to the family. . . . We came home and have been quietly seated at our work since, only interrupted by little W——'s rampant spirits before he went to bed. He spells to me every night in sister's little book. Last night he read "God Reigns." He looked up at me and asked, "What does God do with the reins?"

Wednesday, Oct. 24. Another busy, active day — after breakfast I sallied out to visit the sick. Our good friend Mr. Hastings the carpenter is quite ill with fever. I went to offer my services to aid and assist his wife in her trouble. I found that he was somewhat relieved, though still very sick and likely to be for some time — his pretty wife and children quite comfortable — from thence to see poor little Charley [Parsons] who is very weak, though convalescent — then up to Mrs. Norton's, who is quite well with her little girls — and all agreeable — by the time I got back it was near twelve. I found Mrs. Bradford here — she had walked out from Boston. A short call from Aunt Stearns to ask for some grapes for a sick man — which Aunt N. is commissioned to get tonight. Susan Channing drove up — she had brought Grandmother C. to see Mr. Ellery, and stops for Anna to go up and see

Mary Wells with her. On her return she took in Aunt Nancy [Storrow] to spend the day — Aunt Susan is to have Miss Roche there tonight and some other friends; and father and Martha and Aunt N. were all engaged to join the party — After dinner Mrs. Bradford came for me to take her down to the bridge and when I returned and was just going to sit down quietly with little W——, Mrs. Dwight and her children drove up — a very pleasant visit from them and before they had gone Mrs. Salisbury and daughter came in — they staid a while and then came Mr. [Jared] Sparks who entertained me with talk about Mr. Hall [Basil Hall the English traveller] whom he thinks a free hearted, generous, fine spirited fellow, rough and blunt, and somewhat conceited and dictatorial — but exceedingly desirous of getting the most accurate information about the country for the purpose of making a book which Mr. S. says will be the best book ever written about us, though from a droll story Mr. S. tells us about him I should fear he would sometimes take up with hasty information. He said at some place that the Americans had plays acted in their churches, and that they began with prayer. Andrew Belknap, who boarded with them, told this to Miss Isabella Cochran, who, desirous that Captain Hall should not remain in such error, and wishing to vindicate us from such a charge, resolved to correct it. She met him at Mrs. Boott's and asked him how he could say such a thing — he told her it was certainly true and offered to appeal to some gentleman present for the truth of his assertion — he unfortunately pitched upon Mr. [President] Quincy, who is often in a dreamy mood, particularly in parties. “Mr. Quincy, is it not true that the Americans act plays in churches and introduce them by prayer?” “Ah, yes,” said Mr. Quincy, not in the least knowing what he said — “There no[w]” said the Captain [Hall], “you hear what this gentleman says.” However, Miss C. [Cochran] would not rest, so she forced Mr. Quincy to understand himself, and Captain Hall to be undeceived — and it was explained in this way. Many country villages have their school examinations where sometimes they add also exhibitions, conducted in their churches, where they are always prefaced by prayer — hence arose this amusing mistake. We have, that is Anna and I have, had an evening alone with the children who have been studying their lessons diligently — and

then reading. . . . Thacher's [aged nine] desire for a farmer's life increases, though he seems more fond of books. He raves at Waldo [aged thirteen] for being a gentleman, and usually denounces him as a thundering dandy — he overpowers Waldo and so indeed he does all of us. It is irresistible to hear him scold. . . . W is becoming very literary and there is no bounds to his goodness. . . . Well I wish the folks would come home for I have been up ever since six o'clock and am tired and sleepy — Adieu. [In one day eleven different visitors!]

Thursday, Oct. 25 — Stayed at home all the morning quietly sewing, and for a wonder without visitors. Just before dinner I went in to see little Charles [Parsons] who is still very feeble — he is a dear little boy and I longed to have him for my own to take care of. [She having already borne ten children of her own]. . . Judge C — of Augusta is remarkable for cowardice, stinginess and folly in general. He once met with a pair of saddle bags in the road — which he picked up and carried home — leaving word at the tavern where it might be found. After some time a man appeared as the owner and the Judge told him he would not think of charging him anything for his trouble — “Thank you Judge, I am very much obliged to you — but Judge — there was a leg of Mutton in the saddle bags” — “True,” said the Judge, “but that would not keep, so I ate it —” “Thank you Sir,” rejoined the man, “I ought to be very thankful that you did not eat the Saddle Bags.”

Friday, Nov. 16, 1827. I have pleasant news to communicate tonight — I received a note from Mr. Norton this afternoon announcing the birth of a fine Son — this you may be sure filled us all with joy, and I doubt not the parents are as much delighted as it is possible. Nothing could be so delightful to them — I long to see the little baby and shall go tomorrow to try for a sight of it. I pray Heaven its little life may be spared and that it may be an honour and blessing to his family.

Saturday, Nov. 17 — I had the pleasure this morning of seeing young Mr. Norton [now Professor C. E. Norton], a pretty, sweet baby as can be — little darling, I was truly thankful to see him sleeping by his dear mother — the little girls having the whooping cough are not allowed to see their little brother for some weeks. That is a disappointment to their mother as she is likewise pre-

then reading. . . . Thackeray [aged nine] desires for a farmer's life increases though he seems more fond of books. The reason is Waldo [aged thirteen] for being a gentleman, and usually he announces him as a distinguished family—he overpowers Waldo and indeed he does all of us. It is irresistible to hear him scold. . . . W is becoming very literary and there is no doubt to his good-mess. . . . Waldo [aged thirteen] would come home for I have been up over Waldo's [aged nine] head and sleep—Adrian [aged nine] one day eleven different nights.]

Thursday, Oct. 25.—Stayed at home all the morning quietly sewing, and for a week without visitors. Just before dinner I went in to see little Charles [Parsons] who is still very healthy—he is a dear little boy and I longed to have him for my own to take care of. [His having already borne two children of his own.] . . . Judge C.—of Augusta is remarkable for consistent steadiness and folly in general. He once met with a pair of snails lying in the road—which he picked up and carried home—having heard at the tavern where it might be found. After some time a man appeared as the owner and the Judge told him he would not think of changing him anything for his trouble.—“Thank you Judge, I am very much obliged to you—now Judge—what shall I say to Mr. T. in the snail’s case?”—“T.,” said the Judge, “but that would not keep, so I ate it.”—“Thank you Sir,” replied the man. “I ought to be very thankful that you did not eat the snail’s legs.”

Friday, Nov. 16, 1871. I have pleasant news to communicate tonight—I received a note from Mr. Norton this afternoon announcing the birth of a fine son—the son may be said filled us all with joy, and I doubt not the parents are as much delighted as it is possible. Nothing could be so delightful to them—I long to see the little baby and send you tomorrow to try for a night of it. I pray Heaven the little life may be spared and that it may be an honor and blessing to his family.

Saturday, Nov. 17.—I had the pleasure this morning of seeing young Mr. Norton (son of William C. M. Norton), a pretty well-baby as you can be—little thing, I was truly thankful to see him sleeping by his dear mother—the little girl taking the whooping-cough are not allowed to see little brother for some weeks. That is a disappointment to their mother as she is likewise pre-

vented from seeing them and cannot be separated from the baby. . . . Lucy Channing has had the pleasure of walking up and down Chestnut street with Miss Emily Marshall — a distinguished honor which she no doubt feels. [Miss Marshall was the mother of the late Mrs. Samuel Eliot, and was the beauty of Boston in her day. Both Willis and Percival wrote acrostic sonnets about her.]

Sunday, Nov. 18. This evening Mr. Cole and George Bradford have been to see us. The latter told us rather a horrible story that happened to Lucy Payne. Mr. L—— has been, it seems, much in love with her, and certainly he took an odd way of showing it. He went to see her one evening last week, and after spouting poetry and acting in a very passionate way, he took up a handkerchief and asked whose it was. She told him it was Sturgis's, upon which he threw it to the other side of the room. She then took it up and put it round her neck, upon which he went behind her, took the two ends of the handkerchief, and pulling them tight round her throat, tied them in a knot. She at first thought it was a joke, but feeling that she was choking, tried to untie it — she found she could not and called to him to do it, and he went quietly and untied it! She thought it would not do to leave him, but still continued in the room, and by-and-by she cast her eye round and saw him pointing his finger at her throat. She asked him what he was about and he said he was only seeing how easily he could strangle her. Upon this she thought she could bear it no longer, and went out of the room — it seems to me as if the man must be crazy. I should think the insane hospital was the best place for him. What is to be the result of this business I know not. Mr. Lyman, I understand, is to take the matter into his own hands.

Thursday, Nov. 27. . . . I am still deeply engaged in Scott's "Life of Bonaparte" — I have got my hero out of Russia after the fatal and wicked campaign — and most truly do I agree with Mr. Channing's excellent review of his character — a cold-hearted, selfish wretch, sacrificing everything dear and precious to his vain and unprincipled ambition. I can have no sympathy with such a monster — what do you think, my son? Richard Dana has sent out a little volume of poetry, some of which has a good deal of merit, but showing a gloomy, morbid state of feeling like all his writings.

Tuesday, Dec. 4. A very quiet happy day though a storm, engaged in making my little boy's clothes all day, while he by my side, reading or playing, has been my comfort and delight; he begins to read in Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons," and this, considering he is not yet four years old, is doing very well — he has been part of the time catching fish "in 'ahant" [Nahant], firing his bow and arrow and bounding his ball — and this afternoon he made a visit to Grandpapa Mellen's — he has entirely got over his cold, and seems quite like himself, as playful and good as possible. . . . Between daylight and dark he plays Waldo [an elder brother, aged thirteen] is his Custard Pudding, and after beating and stuffing him, he roasts him in the oven; then after supper he takes his books and generally spells a great deal, and I read to him.

Thursday, Dec. 13, 1827. This has been a day of variety and visitors. Cousin Eliza [Guild] left us with Elizabeth at eleven o'clock; soon after pretty Mrs. Webster called with Miss —, who is not so pretty; then Mr. Dwight and Miss Lowell; the latter stayed to dinner and was very entertaining. She is fixed at Mrs. Burr's this winter, and is extremely happy — everybody goes to see her, she is much attended to and highly amused. After she left us we had an unexpected and very pleasant call from Mr. and Mrs. [S. V. S.] Wilder — she as pretty as ever, and he very good humored and agreeable — he gave us a little touch of theology, but all pleasantly — he praised Louisa extremely [the younger daughter of the household], and seemed charmed with her looks. "The pride of the Hill," he calls her. W—— went in to make Charles Parsons a visit and returned enchanted with a little horse and wagon Charley had given him, so that he appeared in fine trim before the visitors, and was much more gracious than common. Nothing, however, takes him from his books, and he has been reading to me to-night a whole chapter of Mrs. Barbauld's "Lessons" without missing a word.

Monday, Dec. 17. — We are to have all the college gentlemen tomorrow evening, and it is a formidable undertaking. I wish it was well over. I shall have a load on my mind until it is past, and to make the matter worse, your father proposes that I should send for Mrs. President [Kirkland], also, which I think will be tremendous, but I suppose I must, and I trust I shall live through it. I

had a letter from Anna to-day, from Salem ; she is enjoying herself very much, but means to come home on Wednesday. Dr. Follen and Mr. Worcester have spent the evening with us, the former very agreeable.

Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. — Well, my dear Stephen, the dreaded evening is over and we are thankful enough, though it went off much better than I had any idea it would. I wrote a note to Mrs. Kirkland this morning and sent it over by Thacher [a boy of nine] who returned charmed with Mrs. K., "the cleverest woman," he said — she gave him four pears, and took him into the parlor and talked to him a long while — she was likewise much pleased with him, she told me this evening he was a sweet boy. About half came that we expected, but among them your ancient friend Colonel Metcalf, and I assure you I longed to have you here, when I heard that well-known twang. Dr. Popkin came and Mrs. Kirkland attacked him with all her powers of attraction — he bore it manfully. We ladies sat in this back room and the gentlemen were introduced into the other. At nine o'clock we spread the table with cake, fruit and wine, and sent for them all in — then, I standing at the head of the table, received them all and began to help them to eat and drink. After satisfying their appetites, they all began talking in knots and it passed off very pleasantly. Mr. Sales was very gay and noisy — he kept Francis, Sam. Lothrop, and young Stearns, the tutor, in a roar the whole time. Thacher and Waldo behaved sweetly, going about and handing plates to the company; T. particularly, who is not so much encumbered with modesty as his brother, is very pleasing. Susan T. [Tyng] and father talk of setting out tomorrow, but I hardly think they will make it out, on account of the weather; as to me, I feel as if such a load was taken off my mind that I shall sleep sound tonight, I doubt not.

Thursday, Dec. 20. — . . . I have been quietly at home all day — and tonight I have been reading "Cyril Thornton" [by T. Hamilton], which everybody says is equal to Walter Scott . . .

Saturday, Dec. 22. — I did not write last night because I was reading "Cyril Thornton" till very late and had no eyes for writing. I am much disappointed in this book, it is defective in taste, interest and morality — and I am sorry it should have been so

highly recommended; it is said to be equal to Walter Scott, but it is no way comparable to that great genius; none of the fine touches of character, none of the delicate shades of sentiment—the style is coarse, many of the observations indelicate and the morality decidedly bad—I should be very unwilling that a young person should read it, that is, a young person whose principles were not formed. . . . Today we hear that the far-famed Miss Marshall has plighted her troth to Wm. Otis. I presume it is true and . . . no doubt she is pleased—for as she could not have a fortune she will be glad to marry into one of the first families in the country.

Monday, Dec. 24.—Today has been more comfortable than yesterday—but the house has been very cold. Susan Tyng and Elizabeth have been to dress the church all day. This afternoon I walked up to see Mrs. Norton; her young Son grows like a beech bird—The little girls have not yet seen their brother on account of having the whooping cough—he is to be named Charles Eliot—and so is Mrs. Guild's (son)—Anna and Francis have gone to a party at Mrs. Anna Cabot's given by Miss Elizabeth—I have had rather a tired, confused sort of day—not working to much profit, though working—tomorrow I hope I shall do better.

Tuesday, Dec. 25.—Christmas day—There has been a deal of moving today, though I have been stationary. The boys with James Park and Sam walked into town to go to Church—Mr. H. went down to Lechmere Point dedication and dined with the minister. Susan Tyng walked into town and Aunt Nancy expected to go but she was disappointed—Mrs. Norton not calling as she thought she would. Anna staid at home with me and we have had a quiet day. E. and M. [Elizabeth and Martha] both being at home—Louisa and W—— Thacher expended the amount of 6 cents for W. in a little book and with two remaining cents he bought some candy for Aunt Nancy's cold—this is a fine little fellow, my Son—I never knew a child superior to him in generosity, disinterestedness and sweetness of temper: he is truly a charming child and will I am sure if his life is prolonged prove an honor and blessing to his family—Waldo is of a different stamp, more like Francis, and we have always expected more of him—but though sensible, correct and refined in feeling and character—I think he

will not be before Thacher in anything interesting or commendable.

[Of these boys, Waldo was in maturity well known as president of the Arkwright Insurance Company in Boston, and for many years a prominent Harvard overseer; while Thacher was lost at sea in early manhood.]

Wednesday, Dec. 26. — Today we have had many interlopers. Susan T. thought she should have a very quiet day but from breakfast time we had continued calls — at dinner we had your friend Bobby, who was so kind as to remain half the afternoon. This evening E. and Susan have been at Mr. Norton's and Mr. Worcester has blessed us all the morning; I was engaged in stewing apples — Aunt N. and Anna ironing — this afternoon I have been working and have read nothing all day except my Bible and that not so much as I like. Anna is a very good girl I must say that for her. Francis goes to three parties tomorrow where the Channings are likewise going and she not invited tonight, they were going to the theatre. She wanted sadly to go — but she did not say one word and really prefers staying at home working to anything else — though she enjoys parties enough — She had a very good time at Mrs. Cabots. [It will be observed that no presents were interchanged until New Year's Day.]

Thursday, Dec. 27. — A snowstorm which disappointed the three Ladies of going into town. This morning Anna made some apple pyes for the first time — we have not been very agreeable to-day. I have had a cold and been rather cross. One hour has been pleasant enough while the children were playing under the sideboard — they were bears, lions, monkeys, Kangaroos, jerboas, &c. Thacher got angry because I told him not to frighten W——, roaring like a Lion — and went off to the window in disgust — the other children tried to get him back and sent W—— the Kangaroo to call him. "The monkey's sick and wants you to come and doctor her." "I won't go," says T. to Aunt N. "I shall have an all fired jawing if I do." However the little kangaroo conquered him, and he went off and doctored with all his might — Anna desires me to tell you she has got a new gown, and expects to look sublime in it. It is a red striped calico morning gown.

Friday, Dec. 28. — . . . tonight we have all been playing at

will not be before Thacher in anything interesting or com-
mendable.

[Of these boys, Wells was in naturally well known as president of
the Arkwright Insurance Company in Boston, and for many years
a prominent Harvard overseer; while Thacher was later an
early member.]

Wednesday, Dec. 22.—Today we have had many interesting
things to do. In the evening we had a very good day, but
at breakfast time we had continued rain. At dinner we had four
ladies, Bobby, who was so kind as to teach half the afternoon.
This evening E. and Susan have been at Mr. Norton's and Mr.
Worcester has blessed us all the morning; I was engaged in star-
ling apples—Anna K. and Anna having—this afternoon I have
been working and have read nothing all day except my Bible
and that not so much as I like. There is a very good girl I must
say that for her. There is a very good girl I must
the Chancellors are likewise going and she not wanted tonight,
they were going to the theatre. She wanted ability to go—but
she did not say one word and really speaks easily at home work
ing to anything else—though she enjoys her work enough—she
had a very good time at the theatre. [It will be observed that
no presents were interchanged until New Year's Day.]

Thursday, Dec. 23.—A snowstorm which threatened the day
ladies of going into town. This morning Anna came some ap-
ples for the first time—we have not been very good today. I
have had a cold and been rather cross. Our house has been pleasant
enough while the children were playing under the shelter—there
were heard from members of the church, John K. Thacher got
angry because I told him not to frighten W.—, treating like a
lion—and went off to the window in the next—the other children
tried to get him back and said W.—the Kingtons to tell him.
"The mother's and wants you to come and doctor him," and
won't let me go. I told him that I would not go and he went
I do. However, the little boy was convinced that and he went
off and doctor with all his might—Anna was not to tell him
she has got a new gown and expects to look sublime in it. I
a red striped cotton nightgown.

Friday, Dec. 24.—This night we have all been playing at

"question and answer" — the children have all been engaged with us and have been very merry, and on the whole I have reason to be very thankful for a happy day, in which health and cheerfulness and peace and harmony have prevailed without interruption or disturbance.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1828. — A happy New year to you, my dear Boy. I awoke this morning with the joyous shouts of the children — all clamorous with their good wishes. Waldo and Thacher hung up their socks and when I went into Aunt N's chamber, Thacher was capering away in great style about his "bunkum" book — Louisa too with her little Milton given by Aunt Nancy was very happy — and little W. has had books and gifts enough — a large cow and milkmaid from the Miss Nortons and a volume of Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons, in which he reads as well as I can, and a beautiful little dissected map, all of which have made him supremely happy. Mrs. Norton sent Waldo, Thacher and Louisa books and Mrs. Guild and cousin Eliza [Guild] sent Louisa French books — it has not after all been a very brilliant day with us — we wanted our Stephen. Anna went into town this afternoon to Mrs. Lee's party — and Francis has gone to Mrs. Sullivan's.

Monday, Jan. 7, 1828. — . . . There has been a town meeting of Dr. Holmes's parish to induce the good man to give up some of his straightlaced notions — particularly to exchange as he used to do with the liberal clergy, — Mr. Abraham Hilliard and Mr. Whipple on the liberal side and Wm. Hilliard [the bookseller]. Mr. Frank Dana made a very eloquent speech in favour of liberal notions, but I am too sleepy for any more — Adieu. [This was preliminary to the division of the Congregational church into the two churches now presided over by Rev. Dr. McKenzie and Rev. Dr. Crothers.]

Wednesday, Jan. 9. — . . . We have had the last novel of Scott, the "Chronicles of the Canongate," and I think it is a sad falling off, for our great friend; it is so unlike his former works that I should not think it written by the same person — and I do hope he will yet retrieve his reputation by a better book — before he closes his literary career. The last North American is very entertaining — then there are souvenirs, Forget-me-nots, Bijou's innumerable — some of them beautiful — others pretty silly.

Friday, Jan. 25. — Aunt Nancy desires me to give her love to

"question and answer"—the children have all been engaged a job us and have been very merry, and on the whole I have reason to be very thankful for a happy day, in which health and cheerfulness and peace and harmony have prevailed without interruption or disturbance.

Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1828.—A happy New Year to you, my dear Boy. I awake this morning with the joyous shouts of the children—my alarm-clock with a loud good-morning. Wake and Teacher hang up their hats and when I walk into Aunt N's chamber Teacher was waiting away in great style about his "business" book—looking too with her little mirror given by Aunt Nancy was very happy—and little W. has had books and gifts enough—a large cow and milkmaid from the Misses Norton and a volume of Mrs. Barbauld's Lessons, in which he reads as well as I can, and a beautiful little dissected map, all of which have made him especially happy. Mrs. Norton sent W. also, Teacher and Louisa books and Mrs. Gould and cousin Eliza (Gail) sent Louisa French books—it has not after all been a very brilliant day with us—we wanted our Stephen. Anna went into town this afternoon to Mrs. L's party—and Francis has gone to Mrs. Sullivan's.

Monday, Jan. 2, 1828.—There has been a town meeting at Dr. Holmes's parish to induce the good men to give up some of his straightened notions—particularly to exchange as he said to his with the liberal clergy.—Mr. Abraham Hillard and Mr. Whipple on the liberal side and Wm. Hillard (the bookseller). Mr. Frost Dana made a very eloquent speech in favour of liberal notions, but I am too sleepy for any more.—Adieu. [This was pronounced to the division of the Congregational church into the two churches now presided over by Rev. Dr. McKean and Rev. Dr. Crocker.] Wednesday, Jan. 3.—I have had the last word of Scott's "Chronicles of the Canongate", and I think it is a sad thing to let our great master be so quiet in his former works that I should not think it worth my while to read—and I do hope will yet retrieve his reputation by a better work—before he closes his literary career. The last North American very entertaining—then there are two volumes, *Fortunate and its instrument*—some of them beautiful—others pretty all.

Friday, Jan. 5.—Aunt Nancy desires me to give her love to

you and tell you she has been spending the day at Mr. Norton's and that Mr. N. inquired very kindly for you. I have been engaged the major part of the day in reading "The Red Rover," which I think a very original and extremely entertaining work, the interest is constantly kept up by new and curious incident and fine description — W—— has been very sweet; he bids fair to be a great scholar and talks with great fluency about "the Atlantic Gocian" and all the states by name.

Saturday, Feb. 2. — . . . Today, having an errand in town, I rode in with Martha and walked directly out again though the ground was covered with snow. I do not mind the walk at all, and though I found it far from pleasant, I feel very little fatigue — almost the only thought I had in coming out was that you had so often come over the same ground. I came the Clark road [now Broadway] and find it much the shortest. There is something in the exercise of walking that prevents me from much thought — I believe my bodily powers must be in a state of rest to promote any powerful action on my mental ones — they do not both together seem capable of strong exercise. I have often observed that my thoughts were more vivid and distinct in the night than at any other time. I attribute it partly to the entire rest of the body — but this human mind is a strange machine and nothing is more surprising to me than the versatility of its powers, the power of flying from one set of ideas to others of a precisely opposite quality — what a happiness it is and how may it be improved to promote and extend human happiness.

Wednesday, Feb. 6. — We have been highly amused with W—— to-night — he has lately got a wood pencil which pleases him much — and he has been drawing a great deal with it — he told Jim Parke this afternoon he could draw the "Possum up the gum tree" — this evening I told him to — he made some marks on the paper and then showed them to me saying as he pointed, "there's the possum up the gum tree, there's the raccoon in the hollow, there's catch him up my boy, there's give him half a dollar," this indication of genius excited universal acclamation — as does likewise his knowledge of geography — it is really curious to hear him going over all the names of places, States, lakes, rivers, etc., on his map — it pleases him exceedingly and he is as regular as clock work in all his operations.

you and tell me she has been spending the day at Mr. Norton's and that Mr. N. inquired very kindly for you. I have been engaged the major part of the day in reading "The Red Rover," which I think a very original and extremely entertaining work. The interest is constantly kept up by new and various incidents and the description — W — has been very sweet; he bids fair to be a great scholar and talks with great fluency about "the Atlantic Ocean," and all the rest by name.

Thursday, Feb. 3. — Today, having no wind in town, I rode to with Martha and walked directly out again through the ground was covered with snow. I do not mind the walk at all, and though I found it far from pleasant, I feel very little fatigue — almost the only thought I had in evening out was that you had so often come over the same ground. I saw the Clark road [now Broadway] and find it much the steeper. There is something in the exercise of walking that prevents me from much thought — I believe my bodily powers must be in a state of rest to become any powerful action on my mental ones — they do not both co-operate. I have often observed that my thoughts were more vivid and distinct in the winter than in any other time. I attribute it partly to the cold rest of the body — but this human mind is a strange machine and nothing is more surprising to me than the versatility of its powers, the power of spring from one set of ideas to others of a greatly opposite quality — what a happiness it is and how may it be improved to purpose and extend human happiness.

Wednesday, Feb. 4. — We have been highly amused with W — to-night — he has lately got a wood bench which please him much — and he has been throwing a great deal of it — he will turn him into this afternoon he will throw the "Fountain of the Green Tree" — this evening I told him to — he made some remarks on the paper and then showed them to me saying he had written "there's the fountain of the Green Tree" in the bottom of the paper and so it was up my boy, there's a green tree in the bottom of the paper and so it was excited universal admiration — as does likewise his knowledge of Geography — it is really curious to hear him going over all the names of places, rivers, lakes, rivers, and on his map — it shows him exceedingly and he is as regular as clock work in all his operations.

He reads every night and looks at his map till he is sleepy — you would find him much improved, I think — he shows great quickness in acquiring.

Friday, Feb. 8. — . . . W—— has had a bad cold to-day — he went to school this morning being a very bright fine day — this afternoon he has seemed rather more hoarse but I trust he will not be sick — he has been charmed with a pair of India rubbers that Aunt Nancy brought him from town, and also with a rabbit. It was funny enough to see him with this last — Aunt N shoved it toward him on the table while he was reading, and all the children stood round the table waiting impatiently till he looked up and saw it — but it was sometime before he could leave his reading. When he did the change in his little face repaid us all for our expectation — he was in ecstasies, to be sure, but notwithstanding his transports he went through all his usual occupations, which are reading, looking at the map, and putting together his dissected map; he is the most methodical little thing and the dearest and best little boy in the world.

Wednesday, Feb. 12. — This is the third day of windy cold weather; it is beginning now to moderate but it has been tremendous. I have not been able to let W—— go out to-day, though he is much better, and quite well enough to go out if the weather was fit. Let me see what I have done to-day — why, after breakfast I cleaned my room most violently; that took me an hour — then I came down and found Susan Tyng reading Mr. Everett's speech which she would give me a screed of; then I sat down and read my Bible — then Locke's Commentary — heard W—— read and say his "gography," then took up Miss Kinders' little book and between that and "Conversation" whiled away the morning till dinner time, not feeling smart enough to do much else. . . . Francis [the eldest son] is writing a review of "Cyril Thornton." Martha is composing a letter to Miss Dix. Father is writing ministerial letters [i. e., letters to clergymen], Aunt N., E. and Anna are working. . . . So goodbye, my love.

Saturday, Feb. 16. — I dreamt about poor Mrs. Leonard all night and this morning after breakfast I went over to see her again. I found her still very ill and brought home with me her little boy of three years old, stopping at Farwell's to get a gown for him — for

his poor mother did not like to have him come on account of his shabby dress. The little fellow has been some trouble and a good deal of amusement to us — he is a spirited, self-willed boy and quite disposed to domineer over W——. He took the wheel-barrow, filled it with blocks, and would not let W—— touch it, saying, in his playful way — “Get long away, Tom.” We made him his new gown which pleased him mightily. W—— is pulled down a good deal with his cold — not being able to go out makes him irritable.

March 6th. — I am in momentary expectation of letters from you, which I hear from Frank Dana have arrived in town from Monte Video. Father is in town and will bring them out. It would amuse you to see W—— describe your course on the map — he points with his little finger to Rio Janeiro — then he says “down to Atlantic to Monte Video at the mouth of the River La Plata, down the Atlantic, round Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Valparaiso” — he learns a little more geography every day. I have still been engaged in the arduous duty of mantua making which is the most tiresome of all employments — but I have almost got through. We have got hold of a famous Review of German Literature in the Edinburgh — which makes a great noise but seems to me to be more sound than sense — Dr. Channing and the blues are all in admiration of it — it is written by Mr. McAuley [Macaulay] the author of a Review of Milton which appeared some time since in the same work —

Thursday, March 20. — . . . W—— is still at home and the young gentleman has become somewhat troublesome, he will have incessant and devoted attention or he is not satisfied. . . . We have a gang of girls here this afternoon to tea. Susan & Lucy, Nancy Perkins, Susan H. and Miss Sarah A—— who is too white and fat: and in the evening in came Waldo Emerson, Motte, and your friend Bobby Walcutt who always comes when Susan H. is here. I am tired to death and long for rest to mind and body.

[With this arrival of Ralph Waldo Emerson upon the scene, who had taught school in Cambridge and was only just “approbated to preach,” these extracts from a faithful mother’s diary may well close.]

At the conclusion of Colonel Higginson’s address, the meeting was dissolved.

THE SIXTH MEETING

THE SIXTH MEETING of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held on the twenty-second day of January, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Third Vice-President, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE, presided.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

On behalf of the Committee On Sketches of Noted Citizens of Cambridge, STEPHEN P. SHARPLES read the following paper:

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

Born, Cambridge, January 29, 1802; died, Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1856.

Son of Jacob Wyeth. Married, Jan. 29, 1824, Elizabeth Jarvis Stone; born 1799; died Aug. 29, 1865. She was his cousin.

"He was one of the most active and energetic men ever born in Cambridge. About 1830 he led a band of adventurers across the Rocky Mountains to Oregon; after his return he engaged in the ice business at Fresh Pond, was one of the first shippers of that article to foreign or coastwise ports, and through life conducted that business with great skill and efficiency. He was not ambitious of public station, and held no municipal office except that of selectman, in 1843."

Such is the brief, unsatisfactory, and incorrect account given in "Paige's History of Cambridge" of a most remarkable man.

When I was a boy of perhaps a dozen years old, in searching over my father's library for something to read, I came across a book with the title, "Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River," by John K. Townsend. This book is often quoted as "Townsend's Narrative." As it was not a novel I was

allowed to read it. In this way I first became acquainted with the adventures of Nathaniel J. Wyeth, though at that time I was more interested in John K. Townsend, who was a relative of my father. He was a distinguished ornithologist and was among the first to describe the birds and animals of the Rocky Mountain region. It was not till years after that I discovered that this journey was the second that Wyeth made across the continent.

Townsend fixes the date of their journey, by his first sentence, as March, 1834. This work is much fuller of the details of the journey than Wyeth's diary, to which I shall refer later, and more nearly resembles in style Lewis and Clark's famous work. Townsend was a good observer, and gives much information in regard to the journey; unfortunately, in fording a river he lost part of his notes. The book has recently been republished in part.

In November, 1892, John A. Wyeth, M. D., of New York City, published in Harper's Magazine an article entitled "Nathaniel J. Wyeth and the Struggle for Oregon." At that time Dr. Wyeth had not seen "Townsend's Narrative," but he had in his possession Captain Wyeth's letters and diary. These letters and diary have since been published by the Oregon Historical Society, and are parts 3 to 6 of volume one of their journal.

The first published account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions was published in Cambridge in 1833. This was entitled, "Oregon, or a Short Account of a Long Journey from the Atlantic to the Region of the Pacific by Land, by John B. Wyeth, one of the party who left Mr. Nathaniel J. Wyeth, July 28, 1832, four days' march beyond the ridge of the Rocky Mountains, and the only one who has returned to New England." This little book has less than ninety pages. It was for years the only account of Captain Wyeth's expeditions to be found in the library of Harvard University.

This book was edited by Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse. It is very interesting as a moral essay on contentment. The doctor evidently had not the spirit of a pioneer, and could see no pleasure in roughing it. The author, John B. Wyeth, was a brother of the late Benjamin Wyeth, for many years sexton of the Shepard Memorial Church.

He evidently went on the expedition expecting to have an easy time, and as soon as he found that exploration meant hard work,

he gave it up and came back home, leaving the party at a time when it would have been much easier to have continued to the coast.

Washington Irving, in "Bonneville's Adventures," says of this expedition:

"This was a party of regular 'down-easters'; that is to say, people of New England, who, with the all-penetrating and all-pervading spirit of their race, were now pushing their way into a new field of enterprise with which they were totally unacquainted. The party had been fitted out and was maintained and commanded by Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth of Boston. This gentleman had conceived an idea that a profitable fishery for salmon might be established on the Columbia River and connected with the fur trade. He had accordingly invested capital in goods calculated, as he supposed, for the Indian trade, and had enlisted a number of eastern men in his employ who never had been in the far west, nor knew anything of the Wilderness."

This description of the men is correct, but the statement that they were in the employ of Captain Wyeth is incorrect. So far from being employed by Captain Wyeth, each member contributed his share towards the expenses of the expedition. This fact as much as any other one thing led to the failure of the expedition. While Captain Wyeth was nominally the head of the expedition, contributing more funds towards it than any other person, he yet had no actual authority, and the company was governed on the town meeting plan, with Captain Wyeth as moderator.

Irving continues:

"With these he was boldly steering his way across the continent, undismayed by danger and difficulty or distance, in the same way that a New England coaster and his neighbors will coolly launch forth on a voyage to the Black Sea or a whaling voyage to the Pacific. With all their national aptitude at expedient and resource, Wyeth and his men felt themselves completely at a loss when they reached the frontier and found that the wilderness required experience and habitudes of which they were totally deficient. Not one of the party excepting the leader had ever seen an Indian or handled a rifle; they were without guide or interpreter and totally unacquainted with woodcraft and the modes of making their way among savage hordes, and subsisting themselves during long marches over wild mountains and barren plains."

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Chapters 41 and 42 of Bonneville are largely devoted to Captain Wyeth and his adventures. In summing up at the end of Bonneville, Irving says:

"Wyeth's enterprise was prosecuted with an intelligence, spirit, and perseverance that merited success. All the details that we have met with prove him to be no ordinary man. He appears to have the mind to conceive and the energy to execute extensive and striking plans. He had once more reared the American flag in the lost domains of Astoria, and had he been enabled to maintain the footing he had so gallantly effected, he might have regained for his country the opulent trade of the Columbia of which our statesmen have negligently suffered us to be dispossessed."

This account was published in 1843, but was evidently written some time previously.

Nathaniel J. Wyeth was born on the point which projects into Fresh Pond, at the end of Fresh Pond lane. Here his father for many years kept the Fresh Pond House, which he had built on land purchased from his father, Ebenezer Wyeth. The land was first in possession of the Wyeth family in 1751. For many years the Fresh Pond Hotel was one of the most celebrated resorts around Boston. Both Jacob and his nephew, Jonas Wyeth, found it a profitable place of business. Before railroads made New Hampshire accessible, it was a popular summer resort. After it ceased being used as a hotel it was used as a nunnery, and was finally confiscated by the city and moved off the point in order to protect the waters of Fresh Pond. The building now stands on the corner of Lake View avenue and Worthington street. The point on which the hotel stood now forms part of Kingsley Park. It seems to me that it would be well that the site of the old hotel should be marked in some way, and such a marker should commemorate the fact that this was the birthplace of Nathaniel J. Wyeth. Mr. Wyeth's early life was probably spent on the borders of the pond. He was among the first to engage in the business of cutting ice for export. In his letters he mentions the fact that Mr. Tudor has still a place for him. He is said to have invented much of the machinery used in cutting and storing ice. In the report of the tenth census of the United States, Mr. Hall says:

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This account was published in 1846, but was evidently written some time previously.

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"Most of the modern improvements in facilities for cutting and storing ice are due to the inventive genius of Nathaniel Wyeth, the foreman of Mr. Tudor, and to John Barker, also in his employ; and it was owing to the first named of these progressive men that the old-fashioned vault was finally abandoned in favor of regular ice-houses, built first of brick and then of wood, and planted at the water's edge. Mr. Barker and Mr. Wyeth also invented a number of handy tools for use on the pond."

The Boston Transcript, in a notice of his death August, 1856, said:

"It is not perhaps too much to say that there is not a single tool or machine of real value now employed in the ice harvesting which was not originally invented by Mr. Wyeth. They all look to Fresh Pond as the place of their origin." "As one who laid open a new field of honorable industry" he was held "entitled to the rank of a public benefactor."

While this eulogy is not quite correct, as the Tudor Company started the business about the year that he was born, he undoubtedly did much to render it practical and profitable. Dr. Waterhouse, after describing the business of cutting ice on Fresh Pond, says:

"The only risk to which the ice merchant was liable was a blessing to most of the community; I mean the mildness of a winter that should prevent his native lake from freezing a foot or two thick. Our fishermen have a great advantage over the farmer in being exempt from fencing, walling, manuring, taxation, and dry seasons, and only need the expense of a boat, line, and hook, and the risk of life and health; but from all these the ice man is in a manner entirely exempted; and yet the captain of this Oregon expedition seemed to say, 'All this availeth me nothing, so long as I read books in which I find that by going about four thousand miles overland from the shore of our Atlantic to the shore of the Pacific, after we have there entrapped and killed the beavers and otters, we shall be able, after building vessels for the purpose, to carry our most valuable peltry to China and Cochin China, our seal skins to Japan, and our superfluous grain to various Asiatic ports.'"

The doctor's words are introduced here to show how unsafe it is to prophesy, as all Capt. Wyeth's most sanguine dreams have

"Most of the modern improvements in facilities for cutting and storing ice are due to the inventive genius of Nathaniel Wyeth, the foreman of Mr. Tobin, and to John Barker, also in his employ; and it was owing to the first named of these progressive men that the old-fashioned rams were finally abandoned in favor of regular ice-balls, built first of brick and then of wood, and planned at the water-side. Mr. Barker and Mr. Wyeth also invented a number of handy tools for use on the pond."

The Boston Transcript, in a notice of his death August 1896, said:

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While this eulogy is not quite correct as the Tobin Company started the business about the year that he was born, its undoubted value to the world is practical and profitable. Mr. Wyeth, after describing the business of cutting ice on Fresh Pond, says:

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come true. We have still living among us men who saw the visionary captain start on his long journeys, one of these as a boy saw the captain's wagon boats built at the blacksmith shop which stood 'neath the spreading chestnut tree on Brattle Street. He has lived to visit his son living on the shores of the Pacific, where he is Park Commissioner of the city of Seattle, in that region of which the doctor writes: "Had their expedition been to the warm climate of Africa, or to South America, they would have been sure of plenty to eat, but in the western region, between the Rocky mountains and the great river of the West, the case is far otherwise."

The salmon fishery that the captain hoped to establish has grown into a great business, and instead of the salmon feeding a few Indians on the banks of the Columbia, they are now served fresh in the very city from which the captain started.

Trains of cars are started daily from this coast laden with fruit for the East. Although he died a man in middle life, he lived to see Oregon organized as a territory, and now three wealthy States have been carved out of the land which Dr. Waterhouse did not think worth the trouble of acquiring.

The following paper was read by FRANKLIN PERRIN :

A FEW FACTS CONCERNING THE WASHINGTON HOME GUARD OF CAMBRIDGE

As is well known, the city of Cambridge was the first to present a volunteer military company for service in the Civil War. The early departure of other Cambridge companies left the city with only the small police force for protection against mobs. This led to the formation of a military company, which was called the Washington Home Guard, a drill-room for which was built, by private subscription, upon land in the rear of the Charles River National Bank, and belonging to Harvard University. This drill-room was dedicated May 29, 1862. Ex-Governor Washburn, who had been the leader in the formation of the company, presided. After a prayer, offered by Rev. John A. Albro, D. D., Governor Washburn gave the following toast: "The Washington Home Guard! Never forgetting the citizen, when acting the soldier, may they show, in their

come true. We have still living among us men who saw the visionary captain start on his long journey, one of those who saw the captain's wagon boats built at the blacksmith shop which stood beneath the spreading chestnut tree on Bristol Street. He has lived to visit his son living on the shores of the Pacific where he is Park Commissioner of the city of Seattle, in that region of which the doctor writes: "Had their expedition been to the warm climate of Africa, or to South America, they would have been sent of course to war; but in the western region, between the Rocky mountains and the great river of the West, the case is far otherwise."

The salmon fishery that the captain hoped to establish has grown into a great business, and instead of the salmon feeding a few Indians on the banks of the Columbia, they are now served fresh in the very city from which the captain started.

Trains of cars are started daily from this coast laden with fruit for the East. Although he died a man in middle life, he lived to see Oregon organized as a territory and now three wealthy cities have been carved out of the land which the Westons had not think worth the trouble of settling.

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example, that to be a good citizen is one of the best qualifications for being a good soldier." Joseph G. Coolidge, who had been chosen the first captain of the company, responded. Other speakers were Sidney Willard, Mayor Charles Theodore Russell, Hon. Richard H. Dana, and Rev. Mr. Harrington from Cambridgeport.

Sidney Willard, who had had military experience as a member of the First Corps of Cadets of Boston, fortunately offered his services as drill-master. The company was composed of citizens from all ranks, — Harvard professors, doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, tradesmen, etc. Ex-Governor Washburn and Dr. Beck were privates, who were always present at the drills, which took place twice a week and sometimes oftener, so that, under the discipline of Sidney Willard, the company reached a state that led him to say that he was proud to take the company out on street parades.

After the drills, speeches in the drill-room were in order. These speeches, taken in connection with the military experience obtained, and the growing need of men at the front, led some of the members to enlist for the war. Sidney Willard himself enlisted as captain in the 35th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, of which regiment he became major. As he left us he was presented by the company with a silver pitcher as a slight token of their appreciation of his valuable services. This pitcher is still in the hands of the family. A new company was formed in Cambridge to go to the front, and of those from the Washington Home Guard who enlisted, one of the company (Hyatt) became the captain.

At the time of the draft-riots, Governor Andrew "requested" us to repair at once to the State Arsenal in Cambridge, bounded by Follen, Garden, and Chauncy Streets, to guard it from the mob, which it was feared would get control in Boston as it had in New York. The mob in Boston had already armed itself, to a certain extent, by breaking into hardware stores. At the State Arsenal there were many guns and rifles, as well as ammunition. That night our company, commanded then by Captain Isaac Bradford, was at the Arsenal grounds. During the night, Governor Andrew sent wagons to the Arsenal to convey muskets, rifles, and ammunition to the State House; these wagons were guarded on the way to Boston by a militia company that had been organized at Cambridgeport at about the time our company was formed. This com-

pany, which was commanded by Rev. Asa Bullard, was composed of many of the most prominent men of Cambridgeport; among them was Rev. John Ware. The next morning we marched back to the drill-room, where the Mayor, Charles Theodore Russell, had us sworn in as policemen, as we had not then been enrolled as a part of the State militia. We were to wound and kill members of the mob legally. After Mayor Russell addressed us, we marched again to the Arsenal, where we were on guard four days and nights, with loaded muskets and a brass cannon mounted on wheels and pointed at the gateway. When doing guard duty, I remember that Dr. Beck was on the beat south of me, and a Mr. Ross on the beat to the north. I refer to this because, during the second evening, Ross's son came to him in tears, saying, "Mother wishes you to come as soon as you can to protect her, as our house is threatened by a mob." Ross, taking a pistol from his pocket, replied, "My boy, my duty is here! Go back with this loaded revolver, and if any one attempts to enter the house, shoot him."

Shortly after our experience at the Arsenal, the company was re-organized, becoming the Twelfth Unattached of the State Militia, with Charles F. Walcott as captain. Now we were "ordered" by Governor Andrew to go into camp at Readville. Those who could not go were obliged to furnish substitutes. Before leaving the barracks we were addressed by Captain Walcott, who told us that we should now be under orders from the United States Government, and that Uncle Sam never took men conditionally, — that we were liable to go to the front at any time. Dr. Beck, who was called upon to speak, said that he had been obliged to leave his home and country (Germany) because of his desire for more liberty, and that none of us could appreciate the importance of the war so fully as he, and that he should go to the front if possible.

On reaching Readville, as we marched to our barracks, we were closely inspected by members of the other companies, who would occasionally intimate that we were a company of what would be called in these times "dudes." But, on discovering later that our barracks and surroundings would serve them as models of neatness; that there was no shirking when our men were put on "Cook's Guard;" that our Sergeant Vaughan, when a private of one of their companies was insubordinate, put him in irons and in the guard-

house; that we could beat them at foot ball and other games, they learned to respect us. To our great regret the United States Surgeon refused to accept Dr. Beck. The next day, when he reluctantly left us, we escorted him to the station, where in tears he bade us good-bye.

There were batteries at the Point at Provincetown, manned by a company which was sent to the front, and we were ordered there to take its place. Here the drilling and sea air fitted us so well for active service that we offered ourselves as a company to the Governor to be sent to the front. The parents of some of the students who were in our ranks, learning this, interceded with Governor Andrew, and prevailed upon him to let us remain until the close of our first enlistment of 90 days, when Captain Walcott and some other members of our company enlisted for further service.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART read a paper on "Colonial Pirates and Privateers."

At the conclusion of Professor Hart's address the meeting was dissolved.

hours; that we could beat them at foot ball and other games, they learned to respect us. To our great regret the United States Surgeon refused to accept Dr. Hook. The next day, when he reluctantly left us, we escorted him to the station, where in tears he bade us good-bye.

There were patients at the Point at Provincetown, manned by a company which was sent to the front and we were ordered there to take its place. Here the doctor and his wife fitted us so well for active service that we offered ourselves as a company to the Government to be sent to the front. The patients of some of the ambulances who were in our ranks, learning this, interceded with Governor Andrew, and prevailed upon him to let us remain until the close of our first enlistment of 90 days, when Captain Watson and some other members of our company enlisted for further service.

ALBERT BURNELL HART read a paper on "Colonial Privates and Privates."
At the conclusion of Professor Hart's address the meeting was dissolved.

THE SEVENTH MEETING

THE SEVENTH MEETING—a Special Meeting called by the Council—of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of February, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON presided.

The meeting was open to the public.

Among the invited guests were many persons distinguished in literature, science, and public life, including the Governor of the Commonwealth, the Mayor of the City, Julia Ward Howe, George W. Cable, Sarah Orne Jewett, Owen Wister, William James, and William Watson Goodwin. There were also present two of the daughters of the poet, Alice M. Longfellow and Annie Allegra Thorp, and his eleven living grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

OPENING ADDRESS . . . The Chairman, CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS.

ADDRESS THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

CANTATA, "The Village Blacksmith," CHORUS FROM THE CAMBRIDGE

Music by CHARLES F. NOYES.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

ADDRESS CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

POEM THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In the absence of Mr. Aldrich on account of illness, his poem will be read by

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

ADDRESS WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

In the absence of Mr. Howells on account of illness, his paper will be read by

BLISS PERRY.

The LONGFELLOW CENTENARY EXHIBITION of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, will be open free to the public in the Cambridge Room of the Cambridge Public Library, Broadway, Cambridge, each day from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. of the week beginning February 25, 1907.

OPENING ADDRESS OF CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Forty years ago to-day the *Boston Daily Advertiser* contained some verses addressed to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on his birthday. They were signed with the initials of his neighbor, friend, and brother-poet, Lowell, and the second stanza of them ran as follows:

“With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there ends.”

The poem contained a prophecy, of the fulfilment of which this meeting is one of the many signs:

“Surely if skill in song the shears may stay
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,
He shall not go, although his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this.”

In another month that benignant presence will have been gone from us for twenty-five years, — a quarter of a century in which there have been many fluctuations in current taste in literature, and in which the competition of authors seeking for popular favor has been keener than ever before. Many have had their little day of sunshine; few have outlived a single short summer. But all this while there has been no change in the hold of Longfellow on the hearts of men, and to-day justifies Lowell's prophecy that the next age should double the praise which his own had lavished upon him.

But I will leave to others to set forth the charm of poems “which, long as our modern usage shall endure, shall make forever dear their very ink;” for to-night, here in Cam-

OPENING ADDRESS OF CHARLES ELIOT MORTON

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: Forty years ago to-day the Boston Daily Advertiser contained some verses addressed to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow on his birthday. They were signed with the initials of his neighbor, friend, and brother-poet, Lowell, and the second stanza of them ran as follows:

"With loving breath of all the winds his name
Is blown about the world, but to his friends
A sweeter secret index behind his name,
And love steeped softly through the land and sea,
To murmur a low slow psalm, and then cease."

The poem contained a prophecy, of the fulfillment of which this meeting is one of the many signs:

"Surely it shall be sung the years that say
And of its purpose shall the thousand eyes
He shall not go, although his presence may
And the next age in praise shall double say."

In another month that benignant presence will have been gone from us for twenty-five years—a quarter of a century in which there have been many fluctuations in current taste in literature, and in which the competition of authors seeking for popular favor has been keener than ever before. Many have had their little day of sunshine; few have outlived a single short summer. But all this while there has been no change in the hold of Longfellow on the hearts of men, and to-day justifies Lowell's prophecy that the next age should double the praise which his own had lavished upon him.

But I will leave to others to set forth the charms of poems "which, long as our modern usage shall endure, shall make forever dear their very ink," let to-night, here in this

bridge, the home of the poet, it is the life rather than the poems of Longfellow that I, as a spokesman of my fellow townsmen, — of his fellow townsmen, — am drawn by affectionate memory chiefly to celebrate; more mindful of the sweeter secret which lies within the melody of his verse than of the outward rhythm and rhyme.

The happy influence on a community of the habitual presence of a good and pleasant man or woman is immeasurably enhanced when to goodness and pleasantness is added the gift of genius which makes its possessor a special object of admiration and of general interest. And if this genius find its expression in verse addressed not only to the comparatively few of highly cultivated intelligence, but which through its breadth of sympathy and through its musical expression of simple, elementary sentiments appeals to the vast multitude of common men and women; and, further, if this genius be united with a character of exceptional purity, gentleness, and graciousness, then the blessing of the presence of such a nature in a community is perfected. Such a blessing was ours in Cambridge while Longfellow lived. Its influence abides with us still and will abide with those who follow us. "A good life hath but a few days, but a good name endureth forever."

The prosaic aspects of our town, even such as those which Harvard Square unblushingly exhibits, are made interesting by memories and associations with the poet, while its pleasanter regions, such as Brattle Street and Kirkland Street and many others, are dignified and adorned by his memory, and have become places of pilgrimage for his sake. But, as was said three centuries ago, "the diocis of every exemplar man the whole world is;" and so, though Cambridge was made the better by his actual presence and is the more famous for his memory, the diocese of Longfellow is bounded only by the limits of the language in which he wrote; for the

bridge, the home of the poet, it is the life rather than the poems of Longfellow that I, as a spokesman of my fellow townsmen, — of his fellow townsmen, — am drawn by affectionate memory chiefly to celebrate; more mindful of the sweeter secret which lies within the melody of his verse than of the outward rhythm and rhyme.

The happy influence on a community of the habitual presence of a good and pleasant man or woman is immeasurably enhanced when to goodness and pleasantness is added the gift of genius which makes its possessor a special object of admiration and of general interest. And if this genius find its expression in verse addressed not only to the comparatively few of highly cultivated intelligence, but which through its breadth of sympathy and through its mental expression of simple elementary sentiments appeals to the vast multitude of common men and women; and, further, if this genius be united with a character of exceptional purity, gentleness, and goodness, then the blessing of the presence of such a native in a community is perfect. Such a blessing was ours in Cambridge while Longfellow lived. His influence abides with us still and will abide with those who follow us. "A good life lasts but a few days, but a good name endureth forever."

The present aspects of our town, even such as those which Harvard Square unobscuringly exhibits, are made interesting by memories and associations with the poet, while its quiet outer regions, such as Battle Street and Highland Street and many others, are dignified and adorned by his memory, and have become places of pilgrimage for his worshippers. But as was said three centuries ago, "the flock of every shepherd man the whole world is;" and so, though Cambridge was made the better by his actual presence and is the more famous for his memory, the blessing of Longfellow is bounded only by the limits of the language in which he wrote; for the

spirit which inspired his poetry was that of the peace and good-will for which the whole world longs.

"I should have to think long," said Walt Whitman, "if I were asked to name a man who has done more and in more valuable directions for America." And so at the close of a century from his birth, in every quarter of the land, America is celebrating the birthday of him who did so much for her. Everywhere the tone of affection mingles with that of admiration. It is the man, the exceptionally good and pleasant man, no less than the delightful poet, who is everywhere cherished and honored; and here in the community which knew him best, the two tones of love and admiration mingle in one harmony of blessing on his memory.

Mr. Cook will now read to us some letters which have been addressed to the Cambridge Historical Society by persons invited and unable to attend this meeting. Before he does so, however, I want to have the pleasure of reading a note which Miss Irwin was kind enough to send to me this afternoon. It is dated Belmont College for Young Women, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 22, 1907.

MISS AGNES IRWIN
DEAN OF RADCLIFFE COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR MISS IRWIN, — I take the liberty of writing you, since you are a member of the Committee of Longfellow Centenary, to ask that you please use these flowers as a little loving memorial from some Southern College girls, who know and love him so well, who have trod all the paths Evangeline and Hiawatha trod, and feel that in our uncrowned poet laureate we have learned the lessons of joy and life.

The flowers will be sent from a Boston florist, and I hope may reach you safely.

I am very truly,

PAULINE SHERWOOD TOWNSEND.

spirit which inspired his poetry was that of the peace and good-will for which the whole world longs.

"I should have to think long," said Walt Whitman, "if I were asked to name a man who has done more and in more valuable directions for America." And so at the close of a century from his birth, in every quarter of the land, America is celebrating the birthday of him who did so much for her. Everywhere the tone of affection mingles with that of admiration. It is the man, the exceptionally good and pleasant man, no less than the delightful poet, who is everywhere cherished and honored; and here in the community which knew him best, the two tones of love and admiration mingle in one harmony of blessing on his memory.

Mr. Cook will now read to us some letters which have been addressed to the Cambridge Historical Society by persons invited and unable to attend this meeting. Before he does so, however, I want to have the pleasure of reading a note which Miss Twin was kind enough to send to me this afternoon. It is dated Belmont College for Young Women, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 28, 1907.

Miss Anna Lewis
Dean of Belvidere College
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Miss Lewis, — I take the liberty of writing you, should you be a member of the Committee of English Literature, to see that you please and these books are a little longer, memorial from some Boston College girls who send me this as well, who have read all the paths Evangelical and Heralds book, and feel that in my personal post laureate we have passed the seasons of joy and life. The books will be sent from a Boston House, and I hope may reach you safely.

I am very truly,

Charles Eliot Norton

Those flowers, as welcome as they are significant, were on the table this afternoon at the Children's Hour, and they are here.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE,

February 13, 1907.

MY DEAR MR. COOK:

. . . While it is peculiarly appropriate that the old university town should be the scene of these commemorative exercises on the twenty-seventh day of February, having been so long the chosen home of the poet, this is an event in which all the world of readers must feel a grateful interest. For his verse has a singularly wide and varied appeal; it expresses his crystal-clear thought in scarcely less luminous phrase, the noble reflection of his own elevated character, and the rich treasures of his scholarly research, — all pulsing with the faultless measure that makes the words seem set to music.

This centennial occasion must be to all the fellow-townsmen of the poet a source of special and just pride, with which many others will sympathize.

Yours sincerely,

MARY N. MURFREE.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 7, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

With profound thanks I acknowledge the honor of your invitation for the public exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of our country's master-poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. While ill health denies my bodily presence, I feel that I shall yet be undeniably with and of your grateful company, and that no uttered tribute to his genius or his human love and loyalty but that my fervent spirit, with all mankind's, shall share that sacred voice and testimony.

Very gratefully and truly yours,

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Those flowers, as welcome as they are significant, were on the table this afternoon at the Children's Hour, and they are here.

LETTERS FROM EMINENT PERSONS

Montevideo, Tennessee,
February 12, 1907.

My dear Mr. Cook:

While it is peculiarly appropriate that the old university town should be the scene of these commemorative exercises on the twenty-seventh day of February, having been so long the chosen home of the poet, this is an event in which all the world of letters must feel a graceful interest. For his verse has a singularly rich and varied appeal; it expresses the deepest of human emotions in a language of the noblest of his own elevated style, and the richness of his scholarly research, all shining with the faultless manner that makes the words seem to move. This centennial occasion must be to all the fellow-townsmen of the poet a source of pride and joy, and with which many others will sympathize.

Yours sincerely,

Mary N. Monroe.

Montevideo, Feb. 12, 1907.

Dear Sir:

With profound thanks I acknowledge the honor of your invitation for the public exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of our country's nation poet. I am, I trust, a fellow. While ill health denies my bodily presence, I feel that I shall yet be wonderfully rich and of your festival company, and that no student of his genius in the human love and loyalty that my fervent spirit with all mankind's shall share that sacred voice and testimony.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

James Whitcomb Riley.

DEAR SIR:

Your Society, and the guests invited to participate in the Celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of America's most widely read and best-beloved Poet, cannot fail to make of it one of the most interesting events in our literary history. Later generations will recognize the enduring worth of the Poet's work; but those who enjoyed his friendship are passing from the stage, and soon none will be left to speak with authority and at first hand of that most gracious and winning personality. This circumstance lends a unique interest to the forthcoming celebration, to which many who remember the man as he moved among us may be expected to bring tributes of reminiscence and appreciation. The occasion is one I regret that I must miss — one at which nothing less than a thousand miles of intervening land and sea prevents me from being present.

With thanks for the honor of your society's invitation,

Cordially yours,

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

ORANGE PARK, FLORIDA,

Feb. 12, 1907.

EDGEWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR:

I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your very courteous invitation for 27th February, and regret that the condition of my health will compel me to decline. I regret this all the more since, in addition to my admiration for the literary aptitude and conquests of Mr. Longfellow, I had such thorough esteem for his character as a man. He lived always near to the level of his best thought: not — through all his epoch — was another so sweet and strong a "Psalm of Life" intoned as his. Whether "Toiling, rejoicing or sorrowing" (and all these experiences cumulated with him) he was always true, honest, and sincere.

You cannot mark the memory of such a poet, and such a man, with too many laurels.

Very respectfully yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

HIGHFIELD HOUSE, HIGHFIELD ROAD, RATHGAR,
DUBLIN, February 10, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I cordially thank the Cambridge Historical Society for the honor of their invitation to the Public Exercises in celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow. I regret that it is not possible that I should be present. But I can gladly acknowledge my personal debt to the genius of Longfellow, and my assurance that he did much to bind together the feelings of the people of Great Britain and Ireland and the people of America. And I can express my confident hope that the celebration may be all that its promoters desire that it should be.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD DOWDEN.

ROBERT BROWNING SETTLEMENT (INCORPORATED),
29 GROSVENOR PARK, LONDON, S. E.
February 12, 1907.

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

SIR,—The Council of this Settlement having heard with very great pleasure of the intention to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, at Cambridge, Mass., has requested me to convey to you its hearty congratulations and entire sympathy.

We are approaching the end of the year of commemorations which began with the Centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. . . .

On Sunday evening last, in Browning Hall, limelight views were shown of the poet's (Longfellow) portrait, of his house, and of his chosen city of Cambridge. Selections from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and from Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" were sung, and an address was given on the message of Christ in Longfellow. We reverently acknowledge the rare genius of Longfellow, which enabled him to put the joys and sorrows of our common human nature into language of Scriptural simplicity and universality. He is the uncrowned Laureate of the common people of the entire English-speaking world. His poetry has as wide a vogue under the Union Jack as under the Stars and Stripes.

ROBERT BROWNE, Secretary (Continued)
 25 Grosvenor Place, London, S. E.
 February 15, 1907.

Dear Sir:—I cordially thank the Cambridge Historical Society for the honor of their invitation to the Public Exercises in celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow. I regret that it is not possible that I should be present. But I can gladly acknowledge my personal debt to the genius of Longfellow, and my own share in the work of his people. And I can express my confident hope that the celebration may be all that its promoters desire that it should be.

Very truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNE

ROBERT BROWNE, Secretary (Continued)
 25 Grosvenor Place, London, S. E.
 February 15, 1907.

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.
 Sir:—The Council of the Society, having heard with great pleasure of the intention to commemorate the Centenary of the birth of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow at Cambridge, Mass., has requested me to convey to you the hearty congratulations and entire sympathy.

We are approaching the end of the year of commemorations which began with the Centenary of the birth of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

On Sunday evening last in Browning Hall, Lincoln's Inn, was shown of the poet's (Longfellow) portrait of his house and of his chosen city of Cambridge. Selections from Sir Arthur Hallam's "Golden Legend" and from Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Hawthorne" were given on the occasion of which I had the honor to be present. It was a most successful and interesting affair, which enabled me to put the name of our own non-English literature into language of Scriptural simplicity and universality. It is the renewed language of the common people of the entire English-speaking world. The poetry has a wide vogue under the Union Jack as under the Stars and Stripes.

Common love of him and of his works has been a potent influence in binding together with cords of mutual respect and affection the peoples of Republic and Empire. Of the unique position which he occupies in the British and American world his bust in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey may be accepted as eminent symbol. . . .

Cambridge in New England may note with interest that the Settlement from which this greeting comes is acting in conjunction with the Free Church Union of the University of Cambridge in the old country.

With all good wishes for the success of your celebrations,

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. HERBERT STEAD,
Warden.

21 GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK,
February 5, 1907.

DEAR SIR :

All men of my years have necessarily given many pledges to fortune. One of mine practically excludes me from all public gatherings after sundown. I shall be present *in spirit*, however, at the Sanders Theatre on the evening of the 27th inst., and all of the audience who are blessed with the open vision may, if they choose, find me seated in the very midst of the most devoted though very limited class of those present who for more than three-score years and ten have studied and admired and enthused over not only Longfellow's lofty rhyme but over his prose also ; and not only over the poet's writings, but over his affectionate and lovely character.

Even should no others see me there, I will comfort myself by imagining the possibility that the poet himself, who certainly will be there, will not be so blind.

I pray you, Mr. Cook, to make these excuses for my absence on the celebration of this interesting anniversary acceptable to your colleagues of the Cambridge Historical Society, to all of whom I desire my most respectful regards.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BIGELOW.

Common love of him and of his work has been a potent influence in binding together with cords of mutual respect and affection the peoples of Republic and Empire. Of the unique position which he occupies in the British and American world his part in the Post's Corner of Westminster Abbey may be accepted as an emblem.

Cambridge in New England may not with latent that the Settlements which this great name is doing to inaugurate with the Free Church Union of the University of Cambridge in the old country.

With all good wishes for the success of your celebration.

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. HANCOCK STUART

Wellesley

21 Grosvenor Park, New York

February 2, 1907.

Dear Sir:

All men of my years have necessarily given many pledges to posterity. One of mine, practically absolute, is toward all public gatherings after sundown. I shall be present in spirit, however, at the Boston Faneuil on the evening of the 21st inst. and all of the audience who are blessed with the open vision may, if they choose, find me seated in the very midst of the most favored though very limited class of those present who far more than the years and ten have studied and admired and admired over and over only Longfellow's holy figure but over his grave also, and not only over the poet's writings but over his affectionate and lovely character.

Even should we others see no sign I will comfort myself by imagining the possibility that the poet himself, who surely will be there, will not be so. I first go to the hall to make them welcome for my part in the celebration of this interesting anniversary acceptable to your colleagues of the Cambridge Hymnical Society to all of whom I desire my most respectful regards.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BRIDGES

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y.,

February 13, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

It is with sincere regret that I find myself obliged to decline your kind invitation to the public exercises in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow.

Apart from the great pleasure I have derived from his works, I recall especially the enjoyment received in my visits to him at Craigie House and at Nahant, when his delightful social characteristics appeared most fully.

I am most heartily glad that so noble a celebration in his honor is to take place, and feel grateful to those who have promoted it.

Will you please present my renewed thanks and regrets to the committee, and I remain, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

2643 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY,

February 6, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

Kindly present to the Cambridge Historical Society my appreciation of the invitation, which has but just reached me, to attend the Exercises on February 27, in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, our most widely read poet of the renowned American Pleiad. He was that exquisite minstrel whom all younger singers, of my own generation, revered as their laureate and inspirer. My own tributes to his ideal career and production, and to his limitless service as our early apostle of taste, sentiment, and beauty, have already been rendered with a grateful heart and to the utmost of my ability.

But I deeply regret that I cannot pay the further tribute of attendance at the coming Celebration. Though now convalescing from a severe illness, I am advised that I shall not have the strength for a visit to Cambridge at the date of the Exercises.

Very sincerely yours,

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Cambridge University, Harvard, N. Y.

February 12, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is with sincere regret that I had myself obliged to decline your kind invitation to the public exercises in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Longfellow.

A part from the great pleasure I have derived from his works I recall especially the enjoyment which I have taken in last at Craigie House and at Harvard, where his delightful social character has appeared most fully.

I am most heartily glad that so noble a celebration in his honor is to take place; and feel grateful to those who have promoted it. Will you please present my renewed thanks and regards to the committee, and I remain, dear sir,

Very respectfully yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

244 Broadway, New York City.

February 12, 1907.

DEAR SIR,

Kindly present to the Cambridge Historical Society my appreciation of the invitation which has just reached me to attend the Exercises on February 27, in celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Longfellow, our most noblest poet of the renowned American School. He was that ever noble-minded whom all younger singers of my own generation revered as their laureate and teacher. My own tribute to his noble career and production, and to his lifetime service as our early apostle of education and beauty, have already been registered with a grateful heart and to the utmost of my ability.

But I deeply regret that I cannot pay the further tribute of a visit to Cambridge at the time of the Exercises. I shall not have the opportunity for a visit to Cambridge at the time of the Exercises.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWARD G. LORAN, STREMAN.

THE CHAIRMAN: "Let us now praise famous men," says Ecclesiasticus. It is a pleasant duty. Cambridge has many worthy citizens, but of all her living sons there is only one who has established a claim to be called famous, only one whose name is already inscribed on the crowded page of our history. He is familiar with praise, but to-night he is here not to listen to his own praises but himself to join in a chorus of praise of a famous man whose most serious fault was that he was not a native of the town which was the birthplace of Colonel Higginson.

ADDRESS OF THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We have met this evening to pay tribute to a man who had, among all American authors of his time, the most individual and disarming combination of qualities. He was at once genial and guarded; kind and cordial in greeting, but with an impassable boundary line of reserve; dwelling in a charmed circle of thought, and absolutely self-protecting; essentially a poetic mind, but never out of touch with the common heart; yet not so much a creator as a composer; and viewing his subjects, as a very acute observer has said of him, "in their relations, rather than in their essence." He was one to whom a poem might occur, as did "The Arrow and the Song," while he stood before the fire waiting for his children to go to church with him; and he was equally able to spend patient years in hearing and weighing, "slowly and with decorum," as he says, the criticism of other and younger Italian scholars on his version of Dante. He was abstemious, yet wrote joyous drinking-songs for his friends; did not call himself an abolitionist, yet pronounced the day of the execution of John Brown, of Ossawatimie, to be "the date of a new Revolution, quite as much needed as the old one." When worn with overwork, he could sit down to write a hundred autographs for a fair in Chattanooga; or perhaps go out and walk miles to secure kindness for some old friend troubled with chronic and insuperable need of money. He was choice in his invited guests, yet drove his housemaids to despair by insisting

on the admittance of the poorest children in Cambridge, to tramp through his study daily and to sit triumphantly in the chair which their little school subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate; this was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

It is an obvious truth in regard to the poems of Longfellow that, while they would have been of value at any time and place, their worth towards the foundation of a new and unformed literature was priceless. The first and chief need of such a literature was, no doubt, a great original thinker, such as was afforded us in Emerson. Yet Longfellow rendered a service only secondary, in enriching and refining that literature and giving it a cosmopolitan culture — providing for it an equally attentive audience in the humblest log-cabins on the prairie or in the literary courts of the civilized world. It is not many years since the editor of one of the great London weeklies said to an American traveller, "A stranger can hardly have an idea of how familiar many of our working people, especially women, are with Longfellow. Thousands can repeat some of his poems who have never read a line of Tennyson and probably never heard of Browning."

You may count in the Harvard College Library, as I myself have done, the titles of at least one hundred versions from Longfellow's poems, extending into eighteen languages outside the poet's own. It seems to me a dream, when I recall as if it were yesterday the very moment, sixty-seven years ago next December, that I answered a rough knock at the door of Professor Longfellow's Harvard recitation room and let in a printer's devil, blacker than a chimney-sweep, who laid down on the professor's desk a proof sheet, almost as soiled as its bearer and being the title-page of a small book to be called "Voices of the Night." It was not then known in Cambridge that Mr. Longfellow was to publish a volume of verses; he himself had only just decided on the title and I may have been the first person outside the printing office who saw the proof sheet. Had I but known what was to follow in the development of American literature, the rough banging of that printer's boy would have been to me as solemn as those three notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony which have been translated, "Thus knocks fate at the door."

on the advantages of the poorest children in Cambridge to bring through his study and to sit triumphantly in the class which their little school subscriptions had bought for him. This was the man whom we meet to commemorate: this was Henry Westworth Longfellow.

It is an obvious truth in regard to the poems of Longfellow that while they would have been of value at any time and place, their worth towards the foundation of a new and advanced literature was pitiful. The first and chief need of such a literature was no doubt a great original thinker such as was afforded us in Emerson. Yet Longfellow rendered a service only secondary, in comforting and reassuring that literature and giving it a cosmopolitan culture — providing for it an equally attentive audience in the practical life-cabin on the prairie or in the literary society of the civilized world. It is not many years since the editor of one of the great London weeklies said to an American traveller, "A stranger can hardly have an idea of how familiar many of our working people, especially women, are with Longfellow. Thousands can repeat some of his poems who have never read a line of Tennyson and probably never heard of Browning."

You may recall in the Harvard College Library, and myself have done, the time of at least one hundred volumes from Longfellow's poems, extending into eighteen hundredths outside the poet's own life seems to me a dream, when I recall as it was yesterday the very moment, sixty-seven years ago next December, that I opened a rough knock at the door of Professor Longfellow's Harvard recitation room and let in a porter's dark, bearded man a chimney-sweep, who laid down on the professor's desk a parcel which almost as rolled as its bearer and being the title-page of a small book to be called "Voices of the Night." It was no other poem in translation than Mr. Longfellow was to publish a volume of verse; he himself had only just finished on the title and I may have been the first person outside the poet's office who saw the proof-sheet. Had I but known what was to follow in the development of American literature, the rough binding of that volume's day would have been to me as precious as those notes on Hawthorne's Fifth Symphony which have been translated. "The Booklet" late at the door.

It is pleasant to think that in the modest fame thus announced there lies no room for any serious reaction. The same attributes that keep him from being among the very greatest of poets will make him also one of the most permanent. There will be for him no extreme ups and downs in literary standing, as in the case of those men of greater genius, of whom Ruskin could at one time foolishly write: "Cast Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley as shallow and verbose." Longfellow's range may not be vast, but his workmanship is perfect; he has always "the inimitable grace of not too much;" he has tested all literatures, all poetic motives, and all forms of versification; and can never be taken unprepared. He who has made life richer and ampler, youth more beautiful, age more venerable and more hopeful, has become the permanent friend of mankind. His latest productions — the Sonnets — are his highest and best. He has passed away from us, but he has peopled the realm of imagination with forms which will not readily pass. "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," and "The Village Blacksmith" are lodged forever in the memories of each successive generation of English-speaking children; and as Macready said of Shakespeare's characters in "The Merchant of Venice," "Who is alive, if they are not?"

THE CHAIRMAN: It is unnecessary to say that a celebration of Longfellow's birthday would be very imperfect unless children took part in it, and to-night we shall have the pleasure of hearing the performance, by young people from our Cambridge schools, of the music of "The Village Blacksmith." For this privilege and pleasure we are indebted to Mr. Chapman, the superintendent of music of the Cambridge schools.

The Cantata "The Village Blacksmith" was then rendered by a chorus from the Public Schools of Cambridge, accompanied by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure that the audience would desire me to convey their thanks to Mr. Chapman and to the young

people whom he has instructed so well, for the delightful part of this occasion which they have just taken; and I also would congratulate you, young people, on your good fortune, not only on being masters and mistresses of instruments and voices, but in having a share in an occasion like this, in which your own sympathies are quickened and which will, so long as you may live, I am sure, remain one of your pleasantest memories.

There would be no need anywhere in America to introduce President Eliot, least of all here in Cambridge. For him *nullum par elogium*.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I think it was about twenty-five years ago when there was another celebration in this hall, of which the heroes were Mr. Longfellow and Dr. Holmes. There was a large assemblage of children of the public schools, and it was an occasion of eulogy and rejoicing; and when it was over I said to Mr. Longfellow, "These children, these hundreds of children here, will always remember with delight that they have seen you and Dr. Holmes sitting together on this platform." "Ah," said Mr. Longfellow, "I don't know, I don't know." Like other great men, great scholars, great poets, great prophets, he was not sure of his future. But that is true of every hero. The hero would not be a hero if he knew the issue of his struggle. Yet it touched me very much at the time, and I remember it still with tenderness that Longfellow said here of his own fame, "I don't know."

He was a regular teacher in Harvard University for eighteen years of his term; and while he was teaching, in the very hour of his lecturing, as Colonel Higginson has told us, the proofs of his best work were coming in. What does a poet do for a university? A university contains the flower of the youth of the land; and these youth live with a selected body of teachers who present be-

fore them the great subjects of human thought, of human aspiration. What higher function, what nobler work of man is there than the writing of poetry? I know no higher effort of the human intelligence, except on rarest occasions the spontaneous outpouring of a human soul in prayer to God. What did our poet do for the university? In the first place, he taught for eighteen years, before a somewhat prosaic and utilitarian youth, the great literatures of France, Spain and Italy, represented in their noblest authors. He did this steady, assiduous, painstaking work of instruction. He lived here in these roads and houses, and walked among the academic youth and the academic teachers. He associated with the best of the academic body, of the graduates of the college, of the supporters of the college. His influence on them was deep and strong, and all towards noble, refined, honorable things. I like to recall, too, that so long as he was a member of the Faculty, eighteen years long, he steadily voted with a strong minority who were resisting the reaction against the liberal measures of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Mr. Longfellow steadily voted in favor of freedom,—freedom for the teacher, freedom for the taught. And then he dwelt in many of his poems on the surroundings of the university, on the site of the university; and you know what a strong influence on academic youth in many generations beauty of site and aspect in the seat of a university has; how profound the influence of such beauty is and of associations with great undertakings and great men at the site of a university. Longfellow loved Cambridge, he loved the prospect from his terraces and his windows. He wrote often of the river Charles and its salt marshes. He consecrated the walks westward from Craigie House to Elmwood, and eastward to the college by “the spreading chestnut tree.” You remember the exquisite description which Newman gives of the site of the Academy of Athens and of the views from the hill. Newman thought that much of the beauty and strength of Greek philosophy and poetry had been absorbed there from the wondrous skies and seas of Greece. And all of us know what an exquisite and uplifting influence the beauty of Oxford and Cambridge have been in our motherland. Longfellow filled Cambridge with such delights. For many generations he has made it a place of pious pilgrimage for thousands of

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people who had come to love him, and therefore loved the things and sights he loved.

The lessons of Longfellow's writings are, first, the lessons of freedom and public justice, the sterner lessons of the New England experience, the sterner lessons taught from its foundation in this university. But equally characteristic are his teachings of the utter tenderness, grace, and beauty, in human life. He taught men the sanctity of the common sentiments which gather around births, courtships, marriages, the joys and sorrows of domestic life, the national gains and losses, and timely or untimely deaths. These tender teachings, these blessed, simple, common experiences he dwelt on, and put into touching, beautiful words.

The poet uses the finest instrument of human expression, language. He is an artist like the painter, the sculptor, and the musician, but he has a finer organ of expression than they. The painter appeals to human sentiment through the eye, through the sense of color and of form. The draughtsman indicates the grace of line and of shade and shadow with a pencil. The poet speaks the most universal of all expressiveness, the mother tongue. And yet the poet is in the highest sense an artist; and that is a lesson which Longfellow gave here on this spot to the generation of young men who had the privilege of looking on him. He worked with an ideal of perfection before him, a perfection never fully attained, but still with intellectual and moral joy, and steady aspiration toward the ideal of perfection in speech and writing. And then Longfellow taught here another lesson of the highest sort. He taught the lesson of freedom in religious thought, like all the poets of the nineteenth century. He indicated the coming of a new religion, the religion of serviceableness, of tender love in the home, of devoted service to brother-man, a service through which the race lifts itself toward the love of God.

THE CHAIRMAN: The absence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Aldrich to-night is reason for genuine regret, not only because so much of the personal interest of the evening is lost, but even more on account of the cause which keeps them away. We may, however, all rejoice that the latest report from both of them is such as to relieve us from solicitude and to permit

us to send to them our hearty and confident good wishes for their speedy and complete restoration to health.

There is indeed a touch of that irony of circumstance which is so often to be observed in the course of human affairs, in the fact that those two juniors should leave us seniors unassisted to-night. But for me there is one advantage in their absence. It allows me to speak of them in terms which in their presence I should hesitate to use. In both prose and poetry Mr. Aldrich won distinction very early, and has added to it whenever he has written. In that delightful book, "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances," Mr. Howells has spoken of Aldrich's work in words which I venture to adopt as my own. "I should be false," he says, "to my own grateful sense of beauty in the work of this poet if I did not at all times recognize his constancy to an ideal which his name stands for. He is known in several kinds, but to my thinking he is best in a certain nobler kind of poetry. There are sonnets of his, grave, and simple, and lofty, which I think of with a glow and thrill possible only from very beautiful poetry, and which impart such an emotion as we can feel only when a great thought startles along the brain and flushes all the cheek." And let me add for myself, further, that there is no poet, — no living poet, — so far as I know, who has written verses of more exquisite and delicate charm than Mr. Aldrich; verses with many a line "from end to end in blossom like the bough that May breathes on," — or poems, like the one which we are about to hear, in which the great tradition of the classic masters of English poetry is more truly maintained and continued.

We have every reason to be grateful for the reader who is willing and able to give fitting voice to Mr. Aldrich's poem.

POEM OF THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

LONGFELLOW¹

1807—1907

Above his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write:
Moonrise and daybreak come and go:
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Beloved presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearts of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

¹ From the "Atlantic Monthly." Copyright, 1907, by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

POEM OF THOMAS BARRY ALDRICH

LONGFELLOW

1807-1887

Above his grave the grass and snow
 Their soft and solemn voices
 Mourn and hush and hush and go
 Summer by summer on the hill
 The thrushes and meadow-larks
 Here let no vagrant voice that flows
 Across the spaces of the night
 Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thoughts
 Imprinted on some cherished page.
 Themselves may pass the spell that wrought
 Freedom on earth from age to age
 And thou, whose voice but yesterday
 Fell upon changed listening ears
 Thou shalt not know the touch of years
 Their hidden time and space as days
 Thou livest in thy living word
 As when its cadence first was heard.
 O generous soul and benign,
 Beloved presence! now as then
 Thou standest by the hearts of men
 Their hidden joys and griefs are thine;
 Thou speakest to them of their dead,
 They listen and are comforted.
 They break the bread and pour the wine
 Of life with thee as in those days
 When thou wast passing on the street
 Beneath the stars — O returned feet
 That walk in far celestial ways!

THE CHAIRMAN: I am sure it would please you all if Mr. Copeland would do us the favor of reading those beautiful verses once more.

In compliance with the request of the Chairman, the poem was read a second time.

THE CHAIRMAN: That poem is enough to make an evening memorable.

I referred just now to the delightful book by Mr. Howells, called "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances;" and of that book there are no pages more delightful than those devoted to Longfellow. Of the multitude of books and essays on Longfellow, this seems to me the one which gives the most vivid and faithful likeness of him. If all others were lost, this would preserve to us what was essential in him, and holding the mirror up to nature, would show us the very features of his virtue. Of the friends made in his later life there was none Longfellow esteemed more highly than Howells. They had many common traits as well as common sympathies. Sweetness of heart, sincerity of intellect, poetic sensibility of temperament were the gifts of nature to each. And resulting therefrom were the breadth of sympathy for their fellow-men, their kindness, and the generosity of their judgments. It was a fortunate event for our town when Howells took up his abode in it in 1866. He found his true home here, as he himself has said, for ten years, and made what he called the "carpenter's box" in which he lived for a time on Sacramento Street, and the more elaborate dwelling on Concord Avenue which he afterwards occupied, two of the most precious houses in Cambridge for their personal and literary associations. In the inability of Mr. Howells to read his own essay, there can be no better substitute than his successor in the chair of the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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It was a great pleasure to me that Mr. Perry consented to undertake this duty, and I thank him for us all, and ask him now to read the essay.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS¹

ONE of the most poignant experiences of our advancing years, or rather, our retreating years, so swiftly do they evermore fly from us, is the realization that the past is really past. The image of what has been remains much the same with us as the pageant of our actual life, but if we put it to the test in the consciousness of younger men, if we ask the eye of youth, so fatally clear, to share our vision, that image shatters into dust from which it imperfectly and painfully rehabilitates itself. A few years ago, when I proposed writing about the heroines of fiction as I had known them in Hawthorne and Thackeray, Reade and George Eliot, Dickens and Charlotte Bronte, and the rest of my contemporaries, a charming friend of the present day, who entered sympathetically into my notion, said, "Oh, yes, those *old* writers." I have sometimes found to my dismay, that when I have spoken of the war, meaning the Civil War, I have been supposed to mean the Spanish War. The unification of Italy and Germany are vivid actualities with me, but if I mention them to youthful actors on the stage where I am beginning to lag superfluous, I perceive that they are fading or faded events of history. Shall I then put to some such ordeal the auroral remembrance of Cambridge, as I first knew it forty years ago, to find that I have got my East and West transposed, and that it is the evening light which transfigures it?

I will not be so rash, even with the desire of giving you my idea of the circumstance amidst which the great poet whom I had known in his rhyme for half my life became for me the visible and tangible personality that all who knew him loved. Briefly, I will say, it was circumstance worthy a great poet, and that he who was central in it was pre-eminent among such peers as few great poets have had. It was the hour—how present is that hour still!—when Longfellow was completing the mystical journey on which he had faithfully followed the steps where two "sweet guides" had

¹ From the "North American Review." Copyright, 1907, by the North American Review Publishing Company.

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I will not be so rash, even with the desire of giving you my idea of the circumstances amidst which the great poet whom I had known in his rhyme for half my life became for me the vibrant and tangible personality that all who know him feel. Before I will say, it was a circumstance worthy a great poet, and that he with me central in it was no accident among such poets as the great poets have had. It was the hour—how present is that hour still—when I somehow was comprehending the mystical journey on which he had faithfully followed the steps where two "ancient gentlemen" had

led instead of one, and Dante as well as Virgil went before him. Those whom he thought fit to be his companions in this journey joined him in reading the text of their Italian poet, and helping him interpret it in every shade of its significance, so that his version should remain supreme, until some one should, with less conscience or more courage, add to it the rhyme which his scruple adjudged impossible. Elsewhere I have tried to give some sense of those meetings; the quiet lamplit room where the master poet wrought by day, and now his fellow-poets sat with their Dantes in their hands, and scrutinized his English through that Italian, and questioned it in suggestions to which he listened patiently, thoughtfully, but gratefully accepted or refused as he alone decided; the old friend to whom Dante was such an old story, dozing by the fire, and the old terrier under his deep armchair, breathing in a soft diapason with him, till the hour of supper came, and the poet lifted him and led him out to that feast which to the young mortal of the board was truly a banquet of the gods, if the gods knew how to talk, to joke, to laugh, always as mindful of humanity as they are sometimes reported not to be, at their celestial victual. The young mortal was afterwards able to remember lamentably little of all that was said in those luminous nights, but he kept the sense that in the empyrean where Holmes sparkled and Lowell glowed, the mild ray of the larger planet from time to time eclipsed the others in a gentle gayety which was not quite humor, but was of some rarer and finer quality for which the terrestrial spectrum had no specific analysis. "Often," so I have written before, "the nights were very cold, and as I returned home from Craigie House to my carpenter's box on Sacramento street, a mile or so away, I was as if soul-borne through the air by my pride and joy, while the frozen snow clinked and tinkled before my feet stumbling along the middle of the road. I still think that was the richest moment of my life, and I look back at it as the moment, in a life not unblest by chance, which I would only most like to live over again." But that was in 1866, when it was worth while to be twenty-nine, in an environment where such divine things were possible to juniors. You, into whose clear eyes my dim glasses look to-night, is it as richly worth while in Cambridge now? But no, I will not put you to that question, if in your turn you will spare me, and will make believe with me that my Cambridge

led instead of one, and Dante as well as Virgil went before him. Those whom he thought fit to be his companions in this journey joined him in reading the text of their Italian poet, and helping him interpret it in every shade of its significance, so that his version should remain supreme, and some one should, with less conscience or more courage, add to it the rhythms which the average adjudged impossible. Elsewhere I have tried to give some sense of these mistakes; the quiet, lamp-lit room where the master poet wrought by day, and now his fellow-poets sat with their hands on their heads, and scrutinized his English through their Italian, and questioned it in suggestions to which he listened patiently, thoughtfully, but gratefully accepted or refused as he alone decided; the old friend to whom Dante was such an old story, being by the fire, and the old teacher under his deep amaranth, breathing in a soft whisper with him, till the hour of supper came, and the poet lifted him and led him out to that forest which to the young mortal of the hour was truly a banquet of the gods, if the gods knew how to talk, to joke, to laugh, always as unbridled of humanity as they are sometimes reported not to be at their celestial rivings. The young mortal was afterwards able to remember but faintly little of all that was said in those moments of joy, but he kept the sense that in the company where Italian glittered and Lowell glowed, the mild ray of the larger planet that in its time eclipsed the others in a gentle glory, which was not pain, but was of some sort and great plenty for which the terrestrial spectrum had no specific analysis. "Oleander" as I have written before, "the nights were very cold, and as I returned home from Craigie House to my carpenter's box on Sacramento street a mile or so away, I was as if soul-borne through the air by my pet and pet, while the frozen snow blinked and twinkled before my feet, stamming along the middle of the road. I still think that was the richest moment of my life, and I look back at it as the nearest to a life not understood by chance, which I would only want to live over again." But that was in 1866, when it was worth while to be twenty-nine, in an environment where such divine things were possible to humans. You into whose eyes my thin glasses look to-night, is it as nobly worth while to (ask) now? But no, I will not put you to that question. It is your turn you will spare me, and will make believe with me that my (ask) is

of forty years ago is still as real and substantial as it was then, when it was the home of Lowell, of Child, of Agassiz, of Dana, of the Henry Jameses, father and son, of Shaler, of Fiske, of Palfrey, and the resort, from time to time, of Holmes and Emerson, of Whittier, of Fields, and all the elect spirits which made Boston and the other suburbs of Cambridge their sojourn, with, first among them all, the most universally read poet who has ever lived.

In what shall I have to say to-night in praise of his beautiful art I must always be as sensible of him in the environment in which he lived, and I think the secret of his immense favor, if we look for it apart from his singleness of mind and soul, will perhaps be found in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place, in his most and in his least imaginative work. His very love of what was old, and strange, and far, affirmed him citizen of a country where he dwelt perforce amidst what was new and known and near. He was the most literary of our poets, but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he transmuted his sense of it into beauty as he transmuted into beauty the look of the familiar landscape, the feel of the native air, the breath of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or nature, and he did not come from either without a conscience of what he owed to the world about him. If there was a meaning in a page read or a day lived, which could teach or help other men, he desired to impart it to his verse. This duteous tendency of his became explicit in his poem of "The Singers," where "the youth with the soul of fire," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market place, and the gray minstrel chanting in "cathedrals dim and vast," contend in the rivalry which was the allegory of his own subjective question.

"For those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in the heart.
But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree.

"I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.
These are the three great cords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

of forty years ago is still as real and substantial as it was then, when it was the home of Lowell, of Child, of Agassiz, of Peabody, the Henry Jameses, father and son, of Storer, of Parker, of Putnam, and the rest, from time to time of Holmes and Emerson, of Whittier, of Fields, and all the great spirits which made Boston and the other suburbs of Cambridge their abode, with first among them all, the most universally read poet who has ever lived.

In what shall I have to say to-night to praise of his teaching? I must always be as sensible of him in the environment in which he lived, and I think the secret of his greatness lies in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place, in his most and in his least imaginative work. The very love of what was old and strange, and far, stirred him to a sense of what where he dwelt he felt he was not and knew not near. He was the most literary of our poets, but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he conveyed his sense of it into poetry as he transmitted into history the fact of the landscape, the feel of the native air, the breath of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or nature, and he did not create them either without a consciousness of what he owed to the world about him. It there was a meaning in a page read on a day lived, which could teach to help other men, he desired to impart it to his time. This dutiful tendency of his became explicit in his poem of "The Singer," where "the youth with the soul of bee," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market place, and the girl with steel chanting in "cathedral choir and nave," combined in the living which was the allegory of his own subjective question.

"The time who heard the singer sing
The world who felt the poet's hand
For all their work seemed to stand
Themselves within the heart
But the great Master said, 'I see
No part is mine, but in degree'

"I give no voice till I see
To speak to knowledge and to truth
I see the great world of night
And in whose eye is truth and light
Will look no longer in the light
But the poet's heart is true."

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the New England life in those years before the great Civil War, when men fancied they had found, in the sacred and infrangible peace, the solvent of every grief and every fear. The misgiving of justice in the judge of all the earth, as the hard old creeds had imagined Him, had passed into affirmation of love among men, who each owed the other his share of patience and kindness and truth. The same strain so often ethically heard in Longfellow is heard mystically in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, lyrically in Whittier. The New England poet who had not somehow rendered allegiance to that ideal, would have been dateless and homeless, and Longfellow was as faithful to it from the first as he was to that yet finer and purer æsthetic ideal, which divided his homage. The "Psalm of Life," by which he has so often been feebly and falsely judged, is of even date with the "Hymn to the Night," so fine, grave, exalted and exalting, and as absolutely æsthetic as Milton's "Lycidas" or Keats' "Ode to Melancholy," or Tennyson's "Tithonus." This and not the other is prevailingly the dominant of the various music, in which the panes of medieval churches and the leaves of primeval forests alike thrilled. He tried to be true to his confession of faith in *The Singers*, but it is interesting to note how in certain of his most popular poems, which are often his best, the ethical strain seems an afterthought, and the moral is as plainly a tag as any text coming out of the mouth of a saint in an archaic picture. "The Village Blacksmith" is entirely a poem, and a wonderfully perfect one, if you leave off the two last stanzas, in which it becomes a homily. "The Fire of Driftwood" charms wholly till you come to the last stanza, and other familiar pieces have the same excellence and the same defect. Many, like "The Belfry of Bruges," are each a blend of that which charms with that which teaches. At the same time that he was writing these pieces he was writing other pieces as popular, which are without alloy of sermoning, which are pure imagining. Take "The Burial of the Minnesink," simple, fine, positive; "The Skeleton in Armor," the absolute dramatization of a shadowy motive; "The Slave's Dream," with its glorious pageantry; "The Quadroon Girl," exquisite in the restraint of its unmoralized pathos, and you shall seek in vain for any trace of what the modern Spanish critics call the tenden-

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the New England life in those years before the great Civil War, when men fancied they had found in the sacred and salutary peace, the solvent of every grief and every fear. The intuitive sense of justice in the judge of all the earth, as the hard old canon had imagined him, had passed into a sentiment of love among men, who each over the other his share of patience and kindness and truth. The same sense, so often ethically heard in Longfellow's heart, is heard negatively in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, faintly in Whittier. The New England poet who had not somehow retained allegiance to that ideal, would have been careless and haphazard, and Longfellow was as faithful to it from the first as he was to that far finer and purer æsthetic ideal, which divided his homage. The "Faint of Life", by which he has so often been fairly and falsely judged, is at even date with the "Hymn to the Night", so fine, grave, exalted and exalting, and as absolutely æsthetic as Milton's "Lycidas" or Keats' "Ode to Melancholy", or Tennyson's "Tithonus". The and not the other is pre-eminently the dominant of the various moods, in which the tones of meditative character and the leaves of primary forces alike thrived. He tried to be true to the confession of faith in the *Spectator*, but it is impossible to have how in certain of the most popular poems, which are often the best, the ethical stands as an afterthought, and the mood is as plain as a tag as any text coming out of the mouth of a saint in an ancient picture. "The Village Blacksmith" is entirely a poem, and a wonderfully perfect one if you leave off the two last stanzas, in which it becomes a homily. "The Fane of Inlaid" claims wholly all you come to the last stanza, and the same defect. Many like "The Betty of Barges", are such a blend of that which exalts with that which teaches. At the same time that he was writing these poems he was writing other pieces as popular, which are without alloy of sermonizing, which are pure imagination. Take "The Death of the Minstrel", simple, fine, positive; "The Skeleton in Armour", the absolute dramatization of a shadowy melody; "The Rhine's Dream", with its glorious imagery; "The Gleaner Girl", exalted in the constraint of its harmonized pathos, and you shall still retain for any trace of what the modern English critics call the tedious

cious. Yet he was truer to his time and place in what we must think the poems of less absolute beauty, and we must recognize the fact that if his music had been all in its finally dominant key he would not have been the consoler of the multitudes who hid his words in their heart of hearts and counted themselves one with him.

I remember going to him one day with a lady who greatly wished to look upon him, to touch his hand, to hear his voice, but who would not let him speak before she had said to him of one of his poems, "You did not know it, but you wrote that poem for me." So the innumerable thousands throughout the world would have said of this poem or that, in any of the strange tongues which could hold a version of it. It was a wonderfully world-wide acceptance, such as no other poet has ever known, for to speak of Shakespeare himself as being as widely known or as much read as Longfellow would be to trifle pedantically with a vital human fact. One day he showed me a Chinese translation of the "Psalm of Life" which he had just received, and there was hardly a dialect of the summer seas into which its phrase had not been cast. He could have told those lovers of him that the "Psalm of Life" was no such poem as "The Hymn to the Night," but he could well leave that office to the critics who misimagined him from it.

He was worthy of his universal acceptance, because his beautiful gift was graced by a scholarship hospitably responsive to the appeal of an aspect of literature or nature. Yet we must never forget how deeply Puritanized he was by race and tradition, and how when he withdrew from the pleasant thoughts of other lands and languages it was to find himself in an ancestral chamber, darkened by the shadow of the New England wilderness, remote from the gayety of Spanish suns, and the warmth of German stoves. Otherwise we cannot realize how introspective he was, and how much given in the old Puritanic fashion to self-question, to the interrogation of his motives and the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad. He liked the world, and until such sorrow as comes to few sequestered him, he lived rather constantly in it; yet again and again he turned from it to ask his soul of that other and greater world within, which in some hour every man frequents with joy or fear. There is no

close. Yet he was true to his time and place in what we must think the poems of less absolute beauty and we must recognize the fact that it has never had been all in its final dominant key. He would not have been the composer of the music which who had his words to their heart of hearts and content themselves and wait.

I remember going to him one day with a lady who greatly wished to look upon him to touch his hand to her. His name, but who would not let him speak before she had said to him of one of his poems. "You did not know it, but you wrote that poem for me." So the innumerable thousands throughout the world would have said of this poem or that in any of the strange tongues which would hold a version of it. It was a wonderfully world-wide recognition such as no other poet had ever known, for to speak of Shakespeare himself as being as widely known as much as he is known would be to trifle pedantically with a vital human fact. One day he showed me a Chinese translation of the "Fables of La Fontaine" which he had just received, and there was hardly a dialect of the summer into which its poems had not been cast. He could have told those lovers of him that the "Fables of La Fontaine" was no such poem as "The Nightingale" but he could not leave this office to the critics who dismissed him from it.

He was worthy of his universal recognition, because his justified gifts were given by a scholarship hospitably responsive to the appeal of an aspect of literature or nature. Yet we must never forget how deeply Puritanism he was by race and tradition, and how when he withdrew from the pleasant thoughts of other lands and languages it was to find himself in an ancestral chamber, darkened by the shadow of the New England wilderness, remote from the gayety of Spanish times and the warmth of German stoves. Otherwise we cannot realize how introspective he was and how much given to the old Puritanic fashion to self-question to the intensification of his reactions and the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad. He lived the world, and until such sorrow as comes to few men turned him, he lived rather constantly in it; yet again and again he turned from it to see his land of thought and greater world within himself in some hour every man fragments with joy or loss. There is no

token of any belief in a state of expiation or fruition in these self-questionings; yet in such poems as "Mezzo Cammin," "Epimetheus and Prometheus," "Victor and Vanquished," "Memories," which I name, not meaning to leave out others, and meaning, above all, to include his great and beautiful "Morituri Salutamus," he confesses himself, and invokes upon his sin of commission or omission whatever penance here seems just, or else gives himself absolution as part of the inevitable and the involuntary in the cosmic frame. His art, consequently, was essentially religious art, as religious as Dante's, as Milton's, as Wordsworth's, and as authentic, deriving its quality from his native ground through whatever alien light and air.

It has been with surprise, in my reading of his verse for the present poor result, that I noted how entirely he has said himself in the intimate things in which a man may say himself without shame, because in them he says you, and he says every one in saying himself. His appeal is in that high ether where the personal is sensible of mergence in the universal; it is the expression of a soul purified of what is transient, impermanent, intrinsic. If among all his poems there is but one that may be called a love poem, there are many poems of feeling, such feeling as comes before passion and endures with it and remains after it, and is the limpid note in which childhood and manhood and age find themselves joined. It is among these poems of feeling that his art frees itself more than elsewhere from the sense of technic, of material, of tendency. As you read "The Bridge," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," "Weariness," "The Bridge of Cloud," the group of sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," "My Books," "A Nameless Grave," and that exquisite elegiac, "Changed," you are consoled through the continuous throe by a sense of the common sorrow in which your peculiar pang is lost. There is nothing of weakness in the tenderness of these pieces, and we might read any of them together without fear of the maudlin softening which comes so often from sympathetic communion; but I will ask you to listen only to this one, which I have not named with the others, because in my consciousness it stands apart from the others and from all others in its classic perfection. The poet named it "Aftermath."

"When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path,
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the Aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixt with weeds,
Tangled tufts of marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

The pathos of the mortality by which our life is haunted from beginning to end, and which age knows no better than youth foreknows it, is intimated here to an effect so self-controlled, so completed, so poised, that it seems as if a syllable less would disturb its delicate balance, a syllable more would spill the tears that brim it. If the classic is to be known by its exclusions, its self-denial, here is something that one might surely say was Greek. If not, where and in what does the "Anthology" surpass it?

A poet is not alone to be recognized as imaginative for what he does, but for what he makes us do who read him, for the imagination which he creates in us. Longfellow has this magic power in a score of pieces, in a hundred passages, through a sort of spiritual intimacy which owns us close akin, whether we are young or old, great or mean, wise or simple, so only we be mortal, and which in some lines of his, written when he was an aging man slowly nearing his death, entreats and constrains us with tender entreaty not easily to be put in words.

"Four by the clock and not yet day;
And the great earth rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be.

"Only the lamp on the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me."

A sigh of lonely patience, but it seems to breathe all space and time before us, bringing us not only into the circle of the poet's consciousness, but making each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art in the power of imparting emotion without apparent effort. I should like to read from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine" the one on Agassiz, though I fear the context will give an undue sense of what was the more moving in Longfellow's verse because his prevalent mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean's floor
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

It is here as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Longfellow, and he responded in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is very timeless, very placeless, unless it is of any time and any place. The gray Homeric head, lifted in pathetic interrogation of the pale sky of the Nahant shore, might in the unchanging round of human experience seem challenging the same dumb mystery beside the Chian strand. After all the centuries of the race's story, after the optimistic faith of the poet, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the meaningless, the long-hoping spirit is clouded in the doubt that comes to each in his turn, and he implores the friend he has lost, as if they had been parted in the earliest dawn of the world:

"Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

Simplicity, though I have used the word more than once, is not quite the word for the condition of Longfellow's art. If the artist was ever unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the innumerable

A sign of lonely patience, but it seems to breathe all spaces and time before us, bringing us not only into the circle of the poet's consciousness, but making each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art in the power of inspiring emotion without apparent effort. I should like to read from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine" one on Agassiz, though I fear the context will give an unjust sense of what was the more moving in Langbehn's verse because his prevalent mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distant sea
Pleasantly calling and summoning this
And waiting restlessness at the outer door.
The rocks the seaweed on the ocean's floor
The willows in the meadow, and the trees
Well aware of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dumb and come no nearer?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dumb, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why when thou hast read
Nature's mysterious messages and their
Wast ready to reveal the truth to them,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dumb?"

It is here as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Langbehn, and he responded in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is very timeless, very placeless, unless it is of any time and any place. The grey Atlantic laid, right in the path of the poet's vision, the pale sky of the Nebulae shows, right in the path of the poet's vision, the same dumb mystery beside the Cuban coast. After all the centuries of the world's story, after the optimistic faith of the poet, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the mean, unless the long-boding spirit is clouded in the words that come to each in his turn, and he employs the word he has lost as if they had been parted in the earliest dawn of the world.

"Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dumb?"

Simply, though I have used the word more than once, is not quite the word for the condition of Langbehn's art. If the artist was ever unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the immensities

generations of conscious men; but he can still be unaffected, and Longfellow was above everything unaffected. He was wholly without those alloys of personal motive, that love of effect, those grudges and vanities which limit us in our universality, and dwarf us from men to individuals. He was as unaffected as he was conscious in imagining, from his earliest endeavoring, a sort of duty he had to give his country in return for what she had given him, a poem which should be not only worthily but distinctively American, and such a poem he did give her in "Evangeline." He gave it on his own terms of course, and this most American, and hitherto only American poem of anything like epic measure, is as perfectly his as it is perfectly ours. His art in mere story-telling is admirably structural in it; he builds strongly and symmetrically as he always did, though sometimes the decoration with which he loads the classic frame distracts us from the delight of its finely felt proportion. Here again he is entirely unaffected, though he is as far from simplicity as convention itself can go. The characters are not persons but types; the lovers, the old fathers, the notary, the village priest, the neighbors one and all, are like the figures in little eighteenth-century moral tales, or some of the older fashioned operas, not yet quite evolved from pastorals. But the poet brings to them his tender sense of their most moving story, and he so adds his own sincerity to their convention that they live as truly and genuinely as if they had been each studied from real life, to an effect of such heartache in the witness as is without its like in poetry.

In the "Hiawatha," that somewhat of primitive, of elemental in him, always consistent with his scholarship and gentle worldliness, lent itself to the needs of the wild legends, and realized them to an alien age and race through an art entirely frank in its mannerisms. An epic of our Indian life could not have been possible without the consciousness in which he unaffectedly approached it, and availed himself of the reliefs to its seriousness with which the quaint and whimsical, the childish, quality of savage fancy had invested its episodes. The "Courtship of Miles Standish" is quite as felicitously imagined as the "Evangeline" or the "Hiawatha;" indeed, on its level of comedy it is of a perfection which the "Evangeline" does not always keep on its heights of tragedy. It

is as humorously as that is pathetically conceived, and in the handling of the same verse it shows more of what is like native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter for the poetic verity whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little remote and very simple world, broken off from the great England of that lingeringly Elizabethan time, and stranded on our wild shore should take us with an enchanting probability far beyond the force of fact. It is an advance upon the "Evangeline" that the persons of the poem tend to be more of characters and less of types, though they are yet so typical, so universal, so eternal in their drama that the lovers of any time can read themselves into the hero and heroine.

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the pictures are set successively in such a frame as many artists have used before, and they have each to make its effect without a strong common tie. But what charming pictures they all are, how good every one in its way: "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Lady Wentworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher": what life do not these dear familiar names stir within that death which each of us becomes in outliving his youth!

The poet tells, or tells again some story, far-brought in time or place out of the reaches of his measureless reading, or near-found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes his quality, and blossoms, or blossoms anew under his magical touch. I could not very well say why I feel him personally present in these pieces more than in his other poems, but perhaps it is because he read some of them to me, as his young editor, before they were printed, while they were yet fresh in his own script. As I read them now I hear his voice in them, when as I have already so imperfectly said, he read them with "a hollow, a mellow, resonant murmur, like the note of some deep-throated horn." I remember this music in the "Elizabeth," and the "Baron of St. Castine," and the "Rhyme of Sir Christopher," and the look he lifted on me, when he came to some humorous passage, to make sure I was getting his full meaning. I not only hear him, but I see him in these pieces, and I like to fancy that he was turning them in his thought when

is as humorously as that is pathetically conceived, and in the handling of the same verse is shown more of what is his native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter for the poetic verity whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little nervous and very simply told, broken off from the great England of that ingeniously Elizabethan time, and extended on our wild shores should take us with an exulting probability far beyond the force of fact. It is an advance upon the "Waggoner," that the poem of the main level to be more of character and less of type, though they are just as typical, so universal, so eternal in their theme that the lovers of any time can read themselves into the hero and heroine.

In the "Tales of the Wayside Inn," the poet has not merely seized in such a famous many artists have used before, and they have each to make its effect without a strong common tie. But what charming pictures they all are, how good every one in its way: "Paul Harvey's Wife," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Death of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Ball of And," "Lady Westworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhythm of St. Christopher"; what life do not these tales breathe into the names that death which each of us becomes in outliving his youth!

The poet tells, or tells again some story, far thought in time or place out of the reaches of his measureless reading, or born found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes its quality, and blossom, or blossom new under his magical touch. I could not very well say why I feel him personally present in these pieces more than in his other poems, for perhaps it is because he read some of them to me as his young editor, before they were printed, while they were yet fresh in his own memory. As I read them now I hear his voice in them, when as I have already so imperfectly said, he told them with "a hollow, soothing, resonant murmur, like the voice of some deep-throated bird." I remember this music in the "Elizabeth," and the "Baron of St. Castine," and the "Rhythm of St. Christopher," and the fact he lived on and when he came to some famous passage, to make sure I was getting the full meaning. I not only hear him, but I see him in these pieces, and I like to know that he was turning them in his thought when

sometimes I met him in the streets of that Cambridge which is no more. "In the years when I first knew him," if I may again quote myself, "his long hair and the beautiful beard which mixed with it were of one iron gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait, as if now and again a buoyant thought lifted him from the ground. You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you aside with him for the moment from the poor and mean."

Whatever Longfellow said became his own in that unmistakable voice of his, which when you read his verse left you in no doubt whose verse it was, no matter who had said a like thing before. If one must not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in his poetic tales than in his larger poems, one feels a peculiar pleasure in its sound there, a tenderness, a richness, such as no other storyteller's has. If he is not likest himself in these most lovable moments, since in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to allow, still these things are very like him. There is a fine aoristic quality in them, so that the "Sinking of the Cumberland by the Confederate ironclad," or "Paul Revere's Ride," is of one poetic contemporaneity with any event of the remotest time or place which takes his fancy, or kindles his feeling. But if you say that this quality was his most original or distinctive quality, what shall you say of the delicate impressionism of some such piece as "Afternoon in February," all in delicate gray tones, and as like nature as anything you see out of your window? Or of that gentle, compassionate dejection in the faultless poem called "Weariness"? Or of the melancholy thrill that vibrates in the music of "My Lost Youth"? Or of the subtle analysis of the mood of waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Becalmed"? They are all alike like Longfellow. Perhaps some one else might have written them, but I cannot think of any one else who could.

In everything he did Longfellow wished to be helpful through the truth, but living and doing brought him evermore to the realization of the truth that the art which expresses a thought or an emotion need not help itself out with a precept. The constant pressure of his genius was towards simplifying his expression. He must choose in the end to be with the Greeks rather than the Goths in building the lofty rhyme, and in the architecture of his

sometimes I met him in the streets of that Cambridge which is no more. "In the years when I first knew him," he I may again quote myself, "his long hair and the beautiful beard which mixed with it were of one iron gray, which I saw blanch to a perfect silver. When he walked, he had a kind of spring in his gait as if now and again a booby's thought lifted him from the ground. You felt that the encounter made you a part of literary history, and set you aside with him for the moment from the poor and mean."

Whatever *Longfellow* still remains for our time, and for the voice of his, which when you read his verse but you in no doubt whose verse it was, no matter who had said a like thing before. It can most not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in his poetic tales than in his larger poems, one feels a greater pleasure in its sound there, a tenderness, a richness such as no other story-teller's has. If he is not likest himself in these most lovable moments, since in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to allow, still these things are very like him. There is a fine aesthetic quality in them, so that the "Selling of the Cooper" and by the *Confederate* "hundred," or "Paul Revere's Ride," is one poetic contrast, and the *Legend of the Golden Fish* is a place which takes his name, or makes his feeling. But you say that this quality was his most original or distinctive quality, what shall you say of the delicate impression of some such place as "Afternoon in February," all in delicate gray tones, and as this nature as anything you see out of your window? Or of that gentle, compassionate deflection in the faintest poem called "Wasserman's Yacht"? Or of the subtle analysis of the mood of waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Heard"; "They are all alike like *Longfellow*. I think some one else might have written them, but I cannot think of any one else who could."

In everything he did *Longfellow* seemed to be helped through his work, but always with a kind of new element of his own. The reason of the truth that the art which expresses a thought or an emotion need not help itself out with a process. The contrast between of his genius was towards simplifying his expression. He must choose in the end to be with the Greeks rather than the Goths in building the lofty hymn, and in the architecture of his

later period he gave us oftener the repose of the temple than the aspiration of the minister. A certain sculptural bareness which one feels at times in the beautiful "*Morituri Salutamus*," is perhaps the farthest reach of this tendency, but the denial of his early romantic excess is almost as great in the "*New England Tragedies*" where the simplification of the phrase is as Hellenic as in any fragment of antiquity. Say what we will of the inadequacy of these dramas as we fancy them across the footlights, there cannot be a question of their artistic conception, their serious beauty. Longfellow would not have been Longfellow if he had not wished to touch our hearts in them, and have us feel the ache of those errors and sorrows as if they were things of to-day. The fact that they are not theatricable does not impeach their dramatic excellence, and he could not have given them narrative form without loss to the perfection in which they were imagined. As they show in their final disposition, they are the climax of the larger drama which he called "*Christus*," and in which he perhaps too arbitrarily assembles them with "*The Divine Tragedy*," "*The Golden Legend*." In the group purpose is clear enough, and each part is distinctly wrought, but they are welded, not fused, together. His love of the old Germanic and Latin lands, where the generous American of his day so fondly dwelt, plays so long in the *Golden Legend* that the fancy wearies, and the sense of the fable is more nebulously intimated than his wont is. He is more truly at home, for all his love of the mediæval past, in his native air, and in "*The Divine Tragedy*" he merely dialogizes the story of Christ from the different Gospels, and with an occasional light of legend cast sparsely and skilfully upon it, seems to be more taken with the order in which the words of the evangelists fall at his touch, with a music unheard before, than with the larger intention of the work. He could never be other than an artist, but in his dramas it seems to me he is least an artist.

One does not speak of his technique; that can never be in question. It always is as insensibly present as the air we breathe, and there are other traits of his mastery to which he so accustoms us that we are scarcely more conscious of them. In his mind there is a perfect clearness, and in his verse there is never the clouded word that embodies the clouded thought. All is limpid which flows from that source, whether the current sparkles over shallows

in the gayety which was often his mood, or flows into the sunny or shadowy depths where the light and the dark are alike transparent. He owed to me once that he did not love metaphysical subtleties or analytic scrutinies; the telescope that brought the skies near to the homes of men might be in his hand, but not the microscope that revealed the morbid workings of their hearts. Such characters as he painted were typical, whether they were imaginary studies, or accepted portraits of people thronging from his world-wide acquaintance with literature, and asking some moment of the *dolce lome* of his verse. To the mind's eye he presents himself something like one of these, a large, sincere, and unaffected presence, full of kindness stayed by gentle dignity.

No poet ever uttered more perfectly what was characteristically best in his time, and none ever informed that time more completely with the good and the truth which were in himself. In his sense of responsibility to something beyond and above the finest hedonism, he stood with the greatest poets. If he was ethical, so was Æschylus, so was Dante, so was Milton, so was Wordsworth, so was Shakespeare himself when he was writing *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*; so is the supreme master of fiction, that Tolstoi who has but now accused Shakespeare of being, as Emerson called him, "only the *master* of the revels." The pieces in which Longfellow charms and teaches far outnumber those in which he teaches and charms; and it is so with him from the beginning, but there is continuously with these two kinds a middle species, in which it is hard to say whether the æsthetic or the ethical prevails, and though his ideal was more and more the æsthetic, the very last poem he is known to have written, "*The Bells of San Blas*," shows a return to the explicit tendency of some of his earlier work, while it is graced with that tender feeling for the past, for the alien, in which error and truth are reconciled, and peace flows from their reconciliation.

"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each its different path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last,"

these different strains of the poet's art meet in his dying song, and flow together into the evening sky, beyond which there is night, and beyond which we hope there is morning.

THE CHAIRMAN: I will not say, Mr. Perry, what I believe, that you have read that admirable essay better than Mr. Howells would have done it for himself, but I will say that I believe Mr. Howells, could he have heard it, would have been more than content with the reading.

And now one last word remains to be said. If I could think of the right word, which should be as sweet as a verse of poetry and as tender as a benediction, it would be the word to be spoken now. "Of all the many lives," as Mr. Longfellow himself said of one of his teachers, — "of all the many lives that I have known, none I remember more serene and sweet, more rounded in itself, and more complete" than his. I will bring one more testimony to the influence of Longfellow, and with it will bid you good-night. Some years ago I was talking with Rudyard Kipling of various poets. We agreed that almost without an exception they had written too much: that we could spare, for instance, at least a half of Wordsworth, probably more; that Shelley would be the better if three quarters of his work were obliterated; that even Keats had written too much. And so we went on, scarcely leaving one; even Milton could have spared something from his slender stock, outside of "Paradise Lost." But at last Kipling said to me, "There is one poet of whom I don't want to spare a line." I said, "I am at a loss; I cannot imagine." "Why," he said, "Longfellow, of course."

Let me say that day after to-morrow, the 1st of March, is Mr. Howells' seventieth birthday, and I should like to send him a message of good-will from this audience. I will take it upon myself, with your approval, to do so. (Applause.)

And now I will say, — Good-night.

THE CHAIRMAN: I will not say, Mr. Perry, what I believe that you have read that admirable essay better than Mr. Howells would have done it for himself, but I will say that I believe Mr. Howells could not have heard it would have been more than content with the reading.

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And now I will say—Good-night.

THE EIGHTH MEETING

THE EIGHTH MEETING — a Special meeting called by the Council — of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY was held the twenty-seventh day of May, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a Public Reunion of the Pupils of Louis Agassiz, and for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth.

The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, called the meeting to order, and the First Vice-President, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, presided.

Among the many distinguished guests present were the following pupils of Agassiz, seated upon the platform:— Frederick W. Putnam, William James, Edward S. Morse, P. R. Uhler, and Richard Bliss. In the first balcony were many ladies who attended the School for Girls formerly held in the home of Agassiz at Cambridge. There were present also two daughters of Agassiz, Ida A. Higginson and Pauline A. Shaw, and several of his grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows:—

PROGRAMME.

Music by the Orchestra of the Cambridge Latin School.

OPENING REMARKS	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
ADDRESS	The Chairman, THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.
LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS.	
ADDRESS	ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL.
ADDRESS	WILLIAM HARMON NILES.
READING	IRVAH LESTER WINTER.
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz	<i>Longfellow.</i>
The Prayer of Agassiz	<i>Whittier.</i>
ADDRESS	JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY.
ADDRESS	CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT.

THE EIGHTH MEETING

The Eighth Meeting — a special meeting called by the Council — of the Cambridge Historical Society was held the twenty-seventh day of May, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening, in the Lecture Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, at the Reunion of the Pupils of Louis Agassiz, and for the purpose of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of his birth. The President, Richard Henry Dana, called the meeting to order, and the Vice-President, Thomas Westworth Higginson, presided.

Among the many distinguished guests present were the following pupils of Agassiz, seated upon the platform — Frederick W. Putnam, William James, Edward S. Morse, T. R. Usher, and Richard Bliss. In the first balcony were many ladies who attended the School for Girls formerly held in the home of Agassiz at Cambridge. There were present also two daughters of Agassiz, Ida A. Higginson and Pauline A. Shaw, and several of his grandchildren.

The printed programme was as follows: —

PROGRAMME

Made by the Officers of the Cambridge Latin School

Opening Remarks	Richard Henry Dana
Address	The Chairman, Thomas Westworth Higginson
Lecture from Agassiz's "Reptiles"	William James
Address	William James
Address	Thomas Westworth Higginson
The Fifth Anniversary of the	John Charles Gray
The Paper of Agassiz	John Charles Gray
Address	Charles Westworth Higginson

OPENING REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

MEMBERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, PUPILS AND FRIENDS, ADMIRERS OF AGASSIZ: What enlargement of mind, refreshment of spirit, what revival of enthusiasm for what great things we are privileged to receive in this celebration of a great man's birth!

How well I remember hearing from his pupils of his great power as a teacher, not only to impart knowledge clearly, but fire with zeal, bringing as it were into the bare lecture or classroom a flaming torch which lighted the smaller torches of each one present with living, warming, brightening flame.

Oh that we might have, with all our specialization and wonderful thoroughness of detail in American universities, more such kings among men for our professors.

Another recollection connected with Agassiz that comes to mind, is my father's enthusiastic description of Agassiz's presiding at the Saturday Club, how with Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Pierce, Motley, Whipple, Judge Hoar, Holmes, Felton, Ward, Dwight, Woodman, Hawthorne, Eliot, and others about him, his learning, humor, wit, and contagious laugh had brought out the best that was in every one of that wonderful group.

I remember, too, my father's wonder at Agassiz's bewitching a whole legislature of hard-headed farmers, business men, and lawyers into granting subsidies to the museum of fossil fishes.

Recently, as a member of the commission charged with inquiring into the feasibility and desirability of placing a dam at the mouth of the Charles River, I had occasion to read the essays of the past generation of engineers on the formation of Boston Harbor, and to compare these with the reports of modern experts. I was greatly struck with the vagueness

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the essays of the past generation of engineers on the forma-
tion of Boston Harbor, and to compare these with the reports
of modern experts. I was greatly struck with the agreement

and a priori theorizing of the former in comparison with the clear, convincing, and well founded reasoning of the latter. No wonder, for the former had the impossible task of reconciling the theory of water action as the sole cause of the phenomena, with the existence of boulder clay, drumlins, and deep basins. These they had to ignore or pass lightly over. The thorough and satisfactory explanations of the latter were almost wholly due to one cause, and that was the work of our Agassiz in establishing the glacial theory.

But Agassiz was more than a man of science, even with inspiration, wit, and geniality added. I remember to this day how my grandfather, then eighty-six years of age, described Agassiz's talk with him, then a guest at a meeting of this Saturday Club in October, 1873. He was delighted with the opinions Agassiz expressed about liberal education and the classics, and as to intuition as essential to a discoverer. Agassiz said he would never, if he could prevent it, allow a man to begin work in his museum or in physical science, until he had been through college and broadened and enlarged and elevated his mind by literary studies and philosophy and modes of reasoning applicable to moral science, as well as in those peculiar to mathematics and physics.

But I have a confession to make. Though I knew Agassiz by sight, and though his presence with us was a cause of pride in being an inhabitant of Cambridge, and a student at Harvard, I never met him face to face. I had been looking forward to taking some elective under him, when, near the end of my college course, the opportunity was taken away forever.

It is from this lack of intimacy with Agassiz that I thought it better to have as master of ceremonies to-night one who knew him, one who has also a wonderful charm as a presiding officer, and whom I present to you as our beloved Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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ADDRESS OF THE CHAIRMAN, THOMAS
WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Three months ago we met in this theatre to celebrate an epoch of happy remembrance. We now meet again to commemorate not Longfellow, but one whom Longfellow celebrates in his tribute of sonnets to his three nearest friends,—the list including the man now immediate in our remembrance, Louis Agassiz. In him we enjoy the recollection of one for whom nature combined two of her best treasures—science and sunshine; one to whom she gave a life divided between warm affection and joyous labor; one who spent his days happily as a poor man, because he could not spare the time to make money; who not only loved his neighbor, but found in every bird and beast a neighbor also; who stayed out in storms with pleasure, but would turn aside in sunshine rather than impede children in their play. He declined the temptations offered by an Emperor in order that he might rather remain here and teach an adopted nation to study and observe. He was subject to no criticism as a student, except for that fascinating endlessness with which he gathered specimens; and no aspersion in regard to home life except that of sometimes collecting so many live turtles in the domestic bath-tub that nobody else in the family could bathe.

Our keenest student of character, Emerson, wrote of Agassiz after his first visit to Concord, "He is perfectly accessible: has a brave manliness which can meet a peasant, a mechanic, or a fine gentleman with equal fitness." Add to all this, that while refusing money for himself he collected it freely for his work; he claimed up to his last illness to have never had a dull hour in his life, and he never left a dull hour with others. He had prejudices and strong

ones, but would surrender them in a moment before conclusive evidence. Pardon me if I give a personal illustration of this.

In the middle of the Civil War, I was sent North on furlough and happened to meet him at the State House on the very first day after arrival. He asked me eagerly about my black regiment, "Did they stand fire?" and I said, "No men better." Now he had all his life urged strongly the difference between the black and white races, and had been charged by some as being hopelessly prejudiced against negroes; but he answered instantly, "They must be admitted to the ballot, there is no question about it." Before an unquestionable fact, his life's prejudices vanished in a flash. I sometimes wish he were in the United States Congress to-day.

Yet happily for his adopted fellow-townsmen, living contentedly in this little community where "Professor" was and is ranked as the highest title, Agassiz himself gloried in the title of "Schoolmaster" in preference to even that of "Professor." In his will he described himself simply as "Teacher," and we meet here to-night as those whom he taught. His temple remains to us, both outwardly and inwardly. Plutarch somewhere speaks of Greek cities, where there were great buildings called "the Temple of the Stranger," each of these being in memory of some famous man who had come there to dwell, leaving his birthplace behind him in order to adorn and beautify his second home. Cambridge also has such a temple, and it is called the Agassiz Museum.

Before I call upon the speakers, I will ask the Secretary to read some of the letters he has received from pupils of Agassiz who are unable to be present, and from other persons.

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In the middle of the Civil War, I was sent North on furlough and happened to meet him at the State House on the very first day after arrival. He asked me eagerly about my black regiment. "Did they stand fast?" and I said, "No man better." Now he had all his life urged strongly the difference between the black and white races, and had been charged by some as being hopelessly prejudiced against negroes; but he answered instantly, "They must be admitted to the ballot, there is no question about it." Before an un- questionable fact his life's prejudices vanished in a flash. I sometimes wish he were in the United States Congress to-day. Yet happily for his adopted fellow-townsmen, living contentedly in this little community where "Professor" was and is ranked as the highest title, Agassiz himself glowed in the title of "Sachemaster," in preference to even that of "Professor." In his will he described himself simply as "Teacher." And we meet here to-day as those whom he taught. His temple remains to us, both outwardly and inwardly. The temple somewhere speaks of Greek cities, where there were great buildings called "the Temple of the Stranger," each of these being in memory of some famous man who had come there to dwell, leaving his birthplace behind him in order to adorn and beautify his second home. Cambridge also has such a temple, and it is called the Agassiz Museum.

Before I call upon the speakers, I will ask the Secretary to read the list of the letters he has received from people in America who are unable to be present, and from other persons.

LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS AND OTHERS

NEW HAVEN, May 22, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I regret very much that my engagements here will not permit me to attend the anniversary exercises in honor of my much beloved and respected teacher, Prof. Louis Agassiz. During five years, 1859-1864, I was very intimately associated with him, as student and assistant, and I learned to love him almost as I did my own father. He was one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic men that I have ever known, while his enthusiasm in the study of nature was an inspiration to all who were associated with him. His influence in creating a wide interest in zoölogy and geology was, I believe, greater than that of any other man of that period. How much the country at large, and Harvard in particular, owe to him for his untiring efforts to establish a great museum is too well-known to require comment from me.

Very respectfully yours,

A. E. VERRILL.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY,

ITHACA, N. Y., May 22, 1907.

DEAR MR. COOK:

During the last seventeen years of his life it was my privilege to look upon Louis Agassiz as — in a fuller sense than upon any other man — my inspirer and guide, my teacher, my friend and benefactor. My admiration of what he was and my gratitude for what he did for me increase with the lapse of time. . . .

A recent letter to me from Professor Charles E. Millspaugh, Curator of Botany at the Field Columbian Museum, relates a charming experience, when he was an Ithaca lad of fourteen, at the time (1868) when Agassiz lectured at Cornell University, as follows:

LETTERS FROM ABSENT PUPILS AND OTHERS

New Haven, May 22, 1907.

Dear Sir:

I regret very much that my engagements here will not permit me to attend the anniversary exercises in honor of my much beloved and respected teacher, Prof. Louis Agassiz. During five years, 1853-1854, I was very intimately associated with him as student and assistant, and I learned to love him almost as I did my own father. He was one of the most kind-hearted and sympathetic men that I have ever known, while his enthusiasm in the study of nature was an inspiration to all who were associated with him. His influence in creating a wide interest in zoology and geology was I believe greater than that of any other man of that period. How much the country at large, and Harvard in particular, owe to him for his untiring efforts to establish a great museum is too well-known to require comment from me.

Very respectfully yours,

A. E. Verrill.

Cornell University

Ithaca, N. Y., May 22, 1907.

Dear Mr. Cook:

During the last seventeen years of his life it was my privilege to look upon Louis Agassiz as—in a better sense than upon any other man—my inspirer and guide, my teacher, my friend and helper. My apprehension of what he was and my gratitude for what he did are inseparable with the work of time. A recent letter to me from Professor Charles E. Merrill, Chairman of Biology at the Field Columbian Museum, contains a charming expression when he was an Illinois lad of his admiration for the time (1853) when Agassiz lectured at Cornell University as follows:

"On a certain Saturday I was passing down Willow Avenue, barefoot, fishing-rod on shoulder. I was startled at seeing a man in black trousers and frock coat on his knees in the middle of Cascadilla Creek. Judging him demented I must have uttered some sound in affright, for as I was shying to the farther side of the roadway he looked up, beckoned me with his finger, and called, 'Come here, little poy, I show you something.' His pleasant voice finally overcame my fears and I waded out to where he still knelt. Putting his hand upon my shoulder he pressed me down upon my knees beside him and pointed to a minnow that was industriously pushing little pebbles together in a heap. As we knelt there Agassiz explained the purpose of the little laborer, and gave me many other facts concerning the habits of that and other fish. Later I accompanied him on many a tramp along the streams and through the woodlands. I have never forgotten their delights or their instructiveness. . . ."

Pray accept my good wishes for a most successful meeting, and the renewed assurance of my deep regret at my enforced absence, due to the prior acceptance of the invitation of President Schurman to deliver the Agassiz Memorial address at Cornell.

Very truly yours,

BURT G. WILDER.

GÖTTINGEN, May 3, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

For your highly prized invitation to the memorial celebration in memory of Louis Agassiz I am greatly obliged. Unfortunately I am not able to accept it. But it recalls in the pleasantest manner the recollection that at the beginning of my professional career I received from Louis Agassiz valuable proofs of recognition and good will. May I ask you to give my honored friend, Alexander Agassiz, my kindest greetings.

Very respectfully yours,

E. EHLERS.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, — ENTOMOLOGY.

55 RUE DE BUFFON, PARIS, May 14, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

I have just received the very kind invitation that the Cambridge Historical Society has been good enough to send to me at the occasion of the Centenary of the birth of Louis Agassiz. It will not be possible for me to take part in the festive reunion of the 27th instant, but I desire to say to you that I join with all my heart in the filial homage to be rendered to one of the must distinguished zoologists of the last century.

Louis Agassiz is not less esteemed in Europe than in the United States. He is especially esteemed in France, particularly at the Museum of Natural History, where he had a great many admirers and where his not less illustrious son counts still many friends. To render homage to the memory of Louis Agassiz, — is there a more agreeable duty for a professor of the Museum?

I beg you to accept assurances of my most distinguished esteem,

BOUVIERS,

*Professor at the Museum,**Member of the Academy of Sciences.*

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.,

May 9, 1907.

DEAR SIR:

. . . Though not one of the number of those who were so fortunate as to enjoy the immediate instruction of Prof. Louis Agassiz, it was my privilege as a young man to meet him, and in common with all men of science the world over, I hold his memory in supreme regard. His work and his fame are imperishable.

I am with sincere regards, yours truly,

W. J. HOLLAND,

Director of the Carnegie Institute.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY,
BALTIMORE, May 20.

SIR:

My disappointment because of my inability to attend the meeting in honor of the memory of Louis Agassiz is so great that I hope you will not be displeased if I write to you something more than a formal note of regret.

My own debt to the inspiration of this greatest of all teachers is a very great one, and the memory of his genial and stimulating and charming personality is and will always be very vivid in my mind.

I also owe much to the instruction and encouragement of some who had been his students, and have labored to perpetuate his influence. To one of them I owe my determination, and to another my ability, to devote myself to science.

I hope you will permit me to add that I have always regarded it as my duty and pleasure to do all that has been in my power to assist in carrying on this work.

This I have sought to do by reading and discussing, once in three years, with my own students, the Essay on Classification, and by giving them my own reasons for my belief that its idealistic philosophy is not behind the times, but far in advance of the modern progress of mechanical explanations of the facts of zoölogy.

I have also read with them, once in two years, the delightful story of his inspiring life, as told by Mrs. Agassiz.

Yours respectfully,

W. K. BROOKS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 9, 1907.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the invitation of the Society to attend the reunion of the pupils of Agassiz on the 27th. I regret very much that prior engagements will not permit me to join in your company and in person give utterance to the appreciation of what science in America owes to one whose genius and enthusiasm inspired all who knew

JOHN HARRIS, JR.
HARRIS, May 30.

My disappointment because of my inability to attend the meeting in honor of the memory of John Harris is so great that I hope you will not be displeased if I write to you something more than a formal note of regret. My own debt to the memory of all teachers is a very great one and the memory of his gentle and stimulating and character personality is and will always be very vivid in my mind. I also owe much to the instruction and encouragement of some who had been his students, and have labored to perpetuate his influence. To one of them I owe my determination, and to another my ability, to devote myself to science. I hope you will permit me to add that I have always regarded it as my duty and pleasure to do all that has been in my power to assist in carrying on this work. This I have sought to do by reading and discussing, now and then years, with my own students, the Essay on Classification, and by giving them my own reasons for my belief that its intellectual philosophy is not behind the times, but far in advance of the modern progress of mechanical explanation of the facts of zoology. I have also read with them, once in two years, the delightful story of his inspiring life as told by Mrs. Agassiz.

Yours respectfully,

W. H. Brooks

ENTOMOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
UNITED STATES NATIONAL MUSEUM,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31, 1901.

My dear Sir,
I have received the invitation of the Society to attend the meeting of the pupils of Agassiz on the 27th. I regret very much that prior engagements will not permit me to join in your company and to person give assistance to the appreciation of what science in America owes to one whose gentle and enthusiastic inspired all who knew

him. Great as were his personal contributions to knowledge and to the working equipment of students, I believe they are hardly comparable with the effect his personality had upon the laity as well as the professional student.

Looking back upon it, I believe that those who were not witnesses of his living influence can have hardly any conception of what it was in molding public opinion and inspiring students. It made science esteemed among the most indifferent; it loosened the purse strings of the most confirmed "practical business man," and it taught the whole community for the first time something of what is meant by the true "scientific spirit."

I remember a lady, totally ignorant of science and scientific men, who attended a reception to Professor Agassiz many years ago, and came home in a state of delirious enthusiasm over her delightful evening. Her friends asked, "What did he say, what did he do, to excite you so?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know, I can't remember, he just beamed!"

The "beams" which illumined that evening were typical of those from the same source whose "light and leading" have endured ever since, and will not fail while science has a home in America.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. H. DALL.

RIO DE JANEIRO, June 29, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

To-day is the last Thursday of June, and though I have just returned from the most interesting and instructive excursion I ever made, I do not forget what I lose for being absent from Cambridge. On that day I used to close the annual exercises of the School, as long as I was able to keep it, and when I had to give it up, on that day, year after year, you have shown me not only that you cared to remember it, but that you were even willing to give me an unmistakable evidence of your remembrance by coming together to Cambridge on that Anniversary to bid your old teacher a "good morning," which Mrs. Agassiz and I valued very highly.

I regret especially that I cannot meet you this year, on account

him. Great as were his personal contributions to knowledge and to the working equipment of students, I believe they are hardly comparable with the effect his personality had upon the daily as well as the professional student.

Looking back upon it, I believe that those who were not witnesses of his living influence can have hardly any conception of what it was in molding public opinion and inspiring students. His words seemed among the most judicious; it is toward the quietest of the most confused "practical business men," and it taught the whole community for the first time something of what is meant by the true "scientific spirit."

I remember a lady, totally ignorant of science and scientific men, who attended a reception to Professor Agassiz many years ago, and came home in a state of delicious enthusiasm over her delightful evening. Her friends asked, "What did he say, what did he do, to excite you so?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know, I can't remember, he just beamed!"

The "beams" which illumined that evening were typical of those from the same source whose "light and leading" have endured ever since, and will not fail while science has a home in America.

Yours very sincerely,

Wm. H. Dall.

The Dr. Jackson, June 30, 1886.

My dear Sir:

To-day is the last Thursday of June, and though I have just returned from the most interesting and instructive excursion I ever made, I do not forget what I owe for today, thank you. On that day I used to close the annual exercises of the School, as long as I was able to keep it, and when I had a good up on that day, after you have shown me not only that you cared to remember it, but that you were ever willing to give me an unmitigated evidence of your remembrance by coming together to Cambridge on the Anniversary to bid your old friend a "good morning," which Mrs. Agassiz and I value very highly. I regret especially that I cannot meet you this year on a personal

of the great events of the past few months. I would like to have read upon your faces the realization of your most ardent wishes in the return of peace, through the consolidation of our institutions and our nationality, for which you have toiled during four distressing years, helping those who needed help and cheering those who had the heaviest blows to bear. I wish also I could have seen the expression of your abhorrence of the crime which has deprived the nation of its first magistrate, mingled with your confidence in the preservation of our invaluable gains won through hardships and privations.

Among all these exciting experiences I cannot expect that you should have thought often of your former teachers, and yet I believe that when the occasion returns you will be glad to hear of our travels in this wonderful tropical world, to listen to my remarks upon the progress of our knowledge in those departments of Natural History which have a special attraction for me, and I am sure you will wonder on learning of the former existence of glaciers in the tropics as much as I did on first noticing the evidence of the fact. Of this and other unexpected occurrences I shall have more to say when we meet again. To-day I wanted only to send you a friendly remembrance, that you may be satisfied that wherever I am the recollection of my former pupils is always one of those to which I return with the deepest satisfaction.

Ever your old loving teacher,

L. AGASSIZ.

TO MY FORMER PUPILS,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was that beneficent institution, the Lowell Institute, which, through its distinguished head, John Amory Lowell, introduced Agassiz in this country; and we are favored in having with us to speak of Agassiz's connection with the Institute, John Amory Lowell's grandson, Prof. Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

of the great events of the past few months. I would like to have read upon your face the realization of your most ardent wishes in the return of peace, through the cancellation of our limitations and our nationality, for which you have toiled during four distressing years helping those who needed help and cheering those who had the heaviest blows to bear. I wish also I could have seen the expression of your apprehensions of the crisis which has hurried the action of us that magnanimously united with your country in the preservation of our invaluable gains won through hardship and privation.

Among all these exciting experiences I cannot expect that you should have thought often of your former teachers, and yet I believe that when the occasion returns you will be glad to hear of our travels in this wonderful tropical world, to listen to my remarks upon the progress of our knowledge in those departments of Natural History which have a special attraction for me, and I can tell you will wonder on learning of the former existence of glaciers in the tropics as much as I did on first noticing the vestiges of the ice. Of this and other unexpected occurrences I shall have much to say when we meet again. To-day I wanted only to send you a friendly remembrance that you may be satisfied that wherever I am the recollection of my former pupils is always one of those to which I return with the deepest satisfaction.

Ever your old loving teacher,

J. A. J. J.

TO MY DEARER FATHER,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLOSE OF THE SCHOOL.

THE CHAIRMAN. It was that benevolent institution, the Lowell Institute, which, through its distinguished board of trustees, introduced Agassiz in this country. We are honored in having with us to spend our summer vacation with the Institute, John Agassiz, Lowell's grand son, Prof. Abbot Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University.

ADDRESS OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The only reason that I have been asked to speak here to-night is because the most valuable piece of work the Lowell Institute ever did for our community was in bringing Agassiz to this country. He had already contemplated a journey to America with the Prince of Canino; but the plan fell through, and the assistance given him by the King of Prussia was not in itself enough. It was then that Sir Charles Lyell suggested his name to my grandfather, John Amory Lowell, the trustee of the Institute, in a letter dated March 1, 1845. In it he said:

"Mr. Agassiz, the eminent writer on fossil and recent fishes, and other branches of Natural History, and on Glaciers, a German Swiss who speaks English well, and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. . . . It is the only offer of courses for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. . . . His visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening."

The arrangement was made, and although Mr. Agassiz could not come at once, he began his preparations forthwith. In a letter of December 24, 1845, he says:

"The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for the purpose."

It was necessary to postpone the date for a time, and on July 6th he wrote again. In the postscript of this letter he says:

"If you have no objection, I would give to my course the title of 'Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.'"

In spite of his slender command of the English language, his lectures, which were not read, but delivered orally, were a suc-

ADDRESS OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The only reason that I have been asked to speak here to-night is because the most valuable piece of work the Lowell Institute ever did for our country was in helping Agassiz to this country. He had already accomplished a journey to America with the Prince of Monaco, but the plan fell through, and the assistance given him by the King of France was not in itself enough. It was then that Mr. Charles L. Fell suggested his name to my grandfather, John Quincy Lowell, the trustee of the Institute, in a letter dated March 1, 1846. In it he said:

"Mr. Agassiz, the eminent writer on fossil and recent fishes, and other branches of Natural History, and on Chemistry, a German Swiss who speaks English well, and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Bonaparte, Prince of Monaco, to take him with him to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lecturing. . . . It is the only offer of course for the Lowell Institute of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. . . . His visit would be a great aid to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening."

The arrangement was made, and although Mr. Agassiz could not come at once, he began his preparations forthwith. In a letter of December 24, 1846, he says:

"The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Fell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for the purpose."

It was necessary to postpone the date for a time, and on July 26th he wrote again. In the postscript of this letter he says:

"If you have no objection, I would give to my course the title of Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom."

In spite of his slender command of the English language, his lectures, which were not read, but delivered orally, were a suc-

cess from the start, and he exerted over his audience a fascination which never lessened in after years. The course of twelve lectures was at once repeated, and one lecture in French was added. In each of the next two years he lectured again, and again his lectures were repeated; in fact he gave a course every few years for the rest of his life. He delivered in all one hundred and sixteen lectures at the Lowell Institute, covering a very wide range of scientific topics.

His first subject, "The Plan of Creation," sounds broadly popular, but Mr. Agassiz's own idea of the aim of his lectures is perhaps best expressed in a letter of 1850, introducing Mr. Lowell to Arago, in which he says (I am translating it from the French): "The influence which the courses given at the Lowell Institute exert is felt throughout the country, because they tend continually to make people appreciate the difference which there is between popularizing and understanding human knowledge, a distinction which has been drawn too little in this country."

I remember well my father's description of the first time he saw Mr. Agassiz, who had just arrived in Boston, and came down at once to stay at my grandfather's house on the North Shore. By way of entertaining him my father — then a lad of sixteen — took Mr. Agassiz out rowing. They had not gone far when Mr. Agassiz observed the markings on the rocks, and, suggesting they should row in and examine them, began to explain to my father about the glacial theory, and the effect of the ice upon the rocks. It has been commonly said that Mr. Agassiz began his teaching in America with a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, but that is only in part true. He began to teach the first person whom he met, and his life was one continuous stream of teaching, by popular lectures, by college courses, and by informal conversations, in lecture halls, on expeditions, in the presence of nature and by the wayside; and he continued to teach everybody that he met for the next twenty-seven years, until the night came when no man can work.

It would be presumptuous for one who never had the privilege of studying under him to speak about his influence with his pupils, or the permanent value of his great contributions to science; but the effect upon the general public of his presence among us was not

less valuable. He spread interest in scientific study through the whole community, taught men its importance, and made them feel that it was worthy to be supported by public generosity. He became, in the public eye, almost the impersonation of science. I remember very well how mothers were faced by the problem: "If Mr. Agassiz says that the world was not literally created in six days, what are you to tell your children?" Mothers, of course, answered the question differently; but the striking thing to me was, that the question was not put in the form, "If science teaches," but "If Mr. Agassiz says," his name being looked upon by the community as synonymous with scientific knowledge.

In these days when we are told that the scientific man of the future will necessarily be far removed from the public ken, and will work out his great results unseen in solitary intellectual fields, that he dwells in a region which the mass of men can never enter, and with which, therefore, they can have little in common; in the days, when these views are held, it is well to recall not only the massive brain of Mr. Agassiz, but the generous mind that yearned to share his own thought with the rest of the world, to reveal to every one the secrets that he had learned by patient observation, to popularize science in the sense of making plain the great fundamental truths of nature, and so bring all men into partnership with his own great discoveries.

His sympathy for others was so great as to crave sympathy from all men in his own pursuit. He believed that science should be the care of every one. He therefore felt that science was a part of a liberal education; and it is only in this way that science can attain the wide support and impulse which can alone carry any branch of learning to its highest fruition. We can never forget our debt to Louis Agassiz, or prosper without his spirit.

MONSIEUR & TRÈS HONORÉ COLLÈGUE:

L'interêt que vous prenez au mouvement intellectuel du monde entier, me fait un devoir de saisir l'occasion de vous faire faire la connaissance de Mr. John A. Lowell et de lui procurer l'avantage de causer avec vous sur l'état des sciences et de l'instruction publique en Amérique. Comme

vous le savez sans doute déjà Mr. Lowell est le directeur du seul établissement scientifique de ce pays qui soit fondé sur des bases analogue à celles du collège de France. L'influence qu' exercent les cours quise donnent au Lowell Institute se fait sentir dans tout le pays; car ils tendent continuellement à faire mieux comprendre la différence qu'il y a entre populariser et entendre les connaissances humaines, différence que l'on a trop peu faite de ce pays. Mr. Lowell est notre Benjamin Delessert; il a droit à toute la considération des hommes de la science, tout pour son savoir que pour les vues généreuses qui le guident dans sa gestion de L'Institut de Boston et je ne doute pas que M. le Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie des sciences ne lui fasse le meilleur accueil possible.

Agreez

Monsieur très-cher collègue,

l'assurance de ma haute considération

L. R. AGASSIZ.

Columbia de la Carolina Sud

20 Mars 1850.

M. T. ARAGO, Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Acad. des Sc. à Paris.

Extract of a letter of Charles Lyell, written from Bloomsbury, March 1, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, Esq., in relation to Professor Agassiz.

I now wish to mention another subject—Mr. Agassiz the eminent writer on fossils and recent fishes and other branches of Natural History and on “Glaciers”—a German Swiss who speaks English well and with whom I correspond, has had an offer from Charles Buonaparte, Prince of Canino, to take him with him this year to the United States. Agassiz asks me whether I think he could help to pay his expenses by lectures. I wrote immediately to say “Yes.” I wrote him that although I feared your appointments for 1845–1846 would be all full, I would apply to you without delay and recommend him (Agassiz) to you. He wishes to visit the museums of the United States, see naturalists, etc. It is the only offer of services for the Lowell lectures of a first-rate naturalist which I have had. He proposes to lecture on Paleontology, having done so in the University of Neuchâtel. I have heard him speak well enough in England where he is a universal favorite to be effective, and he must be improved of late as he has been working at the language. You know how few there are whom I would recommend to you. Even six lectures might I think (at $\frac{1}{2}$ the pay) enable him to accom-

plish his mission, and his visit would be such an era to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening. Personally he is a most agreeable, gentlemanlike, and honest man. I believe that any month you could name would suit him. I expect an answer from him immediately, but I have in no way compromised you. With kind remembrances of myself and Mrs. Lyell to Mrs. Lowell and your family, believe me, etc.

CHA. LYELL.

Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Paris, 6 July, 1846, to John Amory Lowell, Lowell Institute, Boston.

MY DEAR SIR :

Scientific labours cannot be hurried; that is the reason why I still remain at Paris, after having written I should have been in Boston about the middle of summer; but the distinguished reception I have met with in this great centre of science, the honour the Academy has conferred on me on adjudging me the first prize of physiology, has induced me to do something more in that line I did not intend to finish before visiting your country. Now time is pressing, summer is running away, and I feel it my duty to write to you about the contemplated lectures, that you might not be uncertain about them. So far as the subject is concerned I am quite ready, all the necessary illustrations are also prepared, and if I am not mistaken they must, by this time, be in your hands. I sent them in three large boxes, by the New York packet from Havre, to your address, as you were kind enough to allow it. I now propose to leave Paris about the end of July, to stay a short time in London and then to cross the Atlantic by the Liverpool steamer, by the second voyage in August or the first in September. I understood by Mr. Lyell that you wish me to lecture in October; for this I am quite prepared, as I shall immediately after my arrival in Boston devote all my time to the preparation of my course. If a later date should suit your plans better, I have no objection to conform to any of your arrangements, as I shall at all events pass the whole winter on the shores of the Atlantic and be everywhere in reach of Boston in a very short time.

If you have to write to me upon the subject of the lectures, and if you could let me know whether my boxes have arrived or not, pray direct your answer care of Mr. Dinkel, artist, 24 Tysoe Street, Wilmington Square, London. It is he who for eighteen years has drawn all the plates I have published, and whom I shall take over with me to America

publish his mission, and his visit would be such an eye to the American naturalists that I know you will engage him if you have an opening. Personally he is a most agreeable, gentlemanly, and honest man. I believe that any month you could name would suit him. I expect an answer from him immediately, but I have to say very confidentially your kind remembrance of myself and Mrs. Lowell to Mrs. Lowell and your family, believe me, etc.

Yours truly,
A. Lawrence Lowell

Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Paris, 2 July 1867, to 1867
Lowell, Lowell, Boston.

My dear Sir:
Scientific labours cannot be hurried, that is the reason why I still remain at Paris, after having written I should have been in Boston about the middle of summer; but the distinguished reception I have met with in this great centre of science, the honour the Academy has conferred on me on adjoining me the first prize of physiology, has detained me to do something more in that line I did not intend to make before visiting your country. Now time is passing, summer is running away, and I feel it my duty to write to you about the contemplated lecture, and you might not be interested about them. So far as the subject is concerned I am quite ready, all the necessary preparations are also completed, and I am not mistaken they must by this time be in your hands. I sent them in three large boxes, by the New York packet from Havre, to your address as you were kind enough to allow it. I now propose to leave Paris about the end of July, to stay a short time in London and then to cross the Atlantic by the Liverpool steamer, by the second voyage in August or the first in September. I understood by Mr. Lyell that you wish me to lecture in October; for this I am quite prepared, as I shall immediately after my arrival in London devote all my time to the preparation of my course. If a later date should suit your plans better, I have no objection to conform to any of your arrangements as I shall at all events give the whole space on the subject of the Atlantic, as everywhere in view of London is a very short time. If you have to write to me upon the subject of the lecture and if you could let me know whether my boxes have arrived or not, I shall direct your answer care of Mr. Thayer, either at Trowbridge or at the Boston Square, London. It is he who for eighteen years has drawn all the plates I have published, and whom I shall take over with me to America.

in order that I may never be at a loss for a man able to make accurate illustrations of the interesting objects I may happen to observe.

Believe me,

My dear Sir, with much respect

Most sincerely yours,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

PARIS, Rue Copeau No. 4,

The 6 July, 1846.

If you have no objection I would give to my course the title of Lectures on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the animal kingdom.

*Letter of Professor Agassiz, written from Neuchâtel, December 24, 1845,
to John Amory Lowell, Esq.*

DEAR SIR:—

Through the kindness of my friend Mr. Ch. Lyell I have had the honor of being introduced to you in a manner which will be my apology for addressing you upon the subject of the lectures which I thought of delivering in Boston. As unforeseen circumstances, especially my wish to finish those publications which were already under the press, have delayed my departure, I agree fully with your proposal to postpone them to the time you mentioned to Mr. Lyell, and if convenient I will make such arrangements as to be at all events in Boston next autumn. The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. Lyell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for this purpose. I may say that I have seen nowhere drawings of the kind executed in so good a manner as the several hundreds I now possess and which are increasing daily in number. Not knowing what subject you may prefer to have introduced by me before the audience of your institution, I have prepared the materials for several distinct subjects, especially the plan of creation, general Zoölogy, the geography of animals, Paleontology, comparative anatomy, and the glaciers. As I intend to stay for several months during the summer in Boston or on the coast of Massachusetts, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon after my arrival and to learn from yourself what course would best suit your plans, in order that I may from that time concentrate my thoughts upon it. Of course the scientific part of my lectures will present no difficulty at all to me, and the drawings I have had made will I think please you very much. The flattering approval which my publications have found in the American scientific journals has

in order that I may never be at a loss for a man able to make accurate illustrations of the interesting objects I may happen to encounter.

I believe me,

My dear Sir, with much respect

Most sincerely yours,

J. R. Alden.

Taken from the Original Ms.

The 1st of 1842.

It is not that I have no objection I would give to my name the title of Lecturer on the Plan of the Creation, especially in the natural kingdom.

Letter of Professor Agassiz written from Neuchâtel, December 24, 1842, to John Henry Jones, Esq.

Dear Sir—

Through the kindness of my friend Mr. C. I feel I have had the honor of being introduced to you in a manner which will be my apology for addressing you upon the subject of the lecture which I thought of delivering in Boston. As numerous circumstances, especially my wish to finish these publications which were already under the press, have delayed my departure, I have only with your proposal to postpone them to the time you mentioned to Mr. I. Jell, and if convenient I will make such arrangements as to be at all events in Boston next autumn. The time which has elapsed since the first mention of these lectures by Mr. I. Jell, has enabled me to have a great many beautiful diagrams prepared expressly for this purpose. I may say that I have very numerous drawings of the kind executed in so good a manner as the several books I now possess and which are increasing daily in number. Not knowing what subject you may prefer to have introduced by me before the audience of your institution, I have prepared the materials for several different subjects, especially the plan of creation, general Zoology, the geography of animals, Paleontology, comparative anatomy, and the history of man. As I intend to stay for several months during the summer in London or on the coast of Massachusetts, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you soon after my arrival, and to learn from your own mouth what would best suit your plan. In order that I may from the time I concentrate my thoughts upon it. Of course the scientific part of my lectures will present no difficulty at all to me, and the drawings I have had made will I think please you very much. The following are the subjects which my publications have found in the American scientific journals have

induced me to spare no expense in preparing the fullest illustrations. The language alone could have been a real difficulty in as much as written lectures lose a great deal of their interest; but the delay you allow will perhaps enable me to become so conversant with your language as to be able to deliver the lectures viva voce, as I have been accustomed to do here.

As I shall be detained for some weeks more in Paris as well as in London, and as I do not wish to be obliged to take everywhere with me the large boxes containing the above-mentioned drawings and such books and specimens as are necessary to illustrate the subjects upon which I shall have to speak, I should feel extremely obliged by your allowing me to direct them to the Lowell Institute. Any letter which could reach *Paris* before the 15th of March, directed to the care of Dr. Vogt, rue Copeau No. 4, I should get in time to arrange conveniently the expedition of these things. If you have any objection to my sending them direct to you, I should be most obliged by your giving me the name of a person in whose warehouse they could remain safe and especially protected from wet, until my arrival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most obediently,

L. R. AGASSIZ.

NEUCHÂTEL, in Switzerland, the 24th Dec., 1845

Extract from letter of Charles Lyell, July 1st, 1845, to John Amory Lowell, in relation to Professor Agassiz.

"I feel very confident that if Agassiz is enabled to stay four or five weeks longer in the U. S. in consequence of aid, he will return the boon threefold in the discoveries he will make. I believe I told you that he wrote to me to say how much he wished to have his lectures as late as you could put them in the session, in order that he might improve his English, which however will do very respectably even now."

THE CHAIRMAN: Many of us who are here present were the pupils of Professor Agassiz indirectly, but I feel that all such claimants, among whom I should include myself, all such claimants are rightly set aside for those whom he directly and technically taught. There is, for instance, one lady present

induced me to spare an expense in preparing the fullest illustration. The language alone could have been a real difficulty in its way as written lectures lose a great deal of their interest; but the delay you allow will perhaps enable me to become so conversant with your language as to be able to deliver the lecture this year as I have been accustomed to do here.

As I shall be detained for some weeks more in Paris as well as in London, and as I do not wish to be obliged to take my departure with me the large boxes containing the above mentioned lectures and such books and specimens as are necessary to illustrate the subject upon which I shall have to speak, I should feel extremely obliged by your allowing me to direct them to the French Institute. Any letter which could reach Paris before the 15th of March, directed to the care of Dr. Vogt, rue Cassan No. 4, I should get in time to arrange conveniently the expedition of these things. If you have any objection to my sending them direct to you, I should be most obliged by your giving me the name of a person in whose warehouse they would remain safe and especially protected from wet until my arrival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most obediently,

J. E. AGASSIZ.

Revised, in French, the 15th Dec. 1895.

Extract from letter of Charles Lyell, July 1st, 1895, to John Murray Esq., in relation to Professor Agassiz.

"I feel very confident that if Agassiz is enabled to stay long on his winter journey in the U. S. in consequence of cold, he will return the boon thereof in the discoveries he will make. I believe I told you that he wrote to me to say how much he wished to have his lecture on the origin of life read in the section, in order that he might improve his English, which however will do very respectably even now."

THE CHAIRMAN: Many of us who are here present were the pupils of Professor Agassiz himself, but I feel that all such claimants among whom I should include myself, all such claimants are rightly set aside for those whom he directly and technically taught. There is, for instance, one lady present

who was, I have been told, the only pupil of that sex whom he ever called upon to recite before the whole school. I hear that she never got beyond that call, as Agassiz himself opened the whole subject so delightfully before the audience that he never remembered to ask a word of reply from her. She had stood up all the time, meekly offering to be called upon; and she shared the laurels by simply holding her tongue. Following that precedent I will not ask more of her while she is present in the audience. But we have on the platform an eminent teacher of science, a pupil of Agassiz, one who has asked questions of a whole generation of pupils in the Institute of Technology, and, as I have always understood, has given them plenty of time to answer, which doubtless they have not always improved to advantage; and I have the honor of introducing to you Professor Emeritus William H. Niles, formerly of Cambridge for many years, but now, I regret to say, having moved to the neighboring metropolis of Boston.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM HARMON NILES

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One who for four years occupied a student's table in the laboratory of Professor Louis Agassiz most naturally feels a deep interest in the occasion you are observing this evening. I think it is to be regretted that among that large number of students that were in his laboratory it is possible for so few to be present with us this evening. Separation by wide distances, occupation in speaking at other similar occasions either to-day or to-morrow, with sometimes the infirmities of age, prevent some from being here; but there are other reasons which have reduced our number. When we remember that nearly half a century has passed since the laboratories of Professor Agassiz were filled with professional students, and when we remember that those of us who were gathered there had already been students as many or more years than the college student has when he completes his course, it will be seen at once that the slow but sure action of

who was, I have been told, the only pupil of that set whom he ever called upon to recite before the whole school. I hear that she never got beyond that call, as Agassiz himself opened the whole subject so delightfully before the audience that he never remembered to ask a word of reply from her. She had stood up all the time, meekly offering to be called upon; and she shared the laurels by simply holding her tongue. Following that precedent I will not ask anyone of her while she is present in the audience. But we have on the platform an eminent teacher of science, a pupil of Agassiz, one who has asked questions of a whole generation of pupils in the Institute of Technology, and, as I have always understood, has given them plenty of time to answer, which doubtless they have not always improved to advantage; and I have the honor of introducing to you Professor James H. Norton, formerly of Cambridge for many years, but now, I regret to say, having moved to the neighboring metropolis of Boston.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM HANCOCK NILES

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: One who for four years occupied a student's table in the laboratory of Professor Louis Agassiz most naturally feels a deep interest in the occasion for his observing this evening. I think it is to be regretted that among that large number of students that were in his laboratory it is possible for so few to be present with us this evening. Separation by wide distances, occupation in working at other similar occasions, either to-day or to-morrow, with sometimes the infirmities of age, prevent some from being here; but there are other reasons which have reduced our number. When we remember that nearly half a century has passed since the laboratories of Professor Agassiz were filled with prehistoric remains and when we remember that those of us who were gathered here had already been working for many or more years than the college student has when he commences his course, it will be seen at once that the story but sentence of

time is the main cause for reducing our number to its present size. And thus it has fallen to me to speak for my old associates, for the men who were in the group to which I belonged, to speak to you this evening something of the remembrances of the students he had in his laboratory.

First, I wish to say to the Historical Society of Cambridge that we thank you for making this occasion at which we can speak or express our sentiments by letter, of the estimation in which we hold that great and valuable teacher whom we so long enjoyed, Louis Agassiz. When I think of the notable traits which come before one's memory, I find them so many that it is with the greatest difficulty I make a selection. But the first that appeals to me, as it does to every one, was the genial, happy, thoroughly genuine reception which he gave to us. It was a spirit of welcome that was so true, so lasting, so natural, that I believe it to be the temperament which blessed him on that day which we are commemorating now one hundred years ago. He came always with a happy word of welcome. I remember very well how he used to speak to those who were candidates for becoming students of his, and how he used to say, very friendly,—“So you have come to study natural history with me, have you?” And after a few words he would say,—“To which class of animals have you given the greatest attention?” And then he would say, very friendly, “I will assign you some specimens to work upon which represent that class which you like the best.” He began in his laboratory with methods that have sometimes been criticised, because they have not been understood thoroughly; I wish to speak something of their application to the particular students he had with him. It should be always remembered that he was training professional men, or training men to become professional,—that it was not the kind of discipline he would naturally advocate for any school of ordinary character. When, therefore, he gave a student a series of specimens, and told him that he must come there day after day and study only those specimens, that there should not be found a book upon his table, that he should not ask his assistants any questions concerning the problem which he assigned him, and when he said to him, “I think you can solve this problem in three weeks, or four weeks, or five weeks (as the case might be) — Good morn-

time is the main cause for teaching our people in the present age. And thus it has fallen to me to speak for my old associates for the men who were in the group to which I belonged, to speak to you this evening something of the development of the students in had in his laboratory.

First I wish to say to the Historical Society of Cambridge that we thank you for making this occasion at which we can speak or express our sentiments by letter, of the excitement in which we hold that great and valuable teacher whom we so long enjoyed. Louis Agassiz. When I think of the notable traits which come before one's memory, I find them so many that it is with the great, not difficulty I make a selection. But the first that appears to me, as it does to every one, was the genial, happy, thoroughly genuine reception which he gave to us. It was a spirit of welcome that was so true, so lasting, so natural, that I believe it to be the permanent which blessed him on that day when we are commemorating now one hundred years ago. He came always with a happy word of welcome. I remember very well how he used to speak to those who were candidates for becoming students of his, and how he used to say, very friendly,—"So you have come to study natural history with me, have you?" And after a few words he would say—"To which class of animals have you given the greatest attention?" And then he would say, very friendly, "I will assign you some specimens to work upon which represent that class which you like the best." He began in his laboratory with methods that have sometimes been criticized, because they have not been understood thoroughly; I wish to speak something of their application to the particular students he had with him. It should be always remembered that he was training professional men, or training men to become professional men. It was not the kind of discipline he would naturally advocate for any school of ordinary character. When, therefore, he gave a student a subject, he would tell him that he must come there day after day, and study only those specimens, that there should be no looking at a book upon his table, that he should not ask his assistants any questions concerning the problem which he assigned him, and when he said to him, "I think you can solve this problem in four weeks, or four weeks, or five weeks (as the case might be).—(Good morning,

ing," some would think that was too severe a task. But we must bear in mind what we have said, that he was trying to find out whether there was a capacity in the candidate for observation. And he had another task before him, and that was to determine whether the candidate was really there with a recognized, earnest purpose to study natural history. I remember when I was first introduced to that eccentric Father Taylor, of Seamen's Bethel fame, and he said to me, "Are you studying natural history, or are you studying Agassiz?" There were others who came to study Agassiz. Sometimes he tested those who came to him by setting them problems which brought permanently to an end all their aspirations for the study of natural history,—and thus he was relieved of having to tell them that they were unqualified to study nature, and did not have to spend time upon worthless material. Then we must remember that that cordiality with which he received everybody was a power in teaching. He enthused every one with a love for the work,—I mean every one that was qualified for it. I deem that there is no higher purpose, no higher function that a teacher can serve than to inspire his students with a love for just that work that they ought to perform; and if they are persons of ability they will certainly come finally to success. He had that power to a remarkable degree, and in that, which was a part of his temperament, was the great success of his teaching. There were some things that struck us as very remarkable, and among those were his powers of observation. They were very quick, very penetrating, very far-reaching, and when he would pick up a fish that he had never seen, or somebody brought him one that he had never seen before, and before he could tell him where that fish came from he would say,—“Well, that is from some inland body of salt water, like the Mediterranean Sea.” And he was right. How he could know so much from simply looking at a fish was to us a mystery. The mystery often came to us in the quickness with which he could determine from small fragments of a creature exactly what the creature was, to what part of the creature it belonged, and reveal much of its history. These powers of observation were united with a most wonderful power of memory. It seems as though he never forgot any creature that he had ever seen from his boyhood to the time when we

ing," some would think that was too severe a task. But we were bent in mind what we have said, that he was trying to find out whether there was a capacity in the candidate for observation. And he had another task before him, and that was to determine whether the candidate was really there with a recognized earnest purpose to study natural history. I remember when I was first introduced to that excellent teacher, I said to him, "Are you studying Agassiz?" There were others who came to him for advice. Agassiz sometimes he tested those who came to him by setting them problems which brought pertinaciously to an end all their aspirations for the study of natural history--and that he was relieved of having to tell them that they were unqualified to study nature, and did not have to spend time upon worthless material. Then we must remember that that conflict with which he received everybody was a power in teaching. He entered every one with a love for the work,--I mean every one that was qualified for it. I deem that there is no higher purpose, no higher function that a teacher can serve than to inspire his students with a love for just that work that they ought to perform; and if they are persons of ability they will certainly come finally to success. He had that power to a remarkable degree, and in that, which was a part of his temperament, was the great success of his teaching. There were some things that struck us as very remarkable, and among those were his powers of observation. They were very quick, very penetrating, very far-reaching, and when he would pick up a fish that he had never seen, or somebody brought him one that he had never seen before, and before he could tell him where that fish came from he would say, "Well, that is this some inland body of salt water like the Mediterranean Sea." And he was right. How he could know so much from simply looking at a fish was to us a mystery. The mystery often came to us in the darkness with which he could distinguish from small fragments of a creature exactly what the specimen was, to what part of the creature it belonged, and reveal much of its history. These powers of observation were united with a most wonderful power of memory. It seems as though he never forgot any creature that he had ever seen from his boyhood to the time when he

knew him. Those ladies who were in his home school knew very well what that power of memory was, for they often noticed how quickly he would recognize them and even call them by name when he met them on the street or in the car, showing that power of memory which took in the whole class which he met with so infrequently, remembering them and placing them just where they should be. This power of observation and wonderful memory were a great source of success to him as a teacher. Another point was that he had acquaintance with so many men of science in the old world. He soon made us familiar not only with the names of Humboldt and others, whom we remember so well, but so many other names that it seemed to us that we were in the presence of a man who had known the science of the old world and had brought that here to the new world and placed it before us for our edification. This was to us an opportunity which was invaluable, to become acquainted with the work done in the old world, an opportunity we could never have had under any other teacher.

And then what shall I say of his scientific attainments? That is a subject so extensive, so broad, that I can scarcely touch upon it. Of course you don't expect me to tell you about the 418 titles of his different writings in science. I will simply mention one of them, a book which he wrote with great labor before he came to this country, and that was his noted work on fossil fishes. I wish to call your attention to that work as being one of the best of its kind, and one, furthermore, that he had wrought out by making observations not only in the country in which he resided, but in going to other lands and studying the cabinets that belonged to many other naturalists. But I particularly call your attention to that work because in it he said, what I have heard him say personally, that he considered that his greatest achievement in science was to have shown to the world that there was a distinct analogy between the geological succession of fossil-fishes and their embryological development and their rank in zoölogical classification. I think some of the students of the present day hardly remember that, which he stated as one of the greatest features of his work. When he came to this country he enjoyed greatly the opportunity of studying animals by the seaside in a way better than he had ever enjoyed before. He here found them in their habitat and could

know him. Those ladies who were in his home school knew very well what that power of memory was for they often noticed how quickly he would recognize them and even call them by name when he met them on the street or in the city showing that power of memory which took in the whole class which he met with as infrequently remembering them and placing them just where they should be. This power of observation and wonderful memory was a great source of pleasure to him as a teacher. Another point was that he had acquaintance with so many men of science in the old world. His room was a laboratory not only with the names of those points and others whom we remember so well, but an inquiry after names that it seemed to us that we were in the presence of a man who had known the science of the old world and had brought that here to the new world and placed it before us for our education. This was to us an opportunity which was invaluable to become acquainted with the work done in the old world and opportunity we could never have had under any other teacher.

And then what shall I say of his scientific attainments? That is a subject so extensive, so broad, that I can scarcely touch upon it. Of course you don't expect me to tell you about all his attainments in his different branches of science. I will simply mention one of them, a book which he wrote with great labor before he came to this country, and that was his noted work on fossil fishes. I wish to call your attention to that work as being one of the best of its kind and one furthermore, that he had wrought out by careful observations not only in the country in which he resided but in going to other lands and studying the relations that belonged to many other relations. That I particularly call your attention to that work because in it he said what I have found that we generally find that he considered that his greatest achievement in science was to have shown in the world that there was a distinct connection between the geological succession of fossil fishes and their evolutionary development and their rank in zoological classification. I think some of the students of the present day hardly remember that which he stated as one of the greatest features of his work. When he came to this country he enjoyed greatly the opportunity of studying animals by the side of a man better than he had ever enjoyed before. He had found them in their habitat and would

there study them as he always wished to study them. And so he went on with his work with as much system, with as much earnestness and zeal as he ever did in any part of his life, until he attained great distinction as a marine zoölogist. His knowledge of the animals that live in the sea was great, and very impressive upon us his students. He, however, had but few opportunities to study those that lived at the depths of a great open sea. That was stored with riches yet to be explored and had to be left to others. Fortunately he left a son who became distinguished as an oceanographer. I wish he could have lived to have known the grand achievements that have been made in the study of oceanography with the improved apparatus and costly voyages. I wish he could have been with me two years ago at the geographical congress that was held in New York, and I wish he could have listened to the words of Sir John Murray of England, that great explorer of the deep sea, when he said, "We are happy to meet here in this country this year, this country which is the home of that chief among oceanographers, Alexander Agassiz."

We should also speak of the great work which he did in founding the Museum in this city. I believe the members of the Historical Society would be amused if they could go back in years and see the original. It was on the Cambridge bank of the Charles River, near the road now developed into Boylston Street. Some timbers of a wreck of a former structure had been united by rough boards which served as shelves, and they received the specimens which were the first prophecy of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. The present structure was also begun under his direction, and two-fifths of the north wing was completed while he was still with us. But it is through the generosity of that son whom I have mentioned it has been extended, until now you know its grand proportions, and you are aware of its princely worth to this city and to our country. I wish here to state that there are specimens in that Museum that are not perishable, which come from the solid rock of ancient ages, and for ages yet to come will be the great monument of great naturalists who have founded in our city a noble museum, and have given it a renown throughout the world.

I wish to speak of another phase of his work. When he said to me, "What group of animals have you studied most?"

I thought I saw a cloud come over his face when I told him that I had been most interested in the collection of minerals. "Minerals!" he said. But when I explained to him that it was the result of my environment that led me to take up that study, he at once said, "I think I can suit your earnestness for learning something of nature." And he certainly did. I still retained, throughout my whole work, my special love for geology, and he always encouraged me in it. Of course I had a special interest in the work he had done in the study of the glaciers. His lectures were to me a great treasure. When I had completed my course, and before I had yet gone to the various places where he had been, I was familiar with them; so much so that a Swiss guide said to me the first time I went with him, "You say you have not been in this country before?" "I have not," I said. "Well, how do you explain to me that you know every stone about here and every mountain so thoroughly?" I said, "Because I have been under the instruction of Louis Agassiz." He bowed his head and was evidently satisfied.

When Agassiz came to this country he brought with him, as Professor Lowell has said, that perfection of observation which enabled him to detect the markings of the glacial action in various parts of our land. He found his evidences all along our Atlantic coast, and when in 1848 he made that expedition to Lake Superior, he taught the students that went with him the glaciation of the country nearly all the way out there and back again, and he even observed and recorded those terraces above Lake Superior, which are evidences of the former high standing of the water. Thus at that time he was enabled to announce to the world that he had proved that glaciers had once covered the major portion, at least, of this continent of North America. That announcement was not accepted by all. There were people also in the old world that did not believe when he taught them that glaciers had occupied England and Scotland. Perhaps the most noted among these was his old friend Sir Roderick Murcheson, the Director-general of the geological survey of Great Britain. In 1859 he received from Murcheson a very friendly letter, and, speaking in highest terms of endearment, he said, "Yet, Mr. Agassiz, I cannot accept your belief that the glaciers ever radiated out from the Alps and spread

across to the Jura." But one morning, as he came to the laboratory, he held in his hand a paper which evidently pleased him much. He had scarcely entered the door when he said, "There, gentlemen, is a letter from Sir Roderick Murcheson, in which he acknowledges that the glacial theory must be accepted for the world." It was a moment of supreme enjoyment to him when that man whom he had loved so much and so long, that man who represented the standing of geologic science in Great Britain, had come to accept his theory.

And what has that teaching of the glaciation of this country done for us? The science which is a division of geology now, which we know as glaciology, emanated from his teaching. I remember very well his saying to us, "Gentlemen, it is all before you to discover how much there is that I do not know in this glacial region." We now recognize it in the physiographic features of the land, we behold in it much that we enjoy. The location of our Cambridge streets is largely in accordance with the theories he advanced. As I walk through Cambridge I see evidences of the truth of his teachings at almost every step. We can fully comprehend the foundations of Cambridge, we can thoroughly know the ground upon which this Memorial Hall is erected only by accepting the glacial theory of Professor Louis Agassiz.

So let our words this evening be in the spirit of honorable recognition and thankful praise for that event of one hundred years ago, which gave to us that inspiring teacher, that illustrious man of science, Louis Agassiz.

THE CHAIRMAN : The hour has now arrived when a perhaps unappreciated presiding officer may in some manner justify himself. At an early stage of the meeting I was so eager in my hopes and expectations that I called for the music to be furnished to-night, and another official who deserves well of us, so that I will not mention him, called attention to the fact that there was not to be any music. He unfortunately, for some reason or other, had not sufficiently studied the program he himself made out. I was wrong, perhaps, in putting the music too early, but I will now introduce the

music to you in the form of a reading of one poem on Agassiz's fiftieth birthday, and another poem, "The Prayer of Agassiz." They proceed, respectively, from Longfellow and Whittier; and if they are not music enough to satisfy you, I shall be disappointed. I will call upon Mr. Winter to give me that vindication.

The poem by Longfellow entitled "The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz," and the poem by Whittier entitled "The Prayer of Agassiz," were read by Professor Irvah Lester Winter of Harvard University.

THE CHAIRMAN: We have heard the whole scientific life of Professor Agassiz, its sympathies and its atmosphere, portrayed to us by one who had been closely associated with him in that direction. I shall now have the pleasure of introducing to you one whose contact with him, as far as I know, was on other grounds, whose own life has been in the midst of the laws of men and nations, which do not always precisely coincide with the laws of nature, and who, upon that middle ground, had intimate relations with Professor Agassiz. I have the pleasure of introducing to you Professor John Chipman Gray, of the Law School.

ADDRESS OF JOHN CHIPMAN GRAY

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: As a boy in college I attended a course of lectures by Mr. Agassiz. Little of their matter has stayed by me, but after the lapse of half a century I have a vivid recollection of his entrancing manner and the flow of beautiful English with the slight foreign accent, just enough to arrest the attention. You have heard from those who speak with authority what Mr. Agassiz was to his pupils, and what he was to natural science. For me, whose studies have lain in other fields than the pleasant fields of nature, and who hardly knows the difference between a mastodon and an echinoderm, except that one is

bigger than the other, it would be an impertinence to speak of Agassiz as a man of science. But I would like to say a few words, a very few, as to what Agassiz, the man, was to the community of Cambridge and Boston. That community was a homogeneous society, of English descent and Puritan in manners. Since the wave of jacobinism had spent itself, the influence of the Continent of Europe on New England had been slight, and of the Continental temperament we had little vital experience. Young men of means made the grand tour abroad and brought home engravings by Raphael Morghen to put on their walls, and well-bound volumes of Racine and Molière for their book-shelves, but they soon fell back into the life of those about them. If an occasional individual, like Longfellow or Prescott or Lowell or Holmes, retained strong marks of his foreign experience, it was experience grafted on a New England stock. Hosea Biglow and the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table were Yankees of the Yankees. Occasionally a Frenchman, Italian, or German, above the intellectual grade of a barber, came over to give a course of Lowell Lectures or to see Niagara, but he went away. Those who lived among us, and we remember some such, refined and delicate men and women, were quiet and unassuming. They made no mark. Such was our society; if here and there some one strove to pass beyond the somewhat narrow limits of ordinary life, it was in the direction of mysticism. A pilgrimage to Concord, or a sojourning at Brook Farm might perhaps make for a higher culture, but hardly for a broader. Into this society of ours, a society of deep feeling, but which repressed its feeling, which made a merit of the repression, which was fond of saying and thinking that still waters run deep,—a society of strong enthusiasms, but enthusiasms confined to theology or politics; of generosity, but of generosity which spent itself in relieving suffering, or advancing morals, or other directly utilitarian ends, rather than in encouraging the disinterested pursuit of knowledge,—into this society came Agassiz; *venit, vidit, vicit*; a man of different race and temperament, without a particle of that self-conscious shyness, part pride, part vanity, part pure *gaucherie* which conceals feelings and aspirations, on the contrary, with an inborn imperative need and power of expressing them; he broke the fetters which bound the feelings of those among whom he

larger than the other, it would be an importance to speak of Agassiz as a man of science. But I would like to say a few words, a very few, as to what Agassiz, the man, was to the community of Cambridge and Boston. That community was a homogeneous society of English descent and English in manners. Since the wave of Jacobinism had spent itself, the influence of the Continental of Europe on New England had been slight and of the Continental companion, we had little to report. I fancy two of means made the great tour abroad and brought home evidence of Raphael Menges to put on their walls and well-bound volumes of Racine and Molière for their book-shelves, but they soon fell into the life of those about them. If an occasional individual, like Longfellow or Prescott or Lowell or Holmes, retained strong marks of his foreign experience, it was experienced chiefly on a New England note. Most bright and the foremost of the English Table were Yankers of the Yankee. Occasionally a Frenchman, Italian, or German, above the intellectual grade of a Frenchman, over to give a course of Lowell lectures or to see Boston, but he went away. Those who lived among us, and we remember some each, refined and delicate men and women, were quiet and unassuming. They made no mark. Such was our society; it was narrow and there were one above to pass beyond the narrowest narrow limits of ordinary life, it was in the direction of intellectual privilege to Concord, or a reputation at Brook Farm might perhaps make for a higher culture, but hardly for a broader. Into this society of ours, a society of deep feeling, but which repressed its feeling, which made a merit of the repression, which was fond of saying and thinking that still waters run deep — a society of strong enthusiasms, but enthusiasm confined to theory or politics; of generosity, but of generosity which spent itself in relieving suffering or advancing morals, or other directly utilitarian ends, rather than in enlarging the discriminated province of knowledge. But this society was a society of men, with a man of different race and temperament without a particle of the self-consciousness that made the Frenchman, the German, the Jew, which conscious feelings and aspirations on the contrary with an inborn instinctive need and power of expressing them, he made the letters which bound the feelings of those among whom he

came; he gave a new outlet for their enthusiasm, he opened their purse-strings in the cause of natural science. To excite interest in public institutions outside those for the usual directly utilitarian and moral ends, the school, the hospital, the church, was no easy task. Its accomplishment was facilitated by the fact, noted by Professor James in his sketch of Mr. Agassiz, that "his view of nature was saturated with simple religious feeling; and for this deep but unconventional religiosity he found at [the] Harvard [of those days] the most sympathetic possible environment." The story is best told in the sketch to which I have referred; you will, I know, be glad for me to steal a page from it.

"On an October morning fifty years ago [Agassiz] disembarked at our port, bringing his hungry heart along with him, his confidence in his destiny, and his imagination full of plans. The only particular resource he was assured of was one course of Lowell Lectures. But of one general resource he always was assured, having always counted on it and never found it to fail—and that was the good-will of every fellow-creature in whose presence he could find an opportunity to describe his aims. His belief in these was so intense and unqualified that he could not conceive of others not feeling the furtherance of them to be a duty binding also upon them. *Velle non discitur*, as Seneca says: Strength of desire must be born with a man; it cannot be taught. And Agassiz came before one with such enthusiasm glowing in his countenance, such a persuasion radiating from his person, that his projects were the sole things really fit to interest man as man—that he was absolutely irresistible. He came, in Byron's words, with victory beaming from his breast, and every one went down before him, some yielding him money, some time, some specimens, and some labor, but all contributing their applause and their godspeed. And so, living among us from month to month and from year to year, with no relation to prudence except his pertinacious violation of all her usual laws, he on the whole achieved the compass of his desires, and died the idol of the public, as well as of his circle of immediate pupils and friends. . . . He was so commanding a presence, so curious and inquiring, so responsive and expansive, and so generous and reckless of himself and of his own, that every one said immediately, 'Here is no musty savant, but a man, a great man, a man on the heroic scale, not to serve whom is avarice and sin.'"

Indeed, of those devoted men, vulgarly called charity beggars but, in truth, to be named creators of beneficence, he was the great exemplar. I must not say in this presence that he has had no equal, but he has had no superior. I do not disparage his diplomatic skill, which was very great; but the secret of his success, as it has been with those who have succeeded like him, was the man's own belief and love in and for the cause he was advocating. Nothing arouses enthusiasm and devotion like devotion and enthusiasm, and with these Agassiz's mind and heart were full and running over.

We must not forget, we are in no danger of forgetting, one of the best gifts of Agassiz to us, — those of his name and race whom he left behind him, and who, in science, in art, in every good work, have been, like him, themselves earnest workers, or, like him, to others an inspiration.

THE CHAIRMAN: It was a Greek tradition that the real founder of a city was he who brought the wise men to dwell there; and I wish to introduce as the closing speaker the founder of Cambridge in this respect, President Eliot.

ADDRESS OF CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Mr. Dana in opening this meeting spoke of the Saturday Club and Agassiz as a member. His words reminded me of the only occasion when I ever heard a speech made at that Club. I have been a member of it now about thirty-five years, and only on this one occasion did I ever hear a speech made there. It was when Agassiz, who at that time always sat at the foot of the table, was going away on that long voyage of the Hassler round Cape Horn. At the head of the table sat Longfellow, as usual, and along the sides sat many of the men just mentioned by Mr. Dana. Near the close of the dinner Longfellow suddenly rose, and to our great astonishment said, — "Our dear friend Agassiz is going away; he is going on a long voyage in the hope of recovering his health; we shall miss him grievously; we shall welcome him back most thankfully, restored to health. Let us drink his health now." And we all got up except Agassiz, and

Indeed, of those devoted men, valiantly called charity beggars but in truth to be named creators of benevolence, he was the great exemplar. I must not say in this presence that he had no equal, but he has had no superior. I do not disparage his mighty skill, which was very great; but the secret of his success has been with those who have succeeded like him, was the man's own belief and love in and for the cause he was advocating. With strong enthusiasm and devoted life devotion and confidence and with these Agassiz's mind and heart were full and working. We must not forget, we are in no danger of forgetting, one of the best gifts of Agassiz to us—those of his name and those whom he left behind him, and who, in science, in art, in every good work, have been, like him, themselves earnest workers, or like him, to others an inspiration.

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drank his health; and then he rose and struggled to say something, and could not; and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks and he sat down speechless. It was a vivid instance of a characteristic quality in Agassiz, namely, the strength of his emotions. He was a man of strong and deep emotions, and his influence over us restrained, reserved Americans was largely due to the intensity of his feelings, and to the way in which his face and his body expressed those feelings.

He was, as has been repeatedly said here this evening, a born teacher and expositor. He expounded clearly and sympathetically before any audience the fundamental principles of his science, and gave examples illustrating the principles with both hands and with shining, smiling face. He was just that, — a teacher by nature, an enthusiastic, earnest, moving teacher.

As Professor Gray has just said, he came into this Puritan society like a warm glow into a chilly room. He was a revolutionary spirit in Harvard College, an exception to all our rules. He welcomed special students, for instance, who could not possibly pass the examinations for admission to Harvard College. He kept them for years in his laboratory, training them in his observational method, — quite a new introduction among us. Many of our best people disapproved of that method! The son of one of our most distinguished surgeons submitted himself to the teaching of Agassiz in the crude zoölogical laboratory, and received several trilobites upon which he was expected to spend weeks, — examining them, seeing what he could discover in them, and making a record of his discoveries. He was kept at this sort of work for weeks without a book, and without plates. He was to make his own plates. At last the son described this process to the father as novel and interesting, but difficult. Now that father was at bottom a naturalist, like every physician or surgeon, and yet he said, — "What! no book, no plates, no guidance from the wisdom of all preceding generations! Set just to use your own senses on these fossils!" "Yes," said the son, "that was the whole of it." "Well," said the father, "that is exactly the way a puppy has to learn everything." The criticism was a real one; the father thought that Agassiz was neglecting all the natural and proper aids which past time had placed at the service of human youth.

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As Professor Gray has just said, he came into this Puritan society like a warm glow into a chilly room. He was a revolution-ary spirit in Harvard College, an exception to all our rules. He welcomed special students for instance, who could not possibly pass the examinations for admission to Harvard College. He kept them in his laboratory, training them in his observations, and made a new introduction among us. Many of our best people disapproved of that method. The son of one of our most distinguished surgeons submitted himself to the teaching of Agassiz in the crude zoological laboratory, and received several criticisms upon which he was expected to spend weeks — extending them, feeling that he could discover in them, and making a record of his discoveries. He was kept at this sort of work for weeks without a book and without plates. He was to make his own plates. At last the son described the process to the father as novel and interesting, but difficult. Now that father was at bottom a naturalist like every physician or surgeon, and yet he said — "What! no book, no plates, no guidance from the station of all preceding generations! Set foot to see your own way on these fossils!" "Yes," said the son, "that was the reason of it." "Well," said the father, "that is exactly the way a puppy has to learn everything." The criticism was a real one, the father thought that Agassiz was neglecting all the old and proper aids which past times had placed at the service of human youth.

And then, what a new kind of professor Agassiz was in this old town! He had none of the regular habits of the traditional Harvard professor. He did not even wear the characteristic black clothes. He would cross the College Yard any day of the week, at any hour of the day, in a very soft, grey felt hat, smoking a cigar when to smoke in the College Yard was a grave offence. He never went to church. Sunday was his day of rest, but he did not take it in the New England fashion. His mode of lecturing was unexampled among us. His conception of the duty of a professor to investigate, to discover, to collect, we had only noticed faintly in a few exceptional American teachers. Those methods had been introduced in small measure among us; but those were the prime ideas of Agassiz as a professor and a teacher.

There were but two pitiful little collections in the possession of the University when Agassiz first came here, — a collection of minerals, imperfect, small, and never properly arranged, and the beginnings of a botanic garden and herbarium. The idea of making great collections of natural history objects hardly existed among us; we had hardly aspired to such collections.

And then, he raised such astonishing sums of money for these new subjects of zoölogy and geology. A good deal of jealousy about this extraordinary money-raising was felt by members of other departments long established in Cambridge for the traditional subjects for collegiate instruction. I remember one night at my uncle Mr. George Ticknor's, hearing this jealousy expressed by one of Professor Agassiz's colleagues in Harvard University. But Mr. Ticknor said, — "Don't be alarmed; Agassiz will get more money out of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for his subjects than any of you have dreamed of getting, than any of you could possibly get; but he will so equip his subject, he will set such a standard for collections in all subjects, that every department of learning in the University will profit by his achievements." That is just what has turned out to be the truth.

Agassiz founded here an institution; and he has had this unusual felicity, — that his son, an extraordinary naturalist and an extraordinary man of business, has built up with prodigious skill and liberality the institution which his father founded. That, I say, is a rare felicity.

Every teacher who is eminently successful as teacher, inspirer, and enthusiast, wins another sort of felicity in time. He brings up a group of disciples, and these disciples carry their master's teaching beyond their master's own range, and adapt his teachings to the new conditions which rapidly come about in science, — indeed, in all kinds of learning and working, and in modern society as a whole. That felicity Agassiz has enjoyed, — a beautiful felicity, a rare reward.

So we welcome this commemoration of a great teacher and a noble friend, and we say with Longfellow at the Saturday Club, — We miss him greatly, but we rejoice in his coming back to us in durable memory, and in the infinite ramifications of his personal influence.

THE CHAIRMAN: Thanking the audience most cordially for the attention which has made the task of the speakers comparatively easy, and hoping that all of us will hereafter be able to bear in our minds some new memories, some more attractive associations with the studies that made our friend's life so precious, I will declare the meeting of the evening adjourned.

At the meeting of the Council, held on the 10th of April, 1907, there have been six meetings of the Council, all of which, with one exception, have been held in the room, and by the courtesy of the Trustees of the Cambridge Public Library.

In the regular membership of the Society there has been one death — that of a faithful and devoted member, Mrs. WILLIAM HEAD — and six resignations. On the other hand, four persons have qualified as regular members and three persons have been elected as associate members; so that the membership is one hundred and thirty-four regular members, five associate members, and three honorary members. There is a considerable waiting list.

Several standing committees have been appointed by the Council to promote the work of the Society.

Study groups have been formed for establishing the work of the Society in the public readings and services. Perhaps no single

For a list of these Committees see page 106 of this Volume of Proceedings.

THE NINTH MEETING

BEING THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINTH MEETING, being the Third Annual Meeting, of THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY, was held the Twenty-second day of October, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, RICHARD HENRY DANA, presided.

On behalf of the Council, ALBERT BUSHNELL HART submitted its Annual Report, as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

SINCE the twenty-fourth of April, 1906, there have been six meetings of the Council, all of which, with one exception, have been held in the room, and by the courtesy, of the Trustees of the Cambridge Public Library.

In the regular membership of the Society there has been one death — that of a faithful and interested member, MRS. WILLIAM READ — and six resignations. On the other hand, four persons have qualified as regular members and three persons have been elected to associate membership; so that the membership is one hundred and ninety-one regular members, five associate members, and three honorary members. There is a considerable waiting list.

Several standing committees¹ have been appointed by the Council to promote the work of the Society.

Steady progress has been made in establishing the work of the Society in the public confidence and service. Perhaps no single

¹ For a list of these Committees see page 136 of this Volume of Proceedings.

THE NINTH MEETING

BEING THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

THE NINTH MEETING, being the Third Annual Meeting of the Cambridge Historical Society, was held on the Twenty-second day of October, nineteen hundred and seven, at a quarter before eight o'clock in the evening, in the building of the Cambridge Latin School, Townbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The President, Richard Henry Dana, presided. On behalf of the Council, Albert Bunker Hart submitted the Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COUNCIL

Since the twenty-fourth of April, 1907, there have been six meetings of the Council, all of which, with one exception, have been held in the room and by the courtesy of the Trustees of the Cambridge Public Library. In the regular membership of the Society there has been one death—that of a faithful and interested member, Mrs. William Read—and six resignations. On the other hand, four persons have qualified as regular members and three persons have been elected to associate membership, so that the membership is one hundred and ninety-one regular members, five associate members, and three honorary members. There is a considerable waiting list. Several standing committees have been appointed by the Council to promote the work of the Society.

Steady progress has been made in establishing the work of the Society in the public conscience and outside. Lectures go on night after night. For a list of these Committees see page 107 of the Volume of Proceedings.

efforts have been more effective in these respects than the celebration of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz.

When the second volume of the Proceedings of the Society, which is now in press, shall be published, containing as it will the full report of these celebrations, it will be one of the most notable publications of the kind in recent years.

Mr. Longfellow's long residence in Cambridge, and his unique place in the public mind as the Cambridge poet, made the observance of his birthday peculiarly fitting; and a plan was initiated long in advance, and was comprehensively developed under a large committee of representative Cambridge citizens, with Professor Charles Eliot Norton as chairman. For the public meeting it was fortunately possible to secure as the speakers some of the most distinguished surviving friends and contemporaries of the poet, — Professor Norton, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Aldrich, President Eliot, and Mr. Howells; and although, owing to illness, neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. Aldrich could be present at the public exercises, the paper by the former and the poem by the latter, written for the occasion, were read by Mr. Bliss Perry and Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, respectively. It is not too much to say that this public meeting was among the most notable, from a literary and historic standpoint, that have occurred in America during the present generation. Mr. Aldrich's connection with it was heightened by his lamented death soon afterward, which left his beautiful tribute to Longfellow the last that he ever wrote.

In addition to the public exercises, the celebration of the Longfellow centenary included several other unusual and interesting features:

(1) A valuable and sympathetic memoir of the poet was written by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

(2) A Centenary Medal, of high artistic merit, was struck by Tiffany & Co. from a design by Mr. Bela L. Pratt, for which a list of nearly a hundred and fifty subscribers was quickly secured, including many prominent libraries and individual collectors scattered over the United States.

(3) A Longfellow Centenary Exhibition of rare editions, manuscripts, portraits, and other memorabilia, was held for about ten

efforts have been more effective in these respects than the celebration of the centennials of Longfellow and Agassiz.

When the second volume of the Proceedings of the Society, which is now in press, shall be published, containing as it will the full report of these celebrations, it will be one of the most notable publications of the kind in recent years.

Mr. Longfellow's long residence in Cambridge and his unique place in the public mind of the United States made the observance of his birthplace a fitting occasion for a public gathering long in advance and was consequently a subject of deep interest to the committee of representative Cambridge citizens with Professor Charles Eliot Norton as chairman. For the public meeting it was fortunately possible to secure as the speakers some of the most distinguished surviving friends and contemporaries of the poet — Professor Norton, Colonel Higginson, Mr. Aldrich, President Eliot and Mr. Howells; and although, owing to illness, neither Mr. Howells nor Mr. Aldrich could be present at the public observance, the paper by the former and the poem by the latter, written for the occasion, were read by Mr. Bliss Perry and Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, respectively. It is not too much to say that this public meeting was among the most notable from a literary and historic standpoint that have occurred in America during the present generation. Mr. Aldrich's connection with it was heightened by his lamented death soon afterward, which left his last tribute to Longfellow the last that he ever wrote.

In addition to the public exercises the celebration of the Longfellow centenary included several other unusual and interesting features:

- (1) A valuable and sympathetic mention of the poet was written by the poet's friend, Eliot Norton, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- (2) A collection of high artistic merit was struck by the Longfellow centenary committee, and was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
- (3) A Longfellow Centenary Exhibition of rare artistic value, including portraits and other memorabilia, was held for about ten

days, including the week of the Centenary, in the building and under the faithful charge of the Public Library, and was attended by over two thousand visitors.

(4) On the day itself of the Centenary, special exercises were held in the public, private, and parochial schools of Cambridge; and a Children's Hour, consisting of an address by Bishop William Lawrence, a reading by Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland, and other exercises, for the pupils of the grammar grades of those schools, was held in the New Lecture Hall through the courtesy of Harvard University.

(5) Through the kindness of Miss Longfellow, the opportunity was given to the public during certain hours to inspect Craigie House.

In arranging for the celebration of the Agassiz Centenary, a shorter time was available, yet the interest of the public was very great, and the exercises in Sanders Theatre were very successful. The speakers brought out the various aspects in which the career of Agassiz touched American life and scholarship. Colonel Higginson presided and spoke from the standpoint of the man of letters, Professor A. Lawrence Lowell dealt with Agassiz' connection with the Lowell Institute, Professor William Harmon Niles represented the surviving pupils of Agassiz, Professor John Chipman Gray spoke of Agassiz' connection with and influence upon the Cambridge community, and President Eliot described his connection with Harvard University. The reading, by Professor Irvah Lester Winter, of the two poems on Agassiz by Longfellow and Whittier was most appropriate. In addition to these public exercises, the pupils of the Cambridge schools, to the number of over two thousand, were conducted by official guides, during the week of the Centenary, through the great Museum founded by Agassiz in Cambridge.

Of course, in order to carry out in a suitable manner such ambitious undertakings as these two public celebrations, and the publication of the Proceedings, more money has been required than has been yielded by the modest fees prescribed by the By-Laws; and the Society is deeply indebted and truly grateful to the individuals who have promptly and generously responded to its appeals for extra contributions for these purposes. In this and other ways

days, including the week of the Centenary, in the building and under the liberal charge of the Public Library, and was attended by over two thousand visitors.

(4) On the day itself of the Centenary, special exercises were held in the public, private, and parochial schools of Cambridge, and a Children's Hour, consisting of an address by Bishop Williams and a reading by Mr. Charles Townsend, opened, and other exercises for the pupils of the various schools of those schools was held in the New Lecture Hall through the courtesy of Harvard University.

(5) Through the kindness of Miss Langstaff, the opportunity was given to the public during certain hours to inspect Craig House.

In arranging for the celebration of the Agassiz Centenary, a shorter time was available, yet the interest of the public was very great, and the exercises in Sanders Theatre were very successful. The speakers brought out the various aspects in which the career of Agassiz touched American life and civilization. Colonel Higginson presided and spoke from the standpoint of the man of letters. Professor A. Lawrence Lowell dealt with Agassiz's connection with the Lowell Institute. Professor William Brewster discussed the scientific work of Agassiz. Professor John Chipman Gray spoke of Agassiz's connection with and influence upon the Cambridge community, and President Eliot described his connection with Harvard University. The reading by Professor Irish Foster Winter of the two poems on Agassiz by Langstaff and W. H. Miller was most appropriate. In addition to these public exercises the pupils of the Cambridge schools, to the number of over two thousand, were conducted by official guides during the week of the Centenary through the great Museum founded by Agassiz in Cambridge.

Of course it is not to be expected that a suitable manner such as that under which the public celebration was held, and the publication of the Proceedings, more money has been required than has been provided by the modest fees mentioned in the By-Laws, and the Society is deeply indebted and truly grateful to the individuals who have promptly and generously responded to its appeals for extra contributions for these purposes. In this and other ways

these extra expenses have so far been met; but a society like this cannot continue to take advantage of the varied and important opportunities presented to it in Cambridge for public service and for the promotion of historical work unless it shall receive a more liberal support from its regular membership, and in a regular way. The Council, therefore, after careful consideration, have recommended the increase in the dues embodied in the amendments to the By-Laws proposed by it for the adoption of the Society this evening, and entertain the hope that they will be acceptable to the Society. In the judgment of the Council, however, the purposes of the Society can never be realized until it shall have a building of a size and form suitable to its needs and connected in some form with the Public Library, and also an endowment sufficient to meet the expenses of its regular and special publications and other undertakings. With such support, the Society could render a public service constantly increasing in variety and importance. Other cities less favored in historical associations, in the memories of great men, and in the presence of a national institution of learning, have formed such societies and have made their buildings and collections centres of intellectual influence. No community in the United States has such an opportunity to make the history of the present an influence and a stimulus in the minds of the rising generation.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

UNDER the By-Laws, the Secretary performs the duties sometimes in other societies divided between a recording secretary and a corresponding secretary. His duties, therefore, may be divided broadly into several classes. He records in two distinct records, though in one book, the transactions of the Society and of the Council; he supervises the execution of the plans of work outlined and initiated by the Council; and he conducts the correspondence incidental to the general work of the Society and to the printing and circulation of its publications.

During the past year, the work of keeping the records has been the least exacting. The chief work of the Secretary has been

executive and epistolary. The greater part of this work has been in connection with the celebrations of the centenaries of Longfellow and Agassiz. To mention but one aspect, such is the popularity of these men that the distribution of tickets for such seats at the public exercises as were reserved for guests and members of the Society was in itself both complicated and exacting. Of course, in connection with these celebrations, there has been an extended correspondence resulting in a large accession of valuable autograph letters, which will be added to the collection of the Society, already a rich one, which has thus far accumulated.

In making up for publication the second volume of Proceedings, as it will include the many notable addresses called forth by these special meetings, and also most of the other valuable addresses and reports presented since the date of the first volume of Proceedings, the Committee on Publication have had a difficult and protracted task,—involving the preparation of the copy, the correspondence with the speakers and with the publishers, and the reading of proof, etc. The publication of the first volume of Proceedings was received with much favor. One copy has been delivered free to each member of the Society; and complimentary copies have been mailed to all the leading historical societies, and to most of the prominent public, college, and university libraries in the United States, and to some similar organizations in Europe. As a result a large number of similar publications, in the form of books and pamphlets, have been received by the Society in return, and form a nucleus of a considerable collection of books and pamphlets. A full list of these and other gifts to the Society since its organization will be found at the end of the second volume of Proceedings. And we may expect in the future that such gifts will constantly increase in number in proportion as the work and reputation of our Society shall become known. Extra copies of the first volume of Proceedings are on public sale at the Harvard Co-operative Society, and are thus being distributed through the regular book trade. Doubtless, the second volume of Proceedings, which is now in press, when published will have a larger public circulation, as it will contain a full report of the Longfellow and Agassiz celebrations, which aroused such general interest. It may be said, on behalf of the Committee on Publication, that they have aimed to secure in the first and second volumes of Proceedings publica-

executive and epistolary. The greater part of this work has been in connection with the celebration of the centenary of 1801, fellow and Agassiz. To mention but one aspect even in the popularity of these men that the distribution of letters for such seats at the public exercises as were reserved for guests and members of the Society was in itself both complicated and exacting. Of course, in connection with these celebrations there has been a great deal of correspondence, and it is a large amount of correspondence which will be added to the collection of the Society, and only a rich one, which has thus far accumulated.

In making up for publication the second volume of Proceedings as it will include the many notable addresses called forth by these special meetings, and also most of the other scientific addresses and reports presented since the date of the first volume of Proceedings, the Committee on Publication have had a difficult and protracted task, involving the preparation of the copy, the correspondence with the speakers and with the publisher, and the reading of proof, etc. The publication of the first volume of Proceedings was received with much favor. One copy has been delivered free to each member of the Society, and complimentary copies have been mailed to all the leading natural scientists and to most of the prominent public, college, and university libraries in the United States and to some similar organizations in Europe. As a result a large number of similar publications in the form of books and pamphlets have been received by the Society in return and form a nucleus of a considerable collection of books and pamphlets. A full list of these and other gifts to the Society since its organization will be found at the end of the second volume of Proceedings. And we may expect in the future that such gifts will continue to increase in number in proportion as the work and reputation of our Society shall become known. Extra copies of the first volume of Proceedings are on public sale at the Harvard Co-operative Society, and are also being distributed through the book trade. Doubtless the second volume of Proceedings, which is now in press, when published will have a larger public reception, as it will contain a full report of the Lowell and Agassiz expeditions, which aroused much general interest. It may be said on behalf of the Committee on Publication that they have aimed to secure in the first and second volumes of Proceedings

tions which, in form, detail, and contents, should be models of the kind and should reflect credit upon the Society and its work.

Through the continued courtesy of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, the gifts above referred to are received and cared for by the Library in separate alcoves or drawers; and the time may soon come when a card catalogue will be required and more space will be needed than can be provided even by the generous consideration of the Library. It is hoped, therefore, that the purposes and work of the Society will so commend themselves to its members and to the public that a suitable building and other necessary facilities, with an adequate endowment, will be soon provided by thoughtful and generous gifts.

ANNUAL REPORT OF CURATOR

I HAVE to thank the Secretary and other members of the Society who have kindly performed the Curator's duties during my absence. The collections of the Society have already begun to grow. Generous friends have given interesting books or relics or pictures, and we can foresee that with judicious stimulation and direction, the collections ought to become very valuable. Not only members of the Society, but all citizens and natives of Cambridge will be moved, I hope, by that civic and historic sense which has lately been quickened in every part of the country, to regard our Society as the natural and proper guardian for antiquarian treasures which might otherwise be dispersed or destroyed.

We wish everybody to feel that, by giving such objects into the custody of the Society, he is helping to perpetuate the traditions of our dear town; helping to keep alive the memory of its worthy founders and continuers and expanders; helping to put into the new generation that reverence for what is noble and vital in the Past without which the Present is only too likely to fall short of the Past.

I hope to see the Cambridge Historical Society possessed of a building of its own, in which to keep and display its collections. What could be more interesting, for instance, than to have one room in that building fitted up exactly like a typical room in the seventeenth century; another room reproduce the eighteenth;

tions which, in form, detail, and contents, should be models of the kind and should reflect credit upon the Society and its work. Through the continued courtesy of the Trustees and Librarian of the Cambridge Public Library, the gifts above related to are received and cared for by the Library in separate alcoves or drawers and the time may soon come when a card catalogue will be required and more space will be needed than can be provided even by the generous enlargement of the Library. It is hoped, therefore, that the purposes and work of the Society will be extended themselves to the members and to the public that a sufficient building and other necessary facilities, with an adequate endowment will be soon provided by thoughtful and generous gifts.

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We wish everybody to feel that by giving such objects into the custody of the Society he is helping to perpetuate the traditions of our best town; helping to keep alive the memory of its worthy founders and contributors; helping to preserve the new generation that reverence for what is noble and real in the past without which the future is surely too likely to fall short of the

I hope to see the Cambridge Historical Society possessed of a building of its own, suitable to keep and display its collections. What could be more interesting for instance, than to have one room in that building fitted up exactly like a typical room in the seventeenth century; another room reproduce the eighteenth

and another the nineteenth? To do that we need gifts of furniture, of appropriate pictures, of books, of letters, of portraits. And after getting our nucleus for each room, we must work systematically to make the exhibit complete.

That is one line along which I would suggest that our friends be urged to give; but it need not be the only one. There are, for instance, certain series of collections which should be started: thus portraits of the early pastors of our churches might comprise one series; portraits of our mayors another; views of our principal streets and squares another; and so on. Take, for example, so apparently simple a subject as what used to be Main Street, from Harvard Square to Quincy Square: who can reconstruct, by photograph or drawing, the buildings on the south side as they were in 1875, or twenty years earlier? We ought certainly to try to get such material about Harvard Square itself from the earliest times down to the present. Here are two fields which some of our enthusiastic members might most profitably cover; and the results of their labors would naturally enrich another room in our House.

We wish to preserve, of course, not merely objects that belong originally indoors; but also tools, weapons, and all sorts of utensils pertaining to life in the earlier days. I would give a great deal to see the axe that cut the first clearing in Newtowne, or the plow that turned the first furrow in that clearing, or the saw which Eliot the carpenter used in trimming the pales which formed the enclosure of the first College hall. We should have a room devoted to articles of this class. And still another collection should be made of dresses and uniforms. Eventually, biographical collections might be added: an alcove, or more, might be dedicated to Lowell, or Longfellow, and into it be put as many personal objects as possible associated with each. Similarly, other worthies might be illustrated.

I offer you a few sample suggestions, from which you can infer that we have a long, and useful, and happy activity cut out for us — an unending activity for the Society, because each generation will furnish it with new memorabilia. But upon us lies the peculiar obligation of gleaning as much as we can of the earlier and earliest periods, whose vestiges are already too scanty; and as we glean, we must garner.

and another like nineteenth? To do that we need lists of families, of appropriate pictures, of books, of letters, of portraits. And after getting our nucleus for each room, we must work systematically to make the exhibit complete.

There is one line along which I would suggest that our friends be urged to give; but it need not be the only one. There are, for instance, certain series of collections which should be started: the portraits of the early governors and other notable persons; the series of our mayors; another series of our judges; and so on. Take, for example, the streets and squares: another subject as what used to be Main Street from Harvard Square to Quincy Square; who can remember the photographs or drawings the buildings on the south side as they were in 1815 or twenty years earlier? We ought certainly to try to get such material about Harvard Square itself from the earliest times down to the present. Here are two dolls which some of our enthusiastic members might want to contribute; and the results of their labors would naturally enrich another room in our House.

We wish to preserve, of course, not merely objects that belong originally indoors; but also some weapons and all sorts of things pertaining to life in the earlier days. I would give a great deal to see the axe that cut the first clearing in Newmarket or the plow that turned the first furrow in that clearing, or the saw which split the carpenter used in turning the posts which formed the enclosure of the first College hall. We should have a room devoted to articles of this class. And still another collection should be made of dresses and uniforms. Eventually, geological and other things might be added; an stove, or more, might be dedicated to Lowell, or to any other, and into it be put as many personal objects as possible associated with each. Similarly, other worthies might be illustrated.

I offer you a few example suggestions from which you can infer that we have a long and useful and happy before us, and for us—an unending activity for the Society, because each generation will furnish it with new memorabilia. But upon all this the obligation of giving as much as we can of the earlier and later periods, whose vestiges are almost too scanty; and as we give we must gather.

We are greatly indebted to the Cambridge Public Library for giving a safe resting-place to the beginnings of our collections: but we must plan to have a permanent house of our own. To this end, let us hope that loyal Cambridge sons and daughters, who may not have historical relics, will yet make gifts or bequests of money to this Historical Society. The Curator of such an institution, in its infancy, has ample leisure, between the coming of one relic and the next, to see visions and to dream dreams; and I have indulged this privilege to such an extent that I have even dreamed that another generation may behold one of our two or three richly historic houses made the seat of this Society. How could the abode of Washington and Longfellow, for instance, be more sure of receiving perpetual care? When Brattle Street presents a long façade of skyscrapers, as it may well do within the lifetime of many of you, let us hope that Craigie House will not be swept away, as Hancock House in Boston was, to the regret of us all.

Meanwhile, our present duty is to save what we can from the dark backward and abysm of time; to spread the interest already aroused in local history and biography; and to make our Society, whether through its collections, publications, or meetings, a fruitful factor in the higher life of our beloved town.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

October 23, 1906 — October 22, 1907.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Oct. 23, 1906	\$505.29	
Initiation fees from 3 regular members @ \$1	\$3.00	
Annual dues from 110 regular members @ \$2	220.00	
Annual dues from 4 associate members @ \$1	4.00	
Sale of 138 Longfellow medals in bronze @ \$10	1,380.00	
Sale of 3 Longfellow medals in silver @ \$14	42.00	
Sale of 2 Longfellow medals in gold (exclusive of material) and cases	39.00	
30 Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of Longfellow's birth	166.00	
Proceeds of 16 copies of Proceedings I	14.70	
Special contributions toward expense of celebration of the 100th Anniversary of birth of Louis Agassiz	72.02	
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	27.05	1,967.77
		<u>\$2,473.06</u>

We are greatly indebted to the Cambridge Public Library for giving a safe resting-place to the beginnings of our collection; but we must plan to have a permanent home of our own. To this end, let us hope that loyal Cambridge men and women who may not have historical relics will yet make gifts or bequests of money to this Historical Society. The Committee of such an institution, in its infancy, has single interests between the pouring of one relic and the next, to see visions and to dream dreams; and I have indulged this privilege to such an extent that I have even dreamed that another generation may behold some of our two or three really historic houses made the seat of this society. How could the abode of Washington and Langdell, for instance, be more sure of receiving perpetual care? When Smith Street presents a long facade of skyscrapers, as it may well do within the lifetime of many of you, let us hope that Craigie House will not be swept away as Hancock House in Boston was, to the regret of us all.

Meanwhile our present duty is to save what we can from the dark backward and abysm of time; to spend the interest which is crossed in local history and biography; and to make our Society, whether through its collections, publications, or meetings, a faithful factor in the larger life of our beloved town.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TREASURER

October 31, 1906—October 31, 1907

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand Oct. 31, 1906	\$100.00
Initiation fees from 3 regular members @ \$1	3.00
Annual dues from 110 regular members @ \$2	220.00
Special dues from 4 associate members @ \$1	4.00
Sale of 125 Washington medals in boxes @ \$10	1,250.00
Sale of 5 Langdell medals to Silver @ \$11	55.00
Sale of 2 Langdell medals in gold (exclusive of material)	22.00
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	28.00
Special contributions toward expense of publication of 1906 Anniversary of Langdell's birth	100.00
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	14.70
Special contributions toward expense of publication of 1906 Anniversary of birth of John A. Smith	72.00
Interest on deposit in Cambridge Savings Bank	17.00
1906 Anniversary of birth of John A. Smith	1,000.00

DISBURSEMENTS.

Guarantee Company of North America for Treasurer's bond for 1 year to Nov. 1, 1907	\$2.50	
Reporting, stenography, typewriting, printing, engraving, stationery, postage, and supplies	807.43	
Copyright dues on account of Longfellow medal	3.03	
Insurance on account of Longfellow exhibit	15.60	
Service in arranging Longfellow exhibit	27.56	
Music at Longfellow exercises	25.00	
Service of doorkeepers at Sanders Theatre and Fogg Museum	5.00	
Service in designing Longfellow medal	750.00	
Striking and packing Longfellow medals	483.00	
Carriage hire	2.50	
Collecting checks	1.00	2,122.62
Balance on hand Oct. 22, 1907		<u>\$350.44</u>

OSCAR F. ALLEN,
Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory,
Oct. 22, 1907.

J. T. G. NICHOLS,
Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the offices of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAILEY, ELIZABETH E. DANA, and OSCAR F. ALLEN.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

CLARENCE W. AYER,
EDWARD J. BRANDON,
FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
RICHARD HENRY DANA,
HENRY HERBERT EDES,
MARY ISABELLA GOZZALDI,
ALBERT BUSHNELL HART,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,
ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
WILLIAM C. LANE,
ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,
ALEXANDER MCKENZIE,
WILLIAM R. THAYER.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Guarantee Company of North America for Treasurer's bond for 1 year to Nov. 1, 1907	27.50
Reporting, stenography, typewriting, printing, engraving, stationery, postage and supplies	807.48
Copyright dues on account of Longfellow medal	4.00
Insurance on account of Longfellow exhibit	15.00
Services in arranging Longfellow exhibit	27.50
State of Longfellow remains	13.00
Services of photographers at Sanders Theatre and Logg Museum	5.00
Services in designing Longfellow medal	750.00
Engraving and finishing Longfellow medals	482.00
Carriage hire	2.50
Collecting checks	1.00
Balance on hand Oct. 25, 1907	2,122.02
	<u>\$550.14</u>

Oscar F. Allen,

Treasurer.

Examined, compared with the Treasurer's books, and found satisfactory.

Oct. 25, 1907.

J. F. G. Nichols,

Auditor.

The following persons were chosen a Committee to consider and report a list of nominations for the office of the Society for the ensuing year: HOLLIS R. BAKER, ELIZABETH E. DAVIS, and OSCAR F. ALLEN.

The report of this Committee was read and accepted, and the Committee was discharged.

The following persons, nominated by the Committee, were elected by ballot for the ensuing year:

The Council.

CLARENCE W. ALLEN	THOMAS WESTON LEBRON
HOWARD J. HANCOCK	ARCHIBALD M. BOWEN
FRANK CLAYTON GOOD	WILLIAM G. LANE
HENRY HERBERT FORD	ALICE M. LORING
MARY BARRETT COLLEGE	ALEXANDER McKEITHEN
ALBERT BURNELL HARR	WILLIAM B. THAYER

<i>President:</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA.
<i>Vice-Presidents:</i>	{ THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, ARCHIBALD M. HOWE,
<i>Secretary:</i>	FRANK GAYLORD COOK,
<i>Treasurer:</i>	HENRY HERBERT EDES,
<i>Curator:</i>	CLARENCE W. AYER.

The SECRETARY-ELECT was duly sworn.

On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following amendments to the By-laws be adopted, namely:

First: In Article VI, in the second line of the last sentence, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two,"—the last sentence thus amended reading as follows: "Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

Second: In Article XVI, in the first line, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two"; and in the second line by striking out the word "two" and inserting in place thereof the word "three,"—the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting."

The special subject of the evening was "Cornelius Conway Felton;" and in introducing Professor William Watson Goodwin, the guest and speaker of the evening, the PRESIDENT made the following remarks:

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

IN the proceedings of our Historical Society, may we have none of that ostentatious modesty which would banish the little, narrow letter, the insidious I which so naturally and

President	Richard Henry Dana
Vice-President	Thomas Westworth Higginson
	Alexander McKim
	Archibald N. Hays
Secretary	Frank Garrison Cook
Treasurer	Henry Herbert Frost
Comptroller	Charles W. Allen

The Secretary's report was duly sworn.
On recommendation of the Council it was voted that the following amendments to the By-laws be adopted, namely:

First: In Article VI, in the second line of the last sentence, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two";—the last sentence thus amended reading as follows: "Each member shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote."
Second: In Article XVI, in the first line, by striking out the word "one" and inserting in place thereof the word "two"; and in the second line by striking out the word "two" and inserting in place thereof the word "three";—the By-Law thus amended reading as follows: "The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting."

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS OF RICHARD HENRY DANA

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:
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easily wedges its way into our reminiscences. In the paper to-night, let us hope to have the personal recollections of one Philhellene of the other Philhellene, his master and predecessor, in full measure.

And to set a good example, may I say how well I recollect, when in college, the man I am to introduce to you to-night. Even in my day, Greek was an elective, and though mathematics and science came to me far more easily, though with one-third the work I could get better marks, I yet elected Greek in three of my four years. There was a fascination about Greek thought. Here was a race of men who, in history, biography, philosophy, and in lyric, epic, and tragic poetry, built up a literature from their own inner consciousness, of which all literature of all ages since has been, for the most part, but an imitation. As memories of some landscape, some panorama of hazy sunlight on autumn foliage on an October day, linger in the mind, so does this great literature of the Athenians. He who has been under the spell of it will always long for the time when he may cast aside the cares and business of our too arduous life, and take up again his Greek authors. He is never in need of a fascinating resource.

When studying these marvellous creations, I so well remember the enthusiasm of the head of the Greek Department, under whom I had the privilege of sitting for many an absorbing hour. He was a remarkable man, a graduate of Harvard, a student at Bonn, Berlin, and Göttingen, where he took the Doctor's degree, and in 1860 was successor of Felton in the Eliot Professorship of Greek at Harvard. What, to my mind, seems to show his remarkable acumen, is that, though Greek literature was studied during all the classic and middle ages, and was the great study in all the universities of Europe, it was left to him to find out, in our day, the real relation of the Greek moods and tenses, a

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 universities of Europe, it was left to him to find out in our
 day, the real relation of the Greek mind and to form a

great discovery, for which he is justly celebrated. He had the rare distinction of being made a Doctor of Laws by both the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge and by the Scotch university of Edinburgh. May I add that his exposition of this discovery was so logically and clearly put, that it had a charm rare indeed in so dry a subject as grammar, no matter of what language.

I have the pleasure now of introducing to you, as the author of the paper on President Felton, Professor Emeritus and Overseer of Harvard, Mr. William Watson Goodwin.

ADDRESS OF WILLIAM WATSON GOODWIN

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

YOU have asked me to speak to you of President Felton. What I have to say of him will be ancient history to most of you, as he died more than forty-five years ago. And yet, those of us who remember him as a genial friend and associate, full of sparkling humor and geniality, and always ready with a pleasant greeting, can hardly believe that it is almost half a century since we have seen his cheerful face. He would now be one hundred years old. Of those who were associated with him as teachers at the time of his death, only two — President Eliot and myself — are now officially connected with the University. Mr. Eliot was then Assistant Professor of Chemistry, and I had succeeded Mr. Felton as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature in 1860, two years before his death.

Cornelius Conway Felton was born in Newbury, Massachusetts, November 6, 1807. As a boy he is said to have shown great love of study, and his parents encouraged this to the best of their ability. He passed one year at the academy at Bradford, Mass.; and during the year and a half before he entered college he studied in the private school of Mr. Simeon Putnam at North Andover. At this school he is said to have gone over "a wide range of reading both in Latin and Greek, not superficially, but thoroughly and critically"; and there he translated Grotius "*De Veritate*" into English at the age of fifteen. In 1823 he entered Harvard College, where his

great discovery, for which he is justly celebrated. He had the rare distinction of being made a Doctor of Laws by both the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge and by the Scotch university of Edinburgh. May I add that his exposition of this discovery was so logically and clearly put that it had a charm rare indeed in so dry a subject as grammar, no matter of what language.

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studious habits gave him high rank as a scholar from the beginning. His private reading, not only in the classics, but also in modern literature, supplemented the small requisitions then made by the college in these departments. Those who remember him as the elegant, portly gentleman of his later years will hardly recognize the description of his appearance at that time given by one of his intimate college associates: "He was then a tall and slender youth, with a slight stoop and a pale complexion, looking like one who had grown up rapidly and worked hard at his books." But the same friend also says of him: "There was nothing ascetic in his temperament or recluse in his habits. Fond as he was of reading and study, the face of a friend was always more attractive than the silent page of a book." This friend says of him when he left college: "His range of study had been very wide. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, he had made himself well acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and had gone over the whole range of English literature with an omnivorous and indiscriminate appetite that seemed to grow with what it fed on."

Immediately after graduating in 1827, he spent two years in charge of the Livingston County High School in Geneseo, N. Y. In 1829 he returned to Cambridge as Tutor in Latin in the College. In 1830 he became Tutor in Greek, and in 1832 he was made University Professor of Greek. In 1834 he succeeded Rev. Dr. John Snelling Popkin as Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, and he held this office until 1860, when he was made President of the University. The foundation of the Eliot professorship in 1814 by Samuel Eliot of Boston, grandfather of President Eliot, indirectly caused an important revolution in the teaching and the traditions of Harvard College. It was the first strictly literary professorship ever endowed in the college, — the instruction in all the languages, except Hebrew, having previously been given by Tutors or Instructors or by College or University Professors, for whom there was no permanent endowment. In 1815 the Eliot professorship was offered to Edward Everett, who was only twenty years old, but was already a distinguished pulpit orator. Mr. Everett was unwilling to take the professorship until he had prepared himself for its duties by study in a German university. He went to Göttingen on leave of absence in 1815 as a student of classic philology, and there took the

studious habits gave him high rank as a scholar from the beginning. His private reading, not only in the classics, but also in modern literature, supplemented the small repertoires then made by the college in these departments. Those who remember him as the elegant, portly gentleman of his later years will hardly recognize the description of his appearance at that time given by one of his intimate college associates: "He was then a tall and slender youth, with bright, deep and a pale complexion, looking like one who had grown up rapidly and worked hard at his books." But the same friend also says of him: "There was nothing special in his temperament or tastes in his habits. Found as he was of reading and study, the fact of a friend was always more attractive than the silent page of a book." This friend says of him when he left college: "His range of study had been very wide. He was an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, he had made himself well acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, and had gone over the whole range of English literature with an enthusiasm and discriminative aptitude that seemed to grow with what it fed on."

Immediately after graduating in 1827, he spent two years in charge of the Lexington County High School in Goshen, N. Y. In 1829 he returned to Cambridge as Tutor in Latin in the College. In 1830 he became Tutor in Greek, and in 1832 he was made Tutor in Greek. In 1834 he succeeded Rev. Dr. John Snelling Popkin as Elliot Professor of Greek Literature, and he held this office until 1860, when he was made President of the University. The foundation of the Elliot professorship in 1814 by General Elliot of Boston, grandfather of President Elliot, indicated an important revolution in the teaching and the traditions of Harvard College. It was the first strictly literary professorship ever devised in the college, — the first position in all the languages except Hebrew, having previously been given by Tilton or President Eliot to a college or university professor, for whom there was no position next to him. It was the first professorship that was held in a college or university, who was only twenty years old, but was already a distinguished scholar. Mr. Everett was unwilling to take the professorship until he had prepared himself for its duties by study in a German university. He went to Göttingen on leave of absence in 1815 as a student of classic philology, and there took the

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1817, being the first American who received this degree. This wise and far-seeing action of Mr. Everett was the foundation of the close connection between Göttingen and Harvard, which has been of lasting benefit to our scholarship. He was soon followed by two other graduates of Harvard, George Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, who studied at Göttingen and received the doctor's degree, and also by George Ticknor of Dartmouth. All four of these scholars soon returned to Harvard, and it is hardly possible now to imagine the startling effect which this sudden importation of new ideas from the famous seat of German learning must have produced at that early day in our quiet college. Strange to say, the *permanent* result of this wholesale importation of German ideas appears to have been but slight. This probably was due to the short time during which the four German scholars remained together at Harvard. Mr. Everett resigned in 1826 to begin his career in Congress; Mr. Bancroft resigned in 1823; Mr. Cogswell became Librarian and also Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; while Mr. Ticknor remained until 1835 as Smith Professor of French and Spanish and Professor of Belles Lettres. Harvard was certainly not *Germanized* by this revolution. Perhaps the best indication of the new spirit inspired by this brief reign of German influence at Cambridge is to be seen in the syllabus of Professor Everett's lectures on Greek Literature. The high scholarship and the deep erudition shown in these lectures plainly indicate what our American students found at Göttingen ninety years ago; and this fell little (if at all) below the standard of the German universities of the present day. The breadth of view and the wealth of references and citations presented in Professor Everett's lectures must have been a sudden revelation to the pupils of Dr. Popkin, to whom they were addressed. We have one hint of at least an undergraduate fear of Germanism, in the song which is said to have been sung under Mr. Bancroft's windows in the college yard, beginning "Thus we do in Germany." This early connection with Germany was almost entirely suspended for about twenty years, when it was renewed with Göttingen and the other great German universities by Benjamin A. Gould and George M. Lane, with increased vigor and more lasting results.

When Mr. Felton assumed the Eliot Professorship in 1834,

degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1817, being the first American who received this degree. This wise and far-sighted action of Mr. Everett was the foundation of the close connection between the two men and Harvard, which has been of lasting benefit to our country. He was soon followed by two other graduates of Harvard, George Bancroft and Joseph Green Cogswell, who studied at Göttingen and received the doctor's degree and also by George Ticknor, of Dartmouth. All four of these scholars were returned to Harvard, and it is hardly possible now to imagine the startling effect which this sudden importation of new ideas from the foreign seat of German learning must have produced at that early day in our quiet college. Strange to say, the permanent results of this wholesale importation of German ideas appear to have been but slight. This probably was due to the short time during which the two German scholars remained together at Harvard. Mr. Bancroft resigned in 1836 to begin his career in Congress; Mr. Ticknor resigned in 1838; Mr. Cogswell became Librarian and also Professor of Mineralogy and Geology; while Mr. Ticknor remained until 1855 as Smith Professor of French and Spanish and Professor of Belles Lettres. Harvard was certainly not transformed by this revolution. Perhaps the best indication of the new spirit inspired by this brief reign of German influence at Cambridge is to be seen in the list of Prof. Everett's lectures on Greek literature. The high scholarship and the deep erudition shown in these lectures plainly indicate what our American students found as Göttingen nearly twenty years ago; and this fell little (if at all) below the standard of the German universities of the present day. The breadth of view and the wealth of references and citations presented in Professor Everett's lectures must have been a sudden revelation to the pupils of Dr. Pappin, to whom they were addressed. We have one hint at least as to the magnitude of the Germanism in the work which is said to have been done under Mr. Bancroft's direction in the college, and that is the name of Germany. This name was long and tedious, and it was removed with Göttingen and the other great German universities by Benjamin A. Gould and George M. Lane, with increased vigor and more lasting results. When Mr. Pappin assumed the Eliot Professorship in 1824

at the age of twenty-six, he delivered his inaugural address at Commencement time. In this he expresses, in strong and dignified language, his high sense of the important duties he was undertaking and his cheerful hope of success in his work. He says:

"When I remember what men have gone before me in this career, and by what genius, eloquence, and erudition it has been adorned, I accept this professorship with a feeling of unaffected gratification, mingled with unaffected distrust. But my tastes, my studies, and the cherished associations of this spot, encourage me to undertake its responsible duties with cheerfulness and hope."

His exalted opinion of the language which he was to teach is thus expressed:

"This language of a freely organized and developed people, formed under the genial influence of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most picturesque and lovely scenes in nature, had acquired a descriptive force and harmony, equally capable of expressing every mood of the mind, every affection of the heart, every aspect of the world. Its words are images, and its sentences finished pictures. It gives the poet the means of clothing his conceptions in every form of beauty and grandeur; of painting them with the most exquisite tints and hues; of gathering around them the most appropriate images, wisely chosen and tastefully grouped; and of heightening the effect of the whole by the idealizing power of a chastened imagination."

Again he says:

"Language was polished [by the early Greeks] into exquisite beauty and harmony; eloquence was simple, energetic, and lofty; public games were favorite and almost sacred recreations of the people; the spirit of patriotism was strong and active; the useful arts were much cultivated, and the fine arts were beginning to spring up. The essential principles of all genuine literature and art—namely, truth, nature, and simplicity—were already implanted in the Grecian soul. They afterwards unfolded themselves in that wonderful unity of spirit which embraces all the poets, painters, sculptors, and architects who shed an unfading lustre over the classic ages of Greece."

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says: "When I remember what men have done before me in this career, and by what genius, eloquence, and exertion it has been achieved, I accept this professorship with a feeling of unalloyed gratification, mingled with unalloyed distrust. But my duties, my studies, and the cherished associations of this spot, encourage me to undertake its responsible duties with cheerfulness and hope."

His exalted opinion of the language which he was to teach is thus expressed:

"This language of a lively, organized and developed people, formed under the genial influence of a serene and beautiful heaven, amidst the most picturesque and lovely scenes in nature, has acquired a descriptive force and harmony, equally capable of expressing every mood of the mind, every affection of the heart, every aspect of the world. Its words are images, and its sentences finished pictures. It gives the poet the words of clothing his conceptions in every form of beauty and grandeur; of painting them with the most exquisite tints and hues; of gathering around them the most appropriate images, wisely chosen and tastefully grouped; and of heightening the effect of the whole by the idealizing power of a charmed imagination."

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A learned and enthusiastic professor, inspired by sentiments like these and eager for congenial work in the field of his own choice, would naturally have found in the Eliot professorship the broadest scope and the greatest facilities for carrying out his ideas of teaching. If Mr. Felton could have entered on his duties after thirty-eight years of the administration of President Eliot, he would have found just these conditions here. But in 1834 Harvard College was a very different place. The straitened condition of the finances then made it impossible to supply the teachers who were absolutely needed in most departments to help the professors; and even the highest professors were obliged to do work which would not now be expected of even the youngest tutors or instructors. When Mr. Everett took charge of the Eliot professorship with its large endowment, Dr. Popkin still remained College Professor of Greek, and for several years there was also a tutor in Greek. If we may judge by the very brief statement of the courses of study in the catalogue, Professor Everett was expected only to give a course of lectures and to appoint certain hours in which students could consult him privately about their studies in Greek literature. But fourteen years later, when Mr. Felton succeeded Dr. Popkin in the office, all this was changed, and the duties of the Eliot Professor appear to have become a part of the ordinary work of the college. He was now assisted only by one tutor, who taught the Freshmen, while he was himself expected to take entire charge of the Greek of the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. Mr. Felton was obliged to hear at least twelve recitations in each week of large classes of students, who came to him in alphabetical sections. The college statutes required him to examine orally on a prescribed lesson as many of each section as he could during the hour of recitation, and to return marks on a scale of eight for each hour, allowing each student his average mark for days when he was not called on to recite. The total sum of these marks for the whole college course determined each student's rank at graduation. This made the systematic teaching of any large subject or the exposition of any piece of literature by the professor practically impossible. A great part of every hour had to be given to the correction of elementary mistakes, and to explanations which could be of no use to real scholars. As the classes increased in size all this became worse.

Mr. Felton gave no lectures at all to my class (1851), but he began with the next class to lecture once a week for half the year. These lectures, like many other excellent courses then given in the college, were no part of the work which counted for rank or for the degree. There were then no examinations in the college which were any test of scholarship. They were all oral, and generally amounted to nothing as incentives to study or as proof of study. The introduction of thorough written examinations in all the courses of study in 1859 began a complete revolution in the whole system of teaching. These examinations were used more and more each year in determining the students' rank, thus leaving the instructor free to devote his time with his class to actual teaching. There is probably no teacher now in the college who uses his time in the class-room for any other purpose than giving instruction in his course of study in the way which seems to him best adapted to his subject. The introduction of an enlarged system of elective studies in 1867, which has since been increased to an extent hardly anticipated at the outset, has made a much higher scholarship possible in the college classes than was dreamed of forty years ago. Again, the introduction of graduate instruction in the Arts and Sciences, leading to the Master's and the Doctor's degrees, in classes to which competent undergraduates are specially admitted, has now united the College and the University in a manner which was never even contemplated in Mr. Felton's day, and is hardly appreciated even in our day. To give a single example, — in place of the four courses in Greek and four in Latin formerly given by recitations, we have now forty-seven courses offered in the Classics, of which about half are especially adapted to graduates who are studying for a higher degree. These courses are constantly changed from year to year, and nothing like the old recitation system is known in any of them. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences this year offers (in all) five hundred and ninety-two courses in forty-four departments of study.

In 1856, on my return from Germany, I was appointed tutor in Greek and Latin to relieve the two professors in these languages of their work with the Sophomore class. This most needed relief had long been called for; but lack of funds had made it impossible to grant it. As a teacher, with fifteen hours of work a week, I

Mr. Felton gave no lecture at all to my class (1851), but he began with the next class to lecture once a week for half the year. These lectures, like many other excellent courses then given in the college, were no part of the work which counted for rank or for the degree. There were then no examinations in the college which were any test of scholarship. They were all oral and generally amounted to nothing as incentives to study or as proof of study. The introduction of *elementary* written examinations in all the courses of study in 1859 began a complete revolution in the whole system of teaching. These examinations were held more and more each year in determining the students' rank, thus leaving the instructor free to devote his time with his class to actual teaching. There is probably no teacher now in the college who uses his time in the class-room for any other purpose than giving instruction in his course of study in the way which seems to him best adapted to his subject. The introduction of an enlarged system of *elementary* studies in 1857, which has since been increased to an extent hardly anticipated at the outset, has made a much higher scholarship possible in the college classes than was dreamed of forty years ago. Again, the introduction of graduate instruction in the Arts and Sciences, leading to the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, has created a new class to which competent undergraduates are specially attracted. This has now united the College and the University in a manner which was never even contemplated in Mr. Felton's day, and is hardly appreciated even in our day. To give a single example—in place of the four courses in Greek and four in Latin formerly given by recitation, we have now forty-seven courses offered in the Classics, of which about half are especially adapted to graduates who are studying for a higher degree. These courses are constantly changed from year to year, and nothing like the old recitation system is known in any of them. The Faculty of Arts and Sciences this year offers (in all) five hundred and ninety-two courses in forty-four departments of study. In 1850, on my return from Germany, I was appointed tutor in Greek and Latin to relieve the two professors in these languages of their work with the Sophomore class. This most needed relief had long been called for, but lack of funds had made it impossible to grant it. As a teacher, with fifteen hours of work a week, I

found the old system of recitations, on which the students' marks were to be given, almost intolerable; and the relief soon afforded by written examinations was welcomed with the greatest delight by all the younger men in the Faculty. Among these younger men President Eliot was especially active as an advocate of this and of all other measures which aimed at raising the standard of scholarship and increasing the efficiency of teaching. Much of his work as President in this direction has been only a continuation of what he began as Tutor in Mathematics more than fifty years ago.

In 1853 and 1854 Mr. Felton made a most interesting journey to Europe, a large part of which he devoted to Greece and Greek lands. His pleasant experiences are related in a little volume, "Familiar Letters from Europe," published after his death. This visit to Greece realized the fond anticipations of many years. He found many old friends and still more new ones at Athens, where his enthusiasm for everything Greek and for Greece itself made him welcome to all whom he met. He was pleasantly entertained by the King and Queen, and in diplomatic and literary circles; and he soon learned enough modern Greek to talk familiarly with the people whom he met in his travels in the country. He is sometimes rather too enthusiastic about the purity of the Greek which he heard from the mouths of peasants and common men in the streets. I cannot help thinking that, with the few words which he recognized as pure Greek, there were many others which would not have been understood in ancient Athens. His account of his arrival at Athens is characteristic of the enthusiasm and excitement in which he first saw all the great monuments and historic scenes of Greece. His steamer had hardly come to anchor in the Piræus, when (as he says) "we scrambled down to a boat which Miltiades had already engaged for us; rowed ashore, stepped into a hack, — O contradiction of all classical experience! — and were driven by a coachman over the Peiraic road, between the ruins of the walls of Themistocles, up to the city of Athens. We passed the olive groves of Plato's Academy; dashed up to the Temple of Theseus, dismounted, and went through it; climbed the Areopagus, where Orestes was tried and Paul preached; looked over the Agora to the Pnyx and the Bema, whence Demosthenes harangued the Athenians; climbed up to the Propylæa; mounted the marble staircase

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leading into the Acropolis; went through and round the Parthenon; examined the piles of sculptured marbles still remaining on the ground; admired the Erechtheum; looked round upon the matchless panorama of marble mountains that encircled the plain; descended, stopping at the new found temple of Wingless Victory on the way; walked along the southern slope [of the Acropolis], surveying the ruins of the Odeum and the site of the Dionysiac Theatre; jumped into our degenerate hack and drove to the still standing columns that form a part of the gigantic Temple of Olympian Zeus; passed under the Arch of Hadrian; drove to the Temple of the Winds in the street of Aeolus; then, to bring the journey to a quite modern termination, dropped my luggage at the Hôtel d'Angleterre."

That is, instead of driving up the main road to the city (about four and one-half miles), and seeing very little except at a distance, he made his hack-driver carry him to all the principal ruins of Athens, some of them being a mile distant from his direct course! He really left very little to be seen for the first time in his future wanderings about ancient Athens. And he did a most wise thing, which perhaps no other traveller has done, either before or since.

During the twenty-six years of his professorship, he published a large number of books, among which may be especially mentioned annotated editions of the "Iliad," the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, the "Clouds" and the "Birds" of Aristophanes, and the "Panegyricus" of Isocrates. He once told me that he believed that he was the first who ever introduced a real Greek author (*i. e.*, not as a part of a collection) into the instruction of Harvard College. Before his day the old "Graeca Majora" was the chief Greek classic known to the students.

I cannot help alluding here to the vigorous warfare against Spiritualism which Mr. Felton waged during the last year of his professor's life. He seemed really alarmed by the rapid spread of spiritualistic doctrines at that period; and (as one of his friends expressed it) he believed spiritualism to be "a mischievous delusion, weakening the mind and poisoning the moral sense." I walked with him into Boston one fine Sunday evening to attend a spiritualists' meeting to which he had been invited. We found a large hall filled with men and women, and his name was posted

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I cannot help alluding here to the vigorous warfare against Spiritualism which Mr. Peckham waged during the last year of his professor's life. He seemed really alarmed by the rapid spread of spiritualistic doctrines at that period; and (as one of his friends expressed it) he believed spiritualism to be "a mischievous superstition, weakening the mind and poisoning the moral sense." I saw, walking with him into Boston one fine Sunday evening in 1882, a spiritualists' meeting to which he had been invited. The hall was packed with men and women, and his name was posted

in large letters at the door as one of the expected speakers. We had hardly taken our seats, when one of the chief men called Mr. Felton by name, and said: "I understand that Professor Felton claims to be thoroughly posted up in everything that concerns the Greeks. Now I want to ask him if he does not know that Socrates was a great spiritualist, having a guardian demon or spirit always attending him and advising him what to do." Mr. Felton replied: "The vulgarism *posted up* never fell from my lips before this minute. But I have never heard that Socrates was in any sense a spiritualist." He then explained that the so-called "demon" of Socrates was a late invention, for which there is absolutely no historic authority. Socrates himself speaks of *something divine* (*δαιμόδιον τι*) within him, which sometimes warned him *not to do* something which he thought of doing, but never gave him any positive advice. It was never personified in any sense, but was only a sort of intuition in his own mind. This explanation was well received, and seemed to be quite a revelation to many of the audience.

When Dr. Walker resigned the presidency of the University in January, 1860, all eyes turned to Mr. Felton as his natural successor. As "the oldest inhabitant" of the University and thus identified with the most important period of its history, he was the only man seriously thought of for the office. He was immediately chosen by the Corporation and confirmed by the Overseers, and he assumed his duties at once. This inauguration took place at Commencement time in 1860, in connection with the triennial festival of the Alumni. His inaugural address was dignified and eloquent, abounding in classic allusions and strong in the assurance that his new duties should never wean him from that love of ancient letters which had distinguished him through life. I will quote the following:—

"I am not a new man here. I believe not one man—no, not one—holding office in any department of the University when I returned after an absence of two years (in 1829) is now in active academical duty in the immediate government of the College. My associates are, with few exceptions, men who have been my pupils; without exception, men to whom I have been attached by the ties of a friendship which has never been interrupted by a passing

in large letters at the door as one of the expected speakers. We had hardly taken our seats, when one of the chief men called Mr. Watson by name, and said, "I understand that Professor Watson comes to be thoroughly posted up in everything that concerns the Greeks. Now I want to ask him if he does not know that Socrates was a great spiritualist, having a guardian demon or spirit always attending him and advising him what to do." Mr. Watson replied: "The vulgar notion of a demon never fell from my lips before this minute. But I have never heard that Socrates was in any sense a spiritualist." He then explained that the so-called "demon" of Socrates was a late invention, for which there is absolutely no historic authority. Socrates himself speaks of something divine (δαίμων) within him, which sometimes warned him not to do something which he thought of doing, but never gave him any positive advice. It was never personified in any sense, but was only a sort of intuition in his own mind. This explanation was well received, and seemed to be quite a revelation to many of the audience.

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cloud. Had my personal wishes been gratified, I should have been left to the cultivation of Grecian letters, and the studies of the professorship in which I have passed so many happy years. When St. Basil, having long resided in the society of the students and philosophers of Athens, was called by the duties of life to leave those classic scenes, he departed with lamentations and tears. More fortunate than St. Basil, I am permitted to remain. I shall not desert the academic grove; the voices of the Bema and the Dionysiac theatre still ring in my ears with all their enchantments. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Demosthenes, — I shall not part company with you yet. Helicon and Parnassus, which my feet have trodden literally as well as figuratively, are consecrated names. Hymettus still yields his honeyed stores, and the Cephissus and Ilissus still murmur with the thronging memories of the past. I resign my former duties to younger and more vigorous hands; but my excellent friend and successor I know will allow me to haunt his lecture-room, even to that period of life when I shall be like the chorus in the Agamemnon,

‘When hoary Eld, in sere and yellow leaf,
Walks his triple-footed way;
Nor stronger than a child
Wanders a vision in the light of day.’”

How old now do you think this venerable “oldest inhabitant” was, when he moved his friends around him almost to tears by this impressive and pathetic address? He was just fifty-two years old, and he had been connected with the college as tutor and professor about thirty-one years. I mention this as an indication of the change which half a century has made in our ideas of “growing old.”

During the brief time of his presidency, Mr. Felton did not find much time to “haunt” my lecture-room; but he very often entreated me to “run away for a day” and let him take my classes. One day, when I did this, he heard the whole Sophomore class recite (in the old-fashioned way) in three alphabetical divisions in the “Clouds” of Aristophanes, refusing to shorten the time by uniting sections. When I went to see him on my return, he said with deep feeling that he had not had such a delightful day since

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When young Eli, in awe and yellow hair,
Wrote his first play;
How stronger than a child
Was that a vision in the light of day."

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he gave up teaching, and thanked me most heartily for giving him the pleasant opportunity. He then brought his hand down on my knee with all his might and said: "Goodwin, there is no more comparison between the pleasure of being professor and president in this college than there is between heaven and hell."

In the course of President Felton's inaugural address there was a most pleasant occurrence, which by a remarkable coincidence reminded many of the audience of a similar occasion at the inauguration of President Everett fourteen years before. This is thus related by Mr. Richard H. Dana, the father of your president, in his delightful commemoration of Mr. Everett in 1865:

"On this occasion [Mr. Everett's Inauguration] there was an occurrence which put suddenly to the severest test the equanimity and ready resources of Mr. Everett. The day and place were his, and his only. The crowded assembly waited for his word. He rose and advanced to the front of the platform [to give his address], and was received with gratifying applause. As he was about to begin, the applause received a sudden and marked acceleration, and rose higher and higher into a tumult of cheers. Mr. Everett felt that something more than his welcome had caused this; and turning, he saw [just appearing upon the stage from behind the pulpit] the majestic presence of Mr. Webster. I had heard Mr. Everett's readiness of resource called in question. I looked—all must have looked—to see how he would bear this embarrassment. He turned again to the audience, cast his eyes slowly round the assembly, with a look of the utmost gratification, seemed to gather their applause in his arms, and, turning about, to lay it ministerially at the feet of Mr. Webster, said to him: 'I wish, sir, that I could at once assert the authority which has just been conferred upon me, and *auctoritate mihi commissa* declare to the audience, *expectatur oratio in lingua vernacula a Webster*. But I suppose, sir, your convenience and the arrangements made by others render it expedient that I should speak myself,—at least at first.'"

Fourteen years later, on the same platform, before an audience which was in great part the same, President Felton was delivering his inaugural address. Three of the four living ex-presidents, Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and James Walker, were seated on

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Fourteen years later, on the same platform, before a similar which was in great part the same, President Felt was inaugurated. Three of the four living ex-presidents, Edward Everett, James Spaulding, and James Webster, were seated on

the platform, with a vacant chair by their side. Mr. Felton was beginning to speak of his high opinion of the character of college students, and had just uttered the words: "I have entire confidence in the honor of the great mass of students," when the audience suddenly rose to their feet with cheers and tumultuous applause, which he knew could not be merely a response to his last words. He turned about, and saw the venerable Josiah Quincy, leaning on his son's arm, entering the stage through the pulpit, to take the vacant chair by the side of the three other ex-presidents. When the applause subsided, he turned to Mr. Quincy and said:

"I was speaking, Mr. President Quincy, of the faults and virtues of college students. No one had a more thorough knowledge of both than you. No one can judge them more truly:—no one will judge them more gently. I was about to say, that I believe no body of young men are, in the mass, more truthful and magnanimous. . . . A lady may now pass unattended, at any hour, through the college grounds, secure from seeing or hearing anything to alarm or offend her. . . . I think our University owes no inconsiderable part of the great influence it has exercised upon society to the fact that, while it has remodelled the special forms of its laws and orders when the spirit of the age required, it has always enforced, not only the moral law in its highest sense, but the minor morals, which are the manners of gentlemen."

He then quoted some of the older laws of the college, showing the precedence once shown to sons of esquires and knights. For example, it was ordered that "every scholar, until he receives his first degree, be called only by his surname, unless he be a fellow-commoner or the eldest son of a knight or nobleman." In the class-room and chapel the scholars sat according to the rank of their fathers. All students of our Triennial and Quinquennial Catalogues know that until 1773 the names in the classes are arranged in the order of the fathers' rank, and this principle is followed to the very end of the list, names beginning with A sometimes appearing at the very end (as in that of 1772).

Mr. Felton's lasting affection for Athens, which his visit to Greece had only strengthened, found warm expression in his inaugural. He says:

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"I was speaking, Mr. President Quincy, of the fallacy and value of college students. No one had a more thorough knowledge of both than you. No one can judge them more truly;—no one will judge them more gently. I was about to say that I believe no body of young men are in the mass more truthful and magnanimous. . . . A lady may now pass unattended at any hour through the college grounds secure from seeing or hearing anything to shame or offend her. . . . I think our University owes no inconsiderable part of the great influence it has exercised upon society to the fact that while it has transmitted the special forms of its laws and orders when the spirit of the age required it has always enforced, not only the moral law in its highest sense, but the minor morals, which are the manners of gentlemen."

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Mr. Felton's (reading) affection for Athens, which led him to Greece had only strengthened, found warm expression in his inaugural. He says:

"There have been many more populous and wealthy cities than Athens; but only one Athens has illustrated the history of man,—there *has been* but one Athens in the world. Time has not dimmed her ancient glories; her schools still school mankind; her language is the language of letters, of art, of science. There has been but one Acropolis, over which the Virgin Goddess of Wisdom kept watch and ward with spear and shield. There has been but one Parthenon, built by the genius of Architecture, and adorned by the unapproachable perfection of Phidian statues; and there it rises in its pathetic beauty of decay, kindling in the blaze of the noonday sun, or softly gleaming under the indescribable loveliness of the full moon of Attica."

The anticipations of a long and prosperous term of the presidency for Mr. Felton were doomed to a sad disappointment. An insidious disease of the heart, which had given some of his friends uneasiness even before he took the presidency, was developed and aggravated by the sudden change of life which his new duties required and by the increased responsibility which he had assumed. The strict and even stern punctiliousness with which he discharged even the smaller duties of the presidency was sometimes in strange contrast to the mild and easy gentleness which had marked his conduct as professor. This struck his friends with surprise, and sometimes even with anxiety. Even on social occasions with intimate friends, where he would once have been full of life and overflowing with geniality and good-humor, he now sometimes sat sober and silent and took an early leave, so that his friends asked in astonishment what *could* be the matter with the President. All this was generally attributed to the sobering effect of his new responsibilities, until the winter of 1861-1862, when his disease suddenly appeared in a dangerous form, and compelled him to postpone a journey to Washington, where he was to attend a meeting of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. He afterwards went to visit his brother near Chester, Pa., where, after an illness of two or three weeks he died February 26, 1862. I saw him for a few minutes there, about a week before his death; but it was only too plain that I was seeing him for the last time. His funeral took place in the college chapel, where the services were conducted by Dr. Walker and Dr. Peabody. On the following Sunday, March 9,

"There have been many more populous and wealthy cities than Athens; but only one Athens has illustrated the history of man,—there has been but one Athens in the world. Time has not diminished her ancient glories; her schools still school mankind; her language is the language of letters of art of science. There has been but one Apropolis over which the Virgin Goddess of Wisdom kept watch and ward with spear and shield. There has been but one Parthenon built by the genius of Architecture and adorned by the marvellous perfection of Phidias' statue; and there is none in its pathetic beauty of decay, none in the place of the noonday sun, or softly gleaming under the impenetrable loveliness of the full moon of Attica."

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Dr. Peabody preached a funeral sermon, which bore the affectionate testimony to Mr. Felton's character of one who had been among his most intimate friends of more than thirty-eight years, since they entered college together on the same day in 1823. I will close these remarks on President Felton with a passage from this just discourse:

"Who has ever borne a more benignant and endeared part than he sustained in the whole intercourse of friendship and society, with equal wit and wisdom, modesty and dignity, grace in his speech and vigor in his thought? . . . With a nature thus overflowing with kindness, which might, to one who knew him but little, have seemed hardly to guard its own individuality and to be ready to become all things to all men, no man was ever more strongly intrenched within the defences of a pure, true, and discriminating conscience. No unworthy compliance ever shed a transient shadow over even his earliest youth. We who have known him longest can recall not an act which we do not love to remember. Steadfast in the right, no power on earth could make him swerve from his convictions of duty. His force of character, hidden on ordinary occasions by his gentle and sunny temperament, appeared impregnable whenever it was put to the test. From the most arduous, thankless, and painful duties he never shrank; and in prompt decision and fearless energy for difficult emergencies he was no less conspicuous and admirable than in those amiable and graceful qualities which adorned his daily life."

I feel sure that those who knew President Felton best as a colleague and loved him best as a friend will most heartily agree with Dr. Peabody in this estimate of his character. Harvard College certainly has never had in her society a man who was more affectionately loved, and whose company was more eagerly sought by all who knew him.

At the conclusion of Professor Goodwin's address the President read from Longfellow's poem, "Three Friends of Mine," the tribute to Felton; and the meeting was dissolved.

Dr. Peabody presented a funeral sermon, which bore the affectionate testimony to Mr. Felton's character of one who had been among his most intimate friends of more than thirty-eight years, since they entered college together on the same day in 1838. I will close these remarks on President Felton with a passage from this last discourse:

"Who has ever borne a more delicate and endeared part than he sustained in the whole intercourse of friendship and society, with equal wit and wisdom, modesty and dignified grace in his speech and vigor in his thought? . . . With a nature that overflowed with kindness, which might to one who knew him but little have seemed hardly to grant its own individuality and to be ready to become all things to all men, no man was ever more strongly informed within the defenses of a pure, true and disinterested conscience. No unworthy confidence ever shed a transient shadow over even his earliest youth. We who have known him longest can recall not an act which we do not love to remember. Steadfast in the right, no power on earth could make him swerve from his convictions of duty. His force of character, hidden on ordinary occasions by his gentle and sunny temperament, appeared imperishable whenever it was put to the test. From the most arduous, thankless and perilous duties he never shrank; and in prompt decision and healthy energy for difficult emergencies he was no less conspicuous and admirable than in those amiable and graceful qualities which adorned his daily life." I feel sure that those who knew President Felton best as a colleague and loved him best as a friend will most heartily agree with Dr. Peabody in this estimate of his character. Harvard College certainly has never had in her society a man who was more affectionately loved and whose company was more eagerly sought by all who knew him.

At the conclusion of Professor Goodwin's address the President read from Longfellow's poem, "Three Friends of Mine," the tribute to Felton; and the meeting was dissolved.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY

June 19, 1905 — October 22, 1907

<i>Donor</i>	<i>Description</i>
AMERICAN-IRISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Journal, Vol. VI
AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MATHEMATICS (BALTIMORE, MD.) . .	American Journal of Mathematics, Vol. XXIV, No. 2
BELGIUM, ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARCHEOLOGY OF (ANTWERP) . .	Bulletin, II; Bulletin, III; Annals, LVIII; LIX
BLAKE, J. HENRY	Photograph of Wreck of the Samoset near Provincetown as exposed in 1886
BOSTONIAN SOCIETY	Full set of its Publications
BRANDON, EDWARD J.	Journal of the American-Irish Historical Society, Vol. V
CONNECTICUT HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Annual Report, 1907
COX, GEORGE HOWLAND	"The Newport Mercury or the Weekly Advertiser" (incomplete), dated December 19, 1758, with glass frame
CULLEN, JOHN	Poems and Idylls
DORCHESTER HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Old Dorchester Burying Ground, 1634, by John A. Fowle Catalogue of Civil War Relics Catalogue of the Stark Collection of Antiquities & Curiosities History of the Old Blake House Brief Sketch of Dorchester Historical Society
FITCHBURG HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Proceedings, Vol. I

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- American-Japan Historical Society Journal, Vol. VI
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- Black, J. Henry
- Bostonian Society
- Harrison, Edward J.
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- "The Newport Mercury" at the
- Weekly Advertiser" (Cambridge)
- dated December 18, 1756, with
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- Poems and Hymns
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- Catalogue of Civil War Relics
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- History of the Old State House
- Relic Society of Dorchester County
- Vol. I
- Pennsylvania Historical Society

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HART, ALBERT BUSHNELL . . .	Photograph reproduction of the declaration of independence made by the Vestry of Saint Paul's Church, Edenton, North Carolina
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. . .	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. A Sketch of his Life by Charles Eliot Norton, together with chief Autobiographical Poems The Emerson Centennial, May 25, 1903. Extracts from Tributes
ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Collections, II, Va. Series, I, Cahokia Records, 1778-1790
IPSWICH (MASS.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publications XIV. The Simple Cobler of Agawam, by Rev. Nathaniel Ward. Essay on Ward, etc., and Proceedings
JACKSON, ROBERT TRACY . . .	John Richardson : His House & Garden, by the Donor History of the Oliver, Vassall and Royall Houses in Dorchester, Cambridge and Medford, by the Donor
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MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY . . .	Proceedings on the 75th Birthday of Henry W. Longfellow The Wadsworth Longfellow House, by Nathan Gould
MCKENZIE, ALEXANDER	The First Church in Cambridge, by the Donor
MANCHESTER (N. H.) HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION	Quarterly Vol. III, Nos. 1-8
MEDFORD, CITY OF	Mayor's Address, 1906
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY .	Historical Register, Vol. X, No. 1, Jan. 1907; No. 2, April, 1907; No. 3, July, 1907

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Books Received, 1778-1790

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MISSOURI HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Collections, Vol. II, No. 7, Oct. 1906
MISSOURI, STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Third Biennial Report for the 2 years ending Dec. 31, 1906 Missouri Historical Review Vol. I, No. 1, Oct. 1906; No. 2, Jan. 1907; No. 3, Apr. 1907; No. 4, July, 1907
MORGAN, MORRIS H.	Memoir of John Bartlett, by the Donor. Reprinted from the Proceedings of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XLI
NEWBURGH BAY AND THE HIGHLANDS (N. Y.), HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF	Historical Papers, No. XIII
NEW ENGLAND CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Publication No. 5
NEWHALL, HOWARD MUDGE	Register of the Lynn Historical Society, Lynn, Massachusetts, 1902, 1903
NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1872-1905. 4 vols.
NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY	Records, April, 1907
NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.	"The Bartlett Pair." Essay on John Bartlett and his wife, by Eunice W. Felton
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Proceedings, 1902-5; Quarterly, March, June, Sept., and Dec., 1906, March, 1907
PERRIN, FRANKLIN	"Lament of the Weathercock of 1776." Verses by Mrs. Charles Folsom upon the taking down in 1883 of the Fourth Meeting house of the First Church in Cambridge

- Minnesota Historical Society
 Collections, Vol. II, No. 7, Oct.
 1906
- Minnesota State Historical
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 Third Historical Report for the 3 years
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- New England Catholic Hist-
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 Historical Papers, No. XIII
- New England Historical
 Society
 Proceedings, 1875-1905, 4 vols.
- New York Genealogical and
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 Proceedings, 1902-3, Quarterly,
 March, June, Sept. and Dec.
 1906, March, 1907
- Nichols, John W. T.
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- Osborn Historical Society
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SUWANEE (TENN.), UNIVERSITY PRESS OF	Pathfinder, Vol. I, No. 8, Jan. 1907. Longfellow Centenary Celebration
SWAN, SARAH H.	Photograph of the Washington Elm, taken between 1861 and 1865, and including the Whitefield Elm Two Discourses, before The First Parish in Cambridge, on leaving the Old Meeting house and on the Dedication of the New, by Rev. William Newell, D.D.
SYRACUSE (N. Y.) PUBLIC LIBRARY	Annual Report, 1906
TAPPAN, EUGENE	Publications of the Sharon Historical Society, Sharon, Massachusetts, No. 2, April, 1905; No. 3, April, 1906; No. 4, April, 1907
TOWER, CHARLES B.	Pocket Almanack, dated 1794. Printed in Boston
VERMONT, LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF	General Catalogue, 1791-1900
VERMONT, UNIVERSITY OF, AND AGRICULTURE COLLEGE	Bulletin; Catalogue, 1906-7
VINELAND (N. J.) HISTORICAL & ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY . . .	Annual Report, Oct. 13, 1904 — Oct. 10, 1905
WATERTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY	Watertown Records, I, II, III, IV
WILLARD, SUSANNA	Memoirs of Youth & Manhood by Sidney Willard. 2 Vols.
WORCESTER, S. ALICE	Autograph letter from Joseph E. Worcester, the Lexicographer, to his brother, dated Cambridge, December 16, 1861 Gavel made from the wood from the Palisade Willows, Cambridge

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 WORCESTER, SARAH ALICE
 WRIGHT, GEORGE G.
 WRIGHT, PAMELIA KEITH
 WRIGHT, THEODORE F.
 §WYMAN, CAROLINE K.
 WYMAN, MARGARET C.

YERXA, HENRY D.

* Deceased

§ Resigned

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

CARTER, CHARLES MORLAND
DAVENPORT, BENNETT F.
LEVERETT, GEORGE V.

NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.
WILLARD, JOSEPH

HONORARY MEMBERS

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES

HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN

RHODES, JAMES FORD

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

NICHOLS, JOHN W. T.
WILLIAMS, JOSEPH

CARTER, CHARLES HOBLAND
DAVENPORT, BENJAMIN F.
LESTER, GEORGE V.

HONORARY MEMBERS

HOWELL, WILLIAM DEAN

GRANT, JOSEPH HODGES

HODGES, JAMES FORD

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME.

THE name of this corporation shall be "THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORICAL SOCIETY."

II. OBJECT.

The corporation is constituted for the purpose of collecting and preserving Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials, of procuring the publication and distribution of the same, and generally of promoting interest and research, in relation to the history of Cambridge in said Commonwealth.

III. REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

Any resident of the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible for regular membership in this Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Persons so elected shall become members upon signing the By-Laws and paying the fees therein prescribed.

IV. LIMIT OF REGULAR MEMBERSHIP.

The regular membership of this Society shall be limited to two hundred.

V. HONORARY MEMBERSHIP.

Any person, nominated by the Council, may be elected an honorary member at any meeting of the Society by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Honorary members shall be exempt from paying any fees, shall not be eligible for office, and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP.

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

BY-LAWS

I. CORPORATE NAME

The name of this corporation shall be "The Cambridge Historical Society."

II. OBJECT

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VI. ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

Any person not a resident, but either a native, or formerly a resident for at least five years, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, shall be eligible to

associate membership in the Society. Nominations for such membership shall be made in writing to any member of the Council, and the persons so nominated may be elected at any meeting of the Council by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting. Associate members shall be liable for an annual assessment of two dollars each, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting, but shall be liable for no other fees or assessments, and shall not be eligible for office and shall have no interest in the property of the Society and no right to vote.

VII. SEAL.

The Seal of the Society shall be: Within a circle bearing the name of the Society and the date, 1905, a shield bearing a representation of the Daye Printing Press and crest of two books surmounted by a Greek lamp, with a representation of Massachusetts Hall on the dexter and a representation of the fourth meeting-house of the First Church in Cambridge on the sinister, and, underneath, a scroll bearing the words *Scripta Manent*.

VIII. OFFICERS.

The officers of this corporation shall be a Council of thirteen members, having the powers of directors, elected by the Society, and a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary with the powers of Clerk, a Treasurer, and a Curator, elected out of the Council by the Society. All the above officers shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting, and shall hold office for the term of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified. The Council shall have power to fill all vacancies.

IX. DUTY OF PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

The President shall preside at all meetings of the Society and shall be Chairman of the Council. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of the President, his powers shall be exercised by the Vice-Presidents, respectively, in the order of their election.

X. DUTY OF SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall keep the records and conduct the correspondence of the Society and of the Council. He shall give to each member of the Society written notice of its meetings. He shall also present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts, of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of its funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond, in amount and with sureties satisfactory to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CURATOR.

The Curator shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other Memorials of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall arrange for its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report of the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President otherwise directs. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society ten members, and at meetings of the Council five members, shall constitute a quorum.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XI. DUTY OF TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall have charge of the funds and securities, and shall keep in proper books the accounts of the corporation. He shall receive and collect all fees and other dues owing to it, and all donations and testamentary gifts made to it. He shall make all investments and disbursements of the funds, but only with the approval of the Council. He shall give the Society a bond in amount and with suitable conditions to the Council, conditioned for the proper performance of his duties. He shall make a written report at each Annual Meeting. Such report shall be audited prior to the Annual Meeting by one or more auditors appointed by the Council.

XII. DUTY OF CLERK.

The Clerk shall have charge, under the direction of the Council, of all Books, Manuscripts, and other documents of the Society, except the records and books kept by the Secretary and Treasurer. He shall present a written report at each Annual Meeting.

XIII. DUTY OF COUNCIL.

The Council shall have the general management of the property and affairs of the Society, shall regulate its meetings, and shall present for election from time to time the names of persons deemed qualified for honorary membership. The Council shall present a written report at the year at each Annual Meeting.

XIV. MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in October in each year. Other regular meetings shall be held on the fourth Tuesdays of January, and April of each year, unless the President or other directors. Special meetings may be called by the President or by the Council.

XV. QUORUM.

At meetings of the Society, ten members shall constitute a quorum of the Council for business.

XVI. FEES.

The fee of initiation shall be two dollars. There shall also be an annual assessment of three dollars, payable in advance at the Annual Meeting.

XVII. RESIGNATION OF MEMBERSHIP.

All resignations of membership must be in writing, provided, however, that failure to pay the annual assessment within six months after the Annual Meeting may, in the discretion of the Council, be considered a resignation of membership.

XVIII. AMENDMENT OF BY-LAWS.

These By-Laws may be amended at any meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present and voting, provided that the substance of the proposed amendment shall have been inserted in the call for such meeting.

The Cambridge Historical Society

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Additional copies may be obtained of the Harvard Coöperative Society, Cambridge, at \$1.00 each ; by mail, \$1.05.

2028

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